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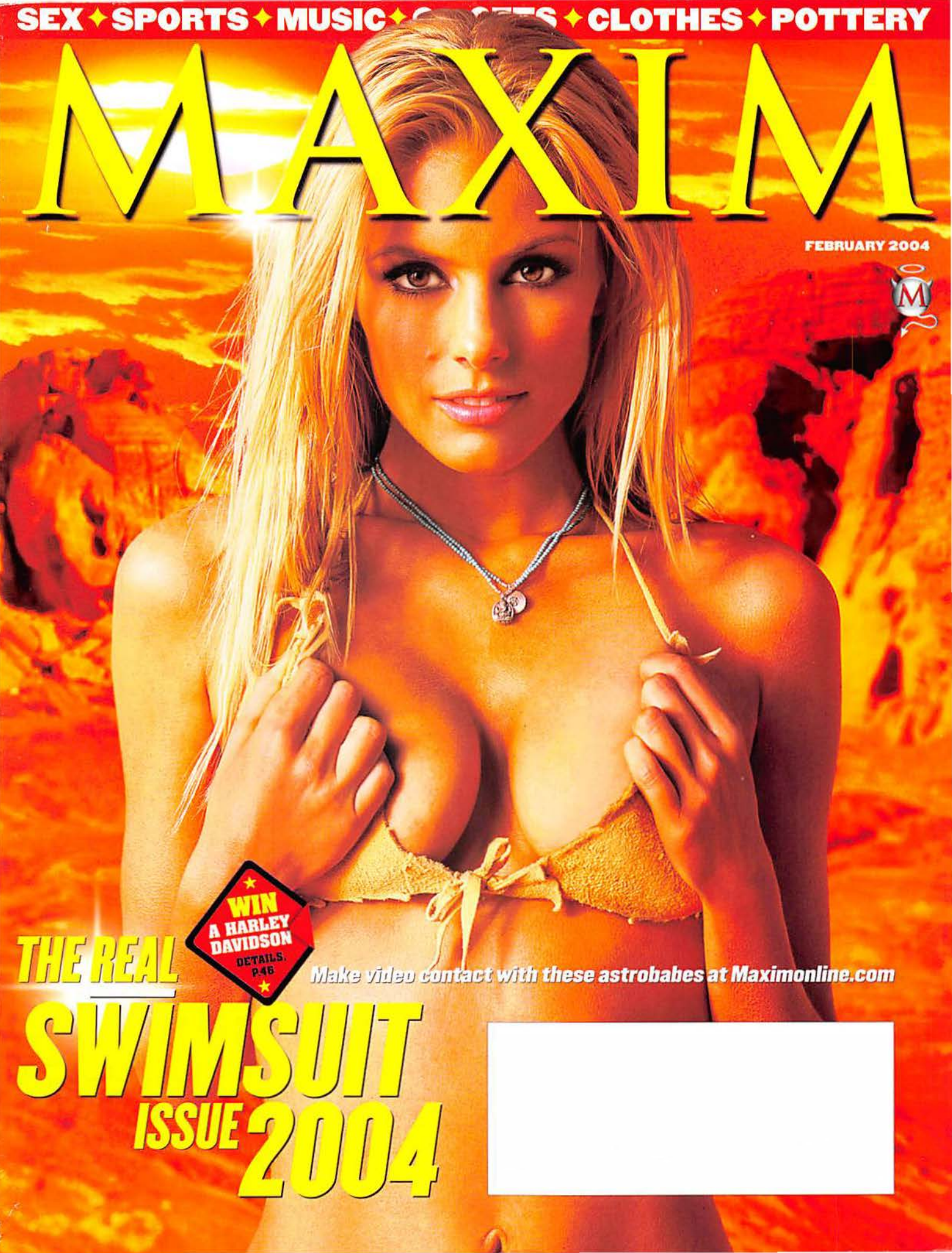
MAXIM

FEBRUARY 2004



WIN A HARLEY DAVIDSON
DETAILS, P.46

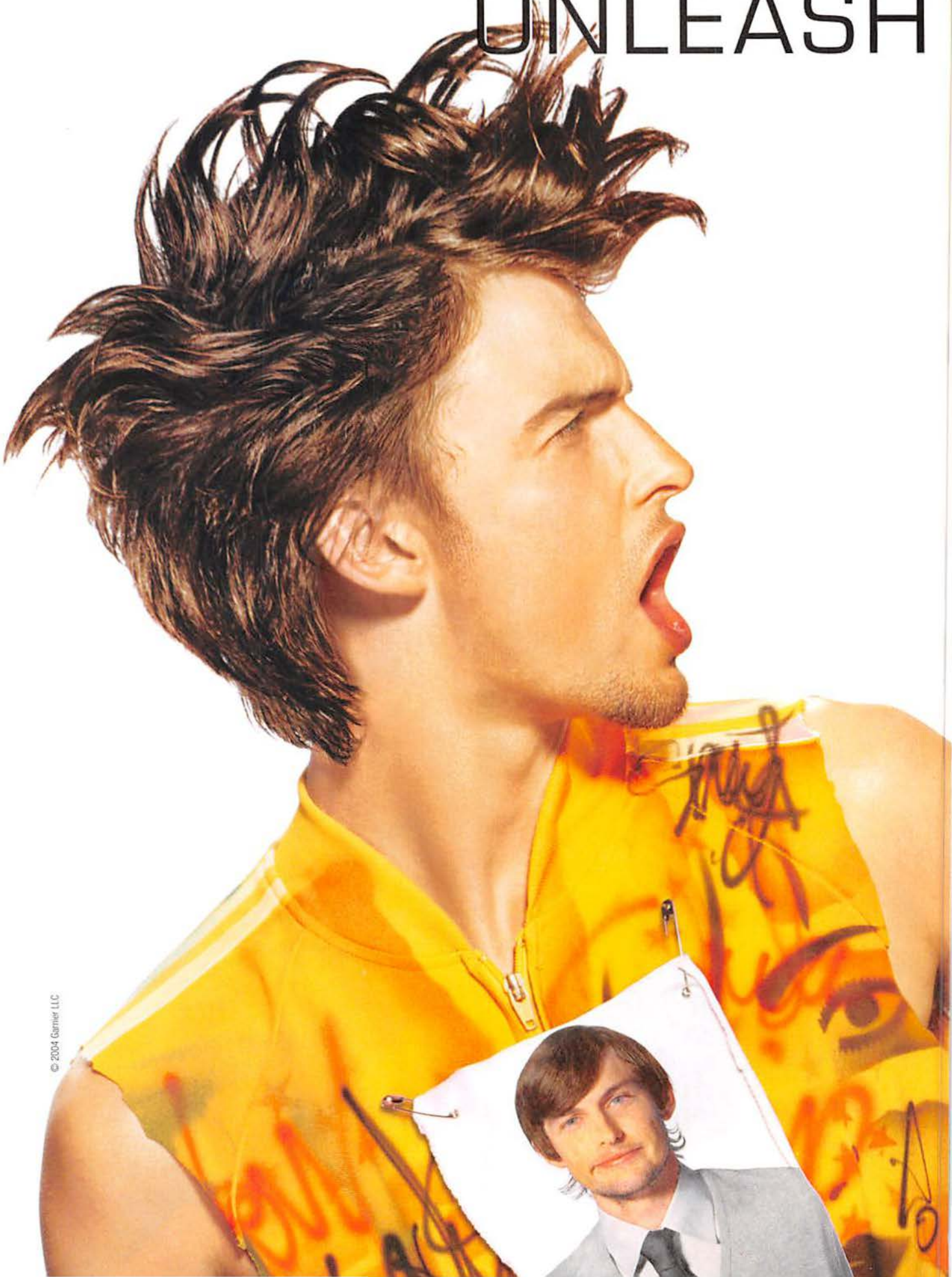
Make video contact with these astrobabes at Maximonline.com

THE REAL SWIMSUIT ISSUE 2004

JAMES BLAKE
NIKE SPHERE DRY CREW

MADE TO MOVE

UNLEASH



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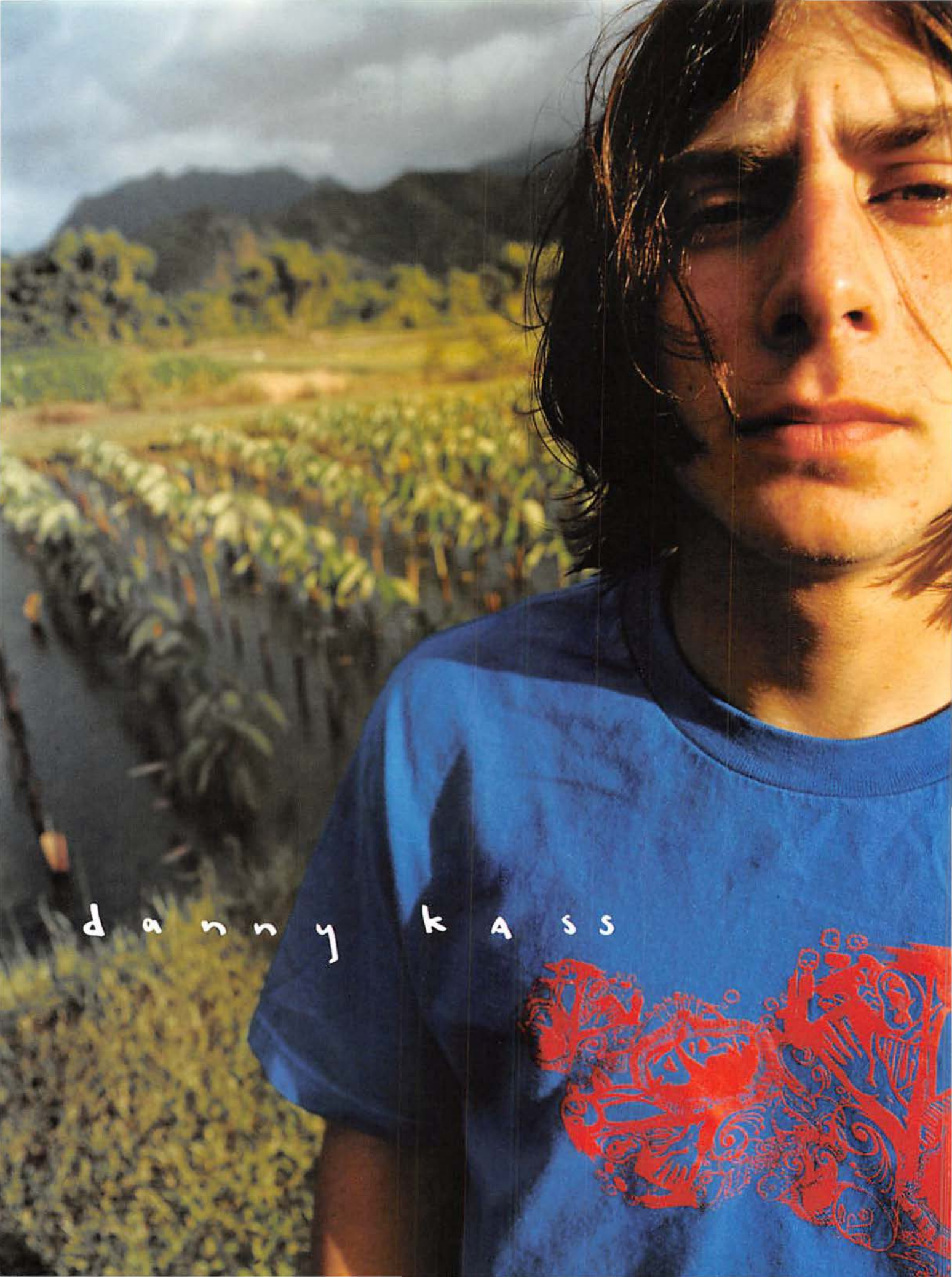
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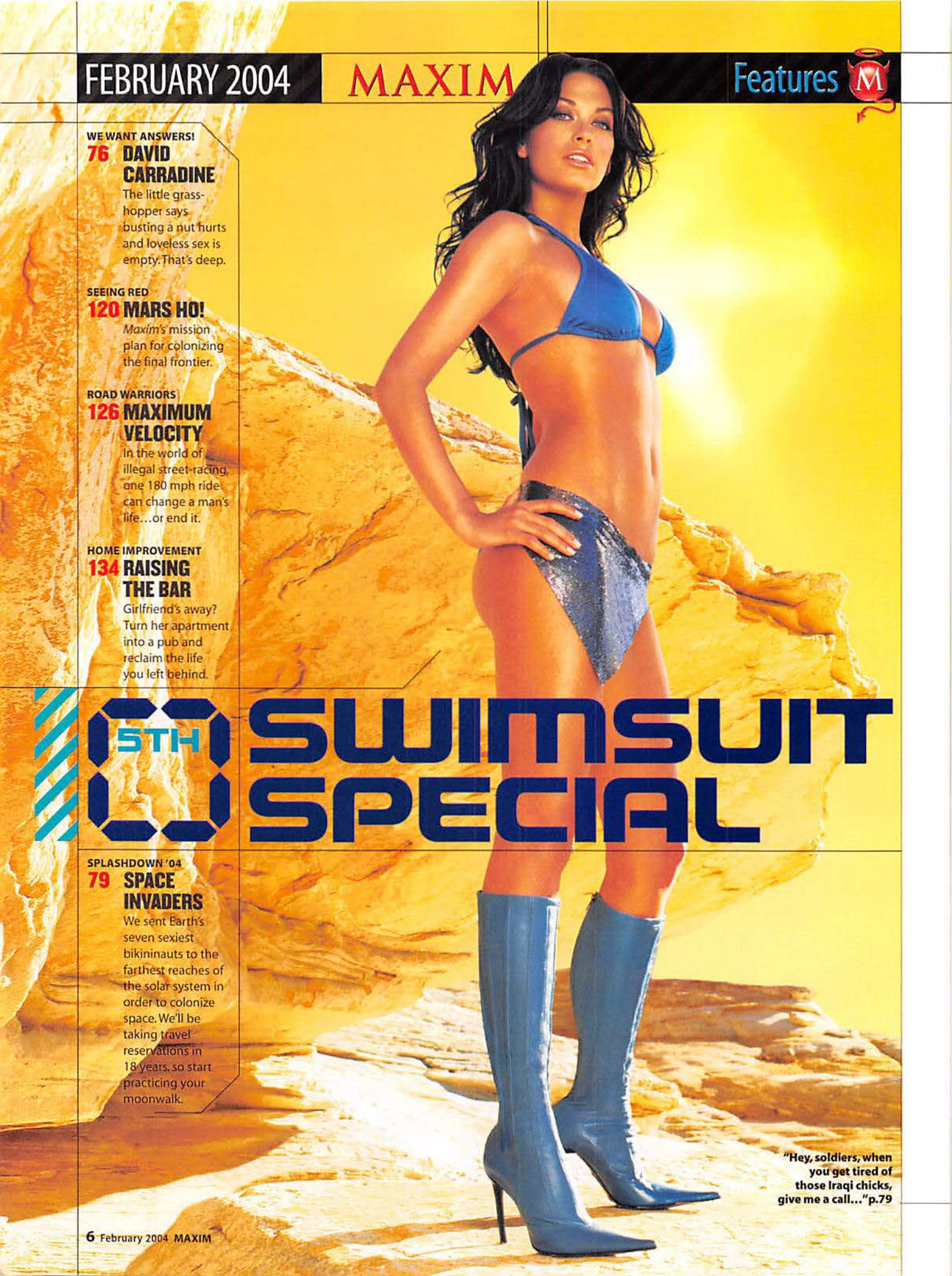

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76 DAVID CARRADINE
The little grasshopper says busting a nut hurts and loveless sex is empty. That's deep.

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120 MARS HO!
Maxim's mission plan for colonizing the final frontier.

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126 MAXIMUM VELOCITY
In the world of illegal street-racing, one 180 mph ride can change a man's life…or end it.

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134 RAISING THE BAR
Girlfriend's away? Turn her apartment into a pub and reclaim the life you left behind.

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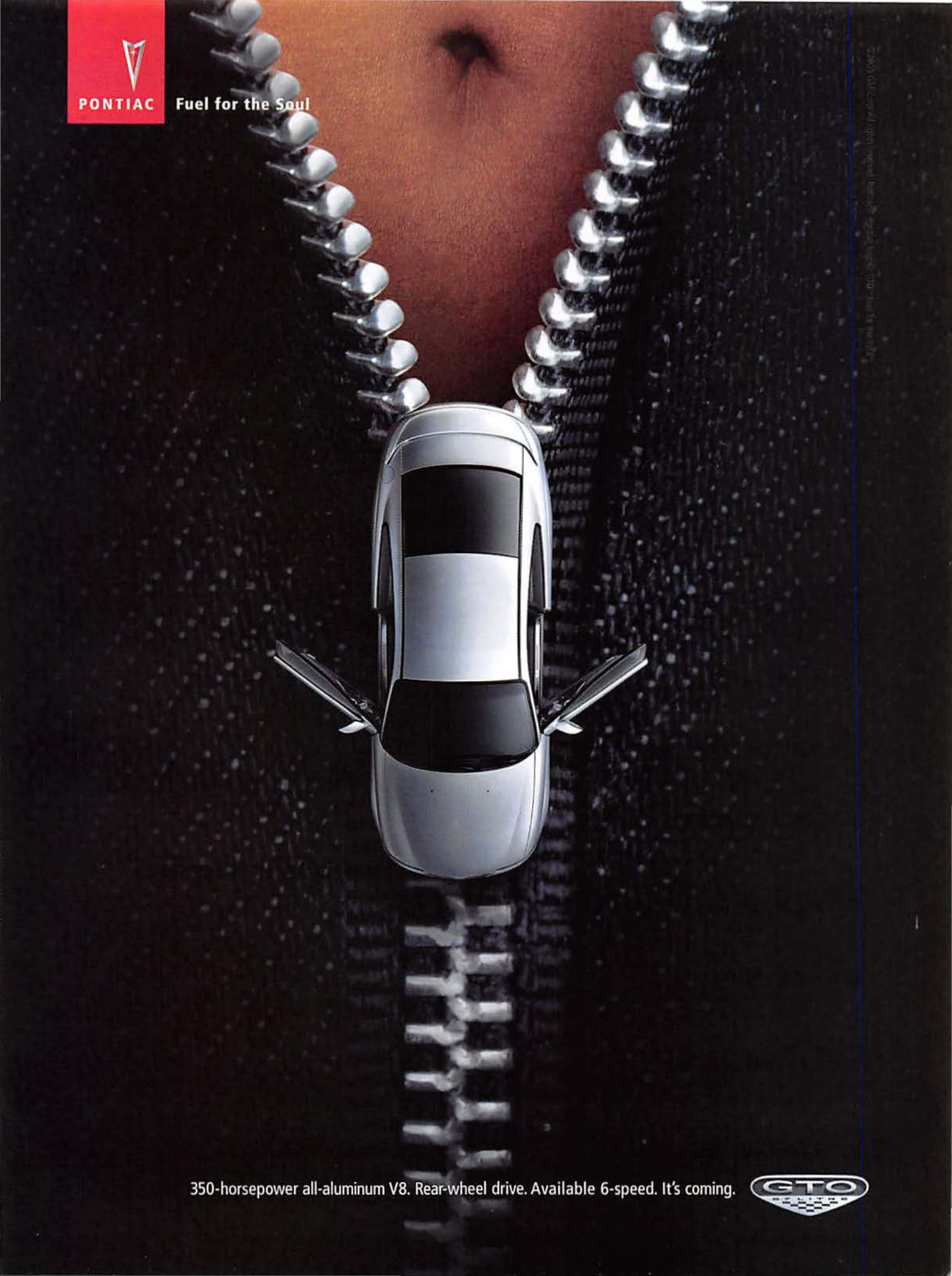
79 SPACE INVADERS
We sent Earth's seven sexiest bikininauts to the farthest reaches of the solar system in order to colonize space. We'll be taking travel reservations in 18 years, so start practicing your moonwalk.

"Hey, soldiers, when you get tired of those Iraqi chicks, give me a call…" p.79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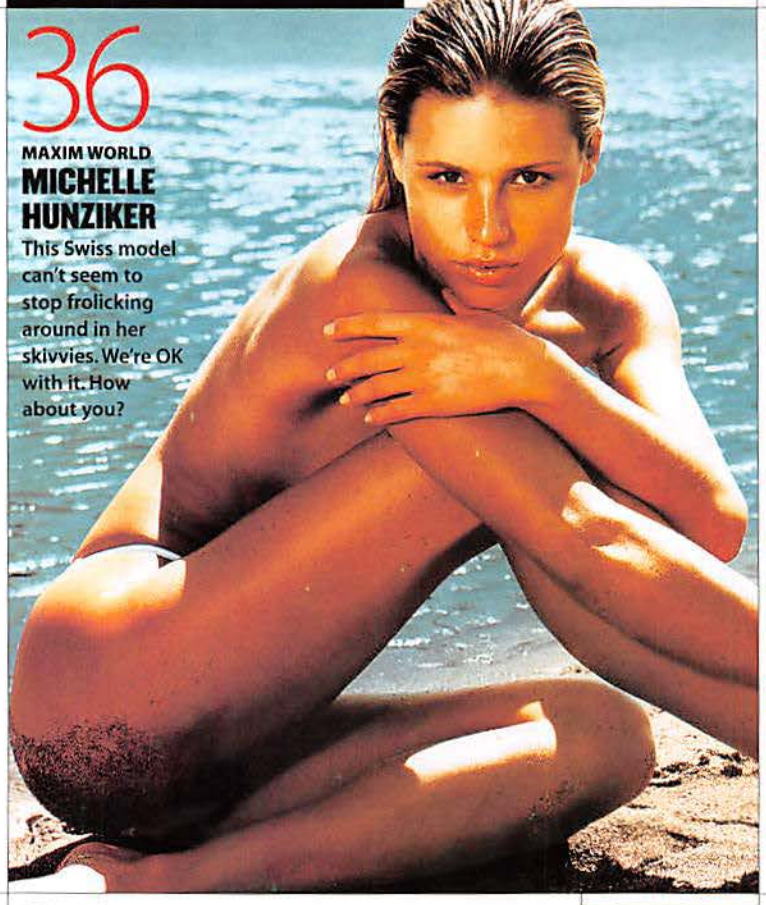

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This Swiss model can't seem to stop frolicking around in her skivvies. We're OK with it. How about you?

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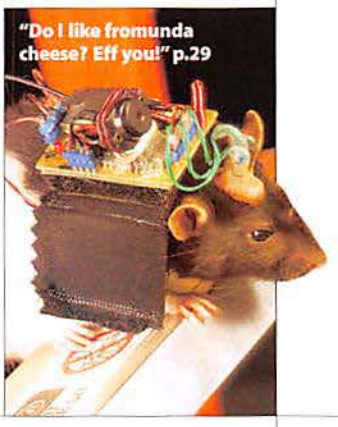

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22 WHAT'S ON A NUN'S GRAVESTONE?
The punch line will have you rolling on the floor in hell.

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24 NATURE VS. NURTURE
Suicidal horses, glow-in-the-dark fish, and remote-controlled rats? Men mess with the animal kingdom.

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40 THE LAZIEST WAY TO KEEP YOUR JOB
Learn to look like the model employee you're not.

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From *The Dukes of Hazzard,* that is. Plus, *Traffic* brings guns and drugs into your living room. What, no hookers?

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137 STYLE ON THE SLOPES
Cracking your skull on the halfpipe this winter? At least try to look good doing it. Dress to impress in the season's hottest snowboarding gear.

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TOP GEAR
149 AN ARREST WAITING TO HAPPEN!
A digital surveillance camera small enough to peep at whatever it is that needs peeping.

BAR EXAM
156 DISABILITIES OF THE STARS
Discover what generates the acute insecurity that drives them today. Executive editor James Heidenry's handicap? Low-hanging man-boobs.

52
CARS
RUNNING ON EMPTY
New hybrid cars will reduce our dependence on foreign oil, keep our air clean, *and* let you burn up the open road.

74

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MAXIM Magazine's

"search for the ultimate girl next door"

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the girl next door

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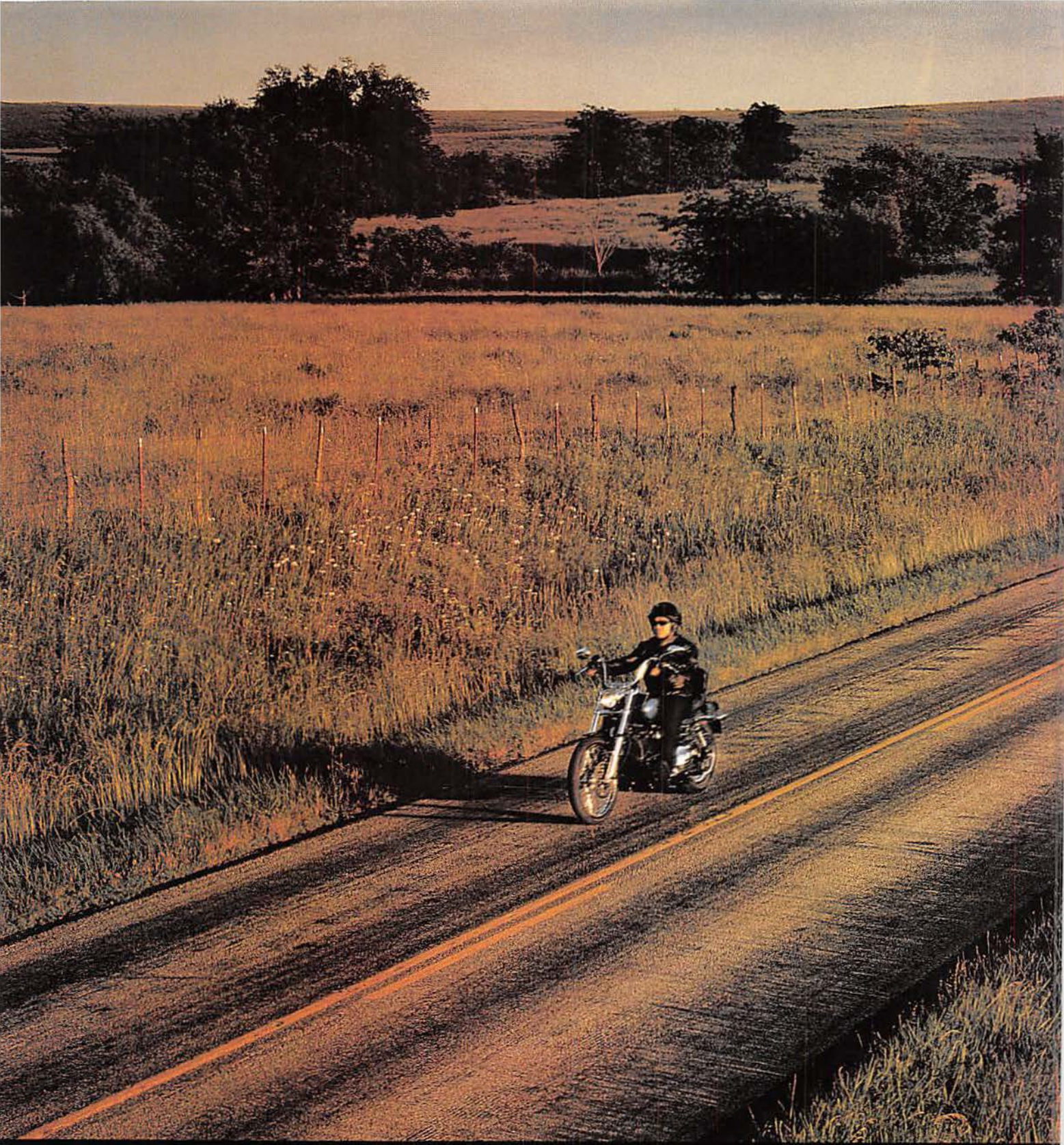

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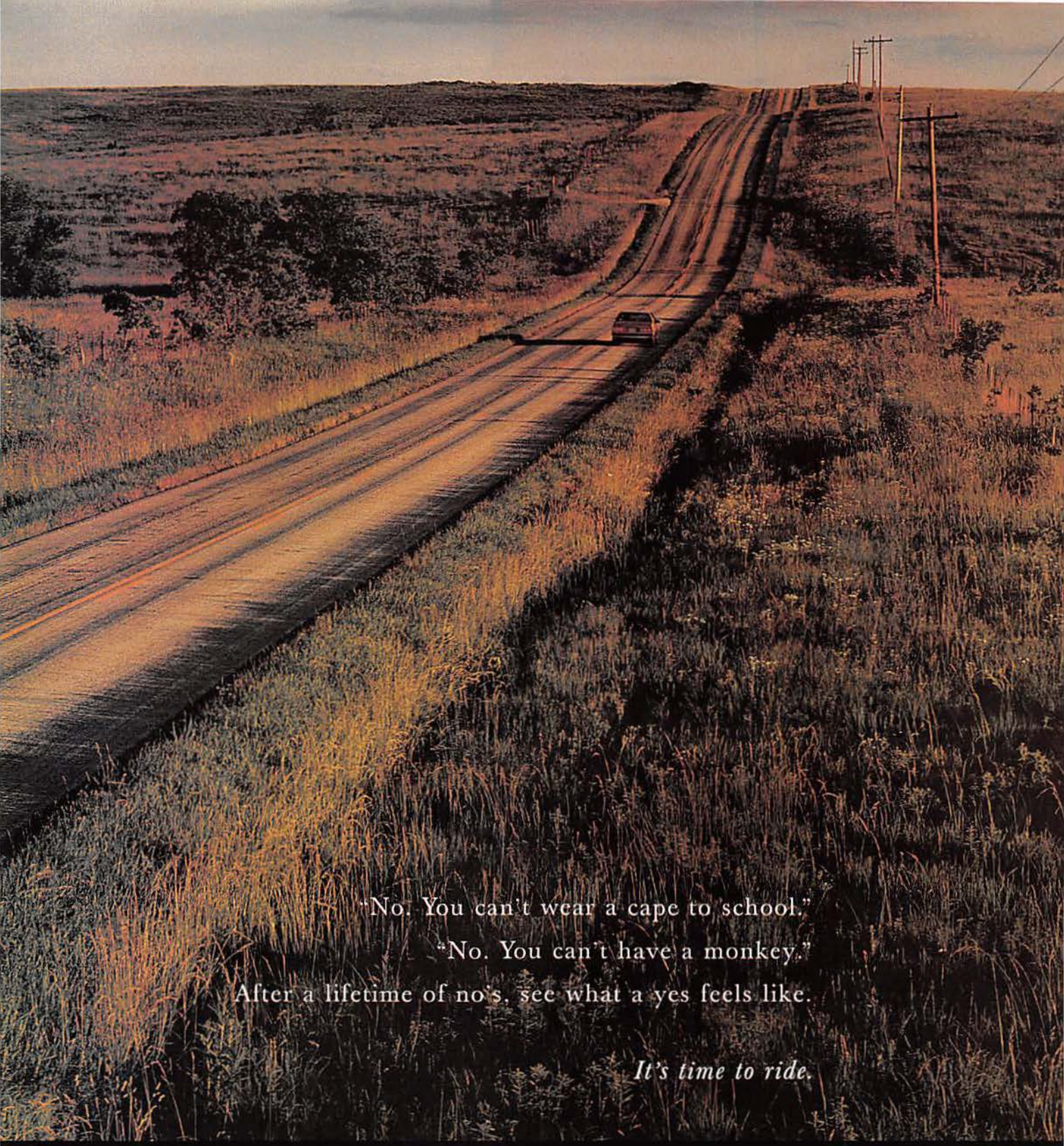

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It's time for VD!

▼ **Keith Blanchard**
"Flatulence thrusters, check."

Happy Valentine's Day! Yes, of *course* I'm kidding. The most-loathed holiday of the year isn't Arbor Day or Nixon's birthday or even Earth Day... It's this pink and pillowy, strawberry-cream-filled wonderland of enforced romance. Named for the patron saint of Chicago massacres, Valentine's was manufactured by corporate America to fill a dangerous gift-purchasing vacuum between Christmas and Mother's Day. And now we're stuck with it, because romance is a zero-sum game, and unfeeling clods don't get laid. Resistance is futile.

What could be more romantic, really, than wandering the aisles of Hallmark looking for just the right mass-market sentiment to hastily sign your name to the bottom of? That's Valentine's Day in a nutshell: 22,609 guys handing their sweeties identical "Our Love Is Different" cards. Throw in a dead bunch of severed plant genitalia and commence loin-stirring. The whole idea works for women only because it's marginally better than nothing, which is what the vast majority of us fellas would come up with if left to our own devices.

I don't know if we can ever break this cycle, but here at *Maxim*, we at least have an idea for an original Valentine's present. Something you can make with your own hands... something she can show off to her friends... something she can wear proudly yet will cost you less than the price of one—yes, you read that right—*one* "Because You Mean So Much to Me, Darling!" card. Curious? Check it out, p.46. Think of us when you're getting your thank-you sex. Well, maybe not *while* you're getting it...

This month we've also got cars (p.52), Mars (p.120), bars (p.134), and a bevy and a half of swimsuit girls (p.79). Doesn't rhyme, sure, but we assumed you'd be cool with it.

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to cough up a box of tiny chocolates.

Keith Blanchard

ON THE COVER:
SWIM GIRLS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
Antoine Verglas

STYLING BY
Karen Shapiro

HAIR BY
Steven Lake for Luxe

MAKEUP BY
Hiromi Inoko for Luxe

CLOTHING
Bikini by Lost Art; necklaces available at Satya, New York City

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Swimsuits acquired for our space-themed swimsuit shoot (p.79)	792
...tried on by staffer Ky Henderson after a marathon drinking binge	8
Times he made us promise not to tell anyone	14
"Uranus/your anus" jokes in our "Mars Ho!" story (p.120)	0
Editors fired as a result of this glaring oversight	1
Man-hours spent tracking down and watching Paris Hilton video	31
Total pics, in square inches, of Tiger Woods in "Hidden Tiger" (p.48)	10.82
...of his blazin' hot fiancée, Elin Nordegren	91.25
Bills spent on Hennessy to win over "Burn This" rapper Jean Grae (p.69)	209
Days three editors spent dusting up Puerto Rico on a "work-related" trip	5
Times editor James Heidenry booted and rallied one of the nights	2
Memories he has of said glorious escapade	0

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IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If we printed your letter this month, we'll send you some cool shoes from CAT footwear. To play, e-mail editors @maximmag.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., New York, NY 10018.

Saddam's not wearing any pants, is he?

DREAMS DO COME TRUE

WIN A JOB AT MAXIM

Life is about to get very strange for a handful of college seniors. After poring over hundreds of job apps—for a position as our lowliest editorial assistant—we've narrowed the field. During the coming weeks, 10 semifinalists will be flown to N.Y.C. and subjected to tasks deemed too humiliating even for our resident monkey butler. Like Ralph Macchio in *The Karate Kid*, these hopefuls will be forced to wash our cars and paint our houses—only they won't learn anything nearly as useful as martial arts, or even journalism for that matter. Wanna follow their lack of progress? Go to **maximonline.com** now!

PUT ME IN MAXIM!

American Graffiti

My platoon is situated in the Baghdad International Airport, where we were sent to destroy images of Saddam. We left this one alone, 'cause we're fans of your magazine. How are we supposed to bring democracy to Iraq if we can't familiarize these people with *Maxim*?

Sgt. Giroux
Iraq

Thanks, Sarge! We think you make a good point. So watch for the first issue of Ma'aqsim Iraq, *with cover girl Brooke Burka, on sale next Ramadan!*

Shannon Fodder

In your December issue, cover goddess Shannon Elizabeth says she'll do anything on a dare. Here's one: Come to my house dressed as a nurse practitioner and make an old man happy. We could take naps on my Barcalounger, and, heck, I'd even let you give me a sponge bath. I dare you!

Norm Donovan
Durham, CT

Shannon's interested, but with a few tweaks: She comes to your house dressed as a vet, and you get neutered. The balls are in your court…

It's a Cover-up

Yo, you've started printing address labels right on your covers, instead of using glued-on labels. What's the goddamn deal? I used to steam those labels right off. But now I can't get rid of 'em, so I guess I'll have to settle for obstructed views of your cover babes.

Linwood Briel
Via e-mail

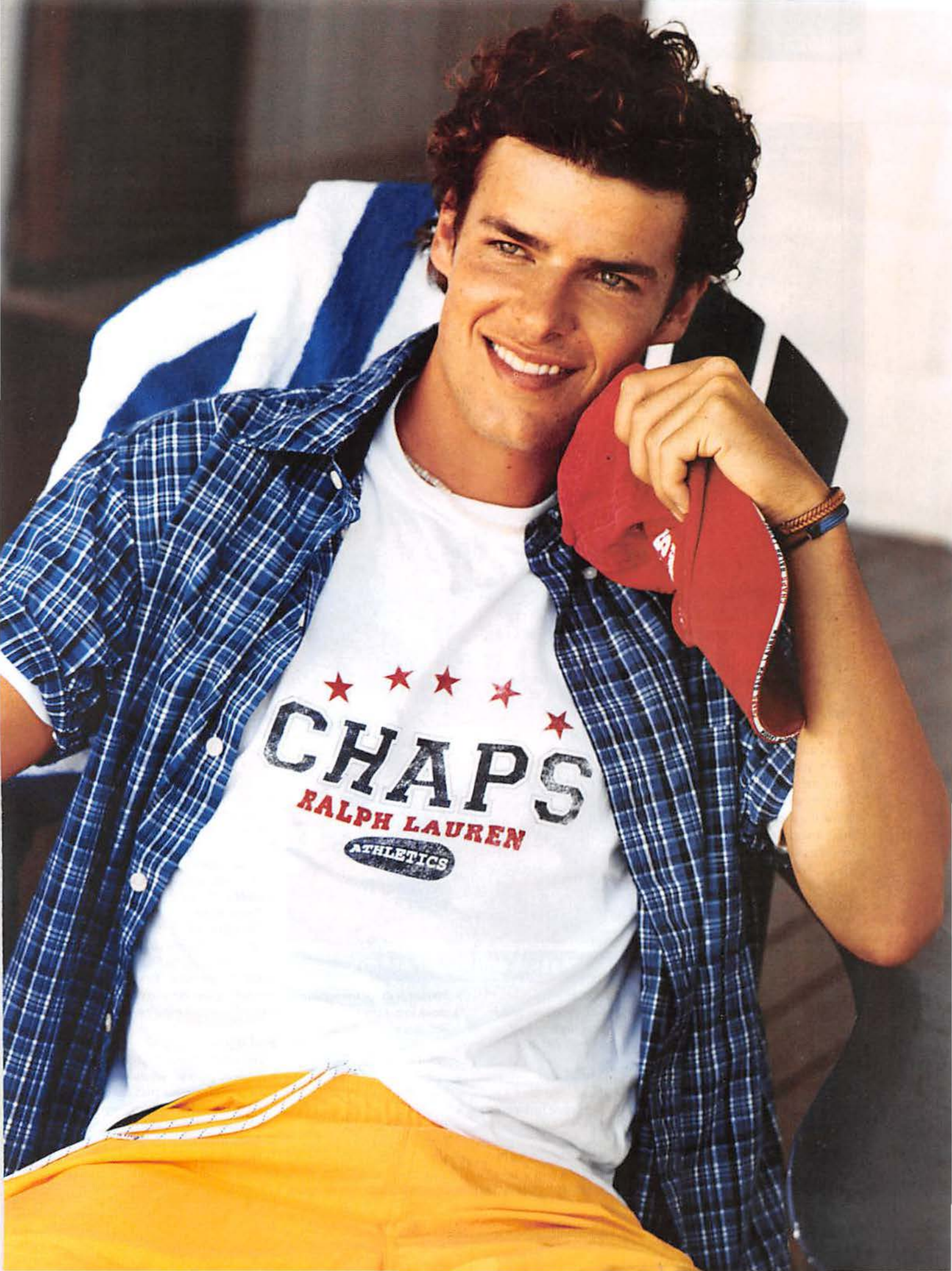
Sorry, Linwood, we had no choice. Congress nixed our plan to have Maxim *distributed free to every American, with postage paid with tax dollars. No labels…no problem, right? Stupid Feds!* ▶

YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Once Upon a Time in Mexico

Last March thousands of college students descended on Cancún, Mexico for *Maxim*'s Spring Break 2003—and the single best week of their lives. The all-week debauchery was such a hit that we're heading back, but this time we're taking two of you mofos along, free of charge. From March 6–13, two readers will be flown to the Yucatán Peninsula and put up in luxurious digs at the Oasis Cancún resort. You'll have unlimited access to all *Maxim*-sponsored events and receive coveted tix to our exclusive VIP parties. We're even throwing in free Nautica Jeans beachwear. To win this $2,100 dream package, courtesy of studentcity.com, visit maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All calls and faxes will be given front-row seats to a Rosie O'Donnell look-alike wet T-shirt contest.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (Nautica, shoes, scrubber)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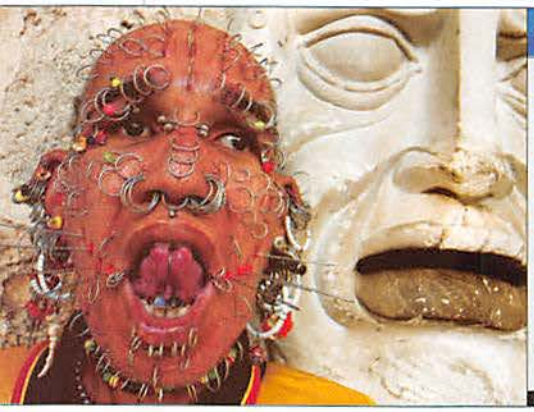

DECEMBER'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:
"Gosh, I hope no one notices my lazy eye!"
Greg Miller, Old Bridge, NJ

RUNNERS-UP:
Frat hazing at the University of Turkmenistan.
Josh Bennett, Rome, Italy

Asst. Asswipe of the Rings.
Chris Glover, Mamaroneck, NY

"What? Is there something stuck in my teeth?"
Rob Bendetti, Savannah, GA

"Wedding rings! Five for a dollar!"
Randy Blackman, Reno, NV

New Super Puncture Slinky! Unsafe for a girl or a boy!
Jerry Cornelius, Salem, OR

*The items pictured are for illustrative purposes only, and are not affiliated with this contest.

Laughing Gas

I've got to hand it to you guys: For a bunch of New Yorkers, you sure know how to make us country boys laugh. I work 12-hour shifts at an oil refinery, and the job would drag on forever were it not for *Maxim*. Everyone at the plant reads it during their shifts. So now you know why your gas prices are so high.

Shane S.
Via e-mail

And now you know why we refuse all subscriptions from breweries and beef jerky plants.

Strong Medicine

I've had Crohn's disease for more than 12 years and was recently diagnosed with cancer. I don't spend much time with friends anymore, except for a few buddies who've stuck with me during these hard times. Anyway, I'd like to thank you guys, because your magazine is one of the few things that keeps me laughing.

Aaron B.
Via e-mail

Aaron, your letter certainly puts our hangover into perspective. We wish you the best. Meanwhile, we're sending you a new Microsoft Xbox and an assortment of games from Electronic Arts, including The Lord of the Rings: Return of the King. *Thanks for being a loyal reader.*

Denser Half

The other night I caught my wife flipping through the November issue of *Maxim*. She seemed puzzled by it, then looked up at me and asked, "What's wrong with this magazine? I can't find the stupid article on the '25 Dazzling Kitchens and Baths' anywhere!" I burst into laughter—which really pissed her off—then pointed to the cover line, "*Maxim* editors too lazy to write own cover lines." Nice one, eh?

Frank Welch
Standish, ME

Wow, she's a keeper! A girl like that would buy just about any half-baked excuse at three in the morning. "Honest, honey—it was raining beer the whole time I was giving the stripper mouth-to-mouth!"

Oral Hijinx

I need advice: There's this hot chick in my college program who wants to hook up with me, but she's deaf. I know this is shallow, but how do I keep from laughing at her bed talk?

Todd Herman
Detroit, MI

Give her the silent treatment. ▶

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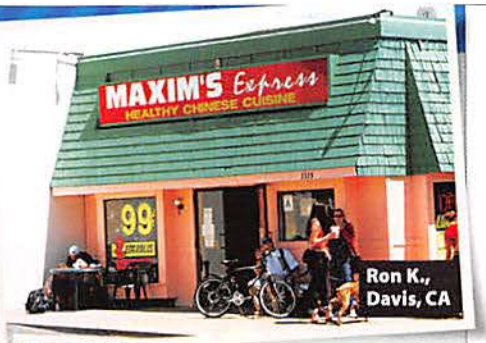
WE'VE SEEN THE SIGN

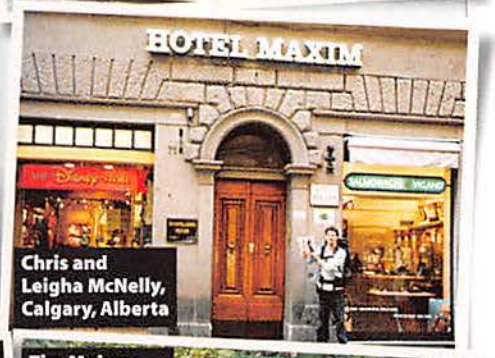
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!

Our own blend of French roast coffee? General Maxim's Chicken? Don't be fooled by these cheap imitations.

Dan Hester and Eric Froiland, Rochester, MN



Ron K., Davis, CA



Chris and Leigha McNelly, Calgary, Alberta

Eric Gladstone, Los Angeles, CA

Mike S., Halifax, Nova Scotia

Tim Mulvey, Nonantum, MA

The Case of the Case

In your interview with director Quentin Tarantino ["Kicking Back With Quentin," November], you neglected to ask the über-nerd about the contents of the briefcase in *Pulp Fiction*. What the hell was in there?

Luis Longoria
Donna, TX

It was payola from Kelly Preston for resuscitating John Travolta's career.

Jagged Edge

My wife loves a tidy region and insists I shave myself, too, but whenever I try to fulfill her request, I get these itchy red bumps. Is there some sort of special technique or cream I should be using?

A.C.
Chicago, IL

Try these simple steps: (1) In the shower, liberally massage the area with baby oil. (2) Using a mug and a shaving brush, mix up a good head of warm lather. (3) Firmly grasp a straight razor and plunge it into your eye. Now call a good divorce lawyer.

Balls-out fun!

Lap of Luxury

Last Saturday I visited a local strip club with a few pals and, as you suggested in your "How to Date a Stripper" article [December], I invited a couple of girls along. Before I could sit down, a half-naked hottie sauntered over and offered me a lap dance. She was impressed by my entourage...and now, well, let's just say she dances for me free of charge.

Jason W.
San Diego, CA

What's that? Sorry, Jason, we couldn't hear you over the angry screech of our bullshit detector.

Hungry, Hungry Hippos

I have a pretty strong stomach, but your "Appetite for Destruction" feature [December] was a bit much. I find it hard to believe someone held down four 32 ounce bowls of mayonnaise and lived.

Mick Arnold
Los Angeles, CA

Obviously, somebody's never seen a Linda Lovelace film.

Correction: *In our December '03 Gift Guide ["Kris Kringle's Crib"], the link for the La Scala Jacuzzi should have directed readers to Ferguson.com.* M

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NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Interior Design

Three men are arguing in a bar. The first says, "God must be a mechanical engineer—just look at the joints in the human body."

The second says, "God is an electrical engineer—look at the nervous system."

The third says, "God has to be a civil engineer—who else would run a waste disposal pipeline through a perfectly good recreational area?"

—David Marin, Orlando, FL

Meow Mix

Q: What do Siegfried and the tiger have in common?

A: They both know what Roy tastes like.

—Kevin Wallace, Southington, CT

Monky Business

A man joins a Tibetan temple. He takes a vow of silence but is allowed to say two words every year.

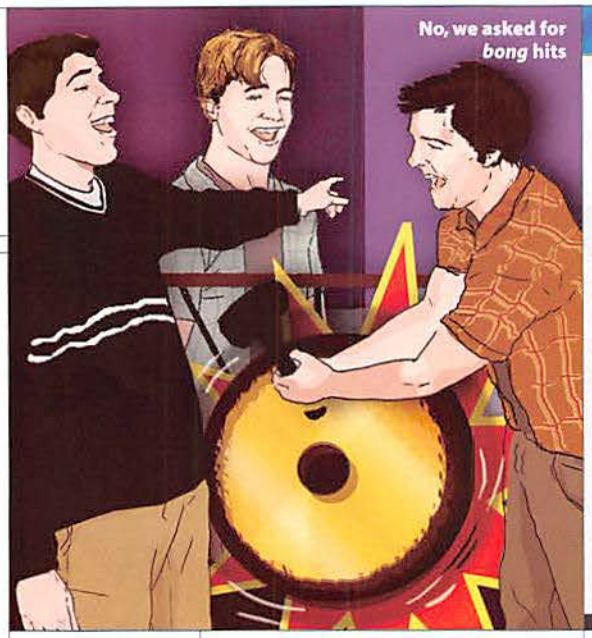
After an arduous 12 months of eating rice, sleeping on a wooden bed with a raggedy blanket, and working 14-hour days in the field, the man goes to the head monk and says, "More blankets."

Another year passes, and he visits the head monk and says, "More food."

The man goes through one more year eating good meals and sleeping well, but he's drained by the long work days. He calls on the head monk and uses his two words to say, "I'm leaving."

"Good," the head monk replies. "You've done nothing but bitch since you got here."

—Anthony Chivara, Fresno, CA



THE $150 JOKE

Gong Show

Late one night a drunk guy is showing some friends around his brand new apartment.

The last stop is the bedroom, where a big brass gong sits next to the bed.

"What's that gong for?" the friend asks him.

"It's not a gong," the drunk replies. "It's a talking clock."

"How does it work?"

The guy picks up a hammer, gives the gong an ear-shattering pound, and steps back.

Suddenly, someone on the other side of the wall screams, "For God's sake, you asshole…it's 3:30 in the goddamn morning!"

—Frank Mueller, Washington, D.C.

Last Crawl

Two turtles go camping and pack a cooler with sandwiches and beer. After three days of walking, they arrive at a great spot, but they've forgotten a bottle opener. The first turns to the second and says, "You've gotta go back and get the opener or else we've got no beer."

"No way," says the second turtle. "By the time I get back, you'll have eaten all the food."

"I promise I won't," replies the first. "Just hurry."

Nine full days pass and still no sign of the second turtle. Finally, the other digs into the sandwiches.

The second turtle pops out from behind a rock and yells, "I knew it! I'm not fucking going!"

—Kris M., via e-mail

Stone Cold

Q: What's carved on a nun's tombstone?

A: Returned unopened.

—Mike Becce, Howell, NJ

Animal Attraction

Two mice are making their way through a whorehouse when one stops to admire a prostitute's ass.

"Pretty nice, huh?" the mouse says to his friend.

"Not bad," the other replies. "But me? I'm a titmouse."

—David Rosenthal, Port Huron, MI

Jackson Hits

Q: Why did Michael Jackson call up Boyz II Men?

A: He thought it was a delivery service.

Q: Why did Michael Jackson get sick?

A: Because he ate a six-year-old wiener.

Q: Why did Michael Jackson check into the Betty Ford Clinic?

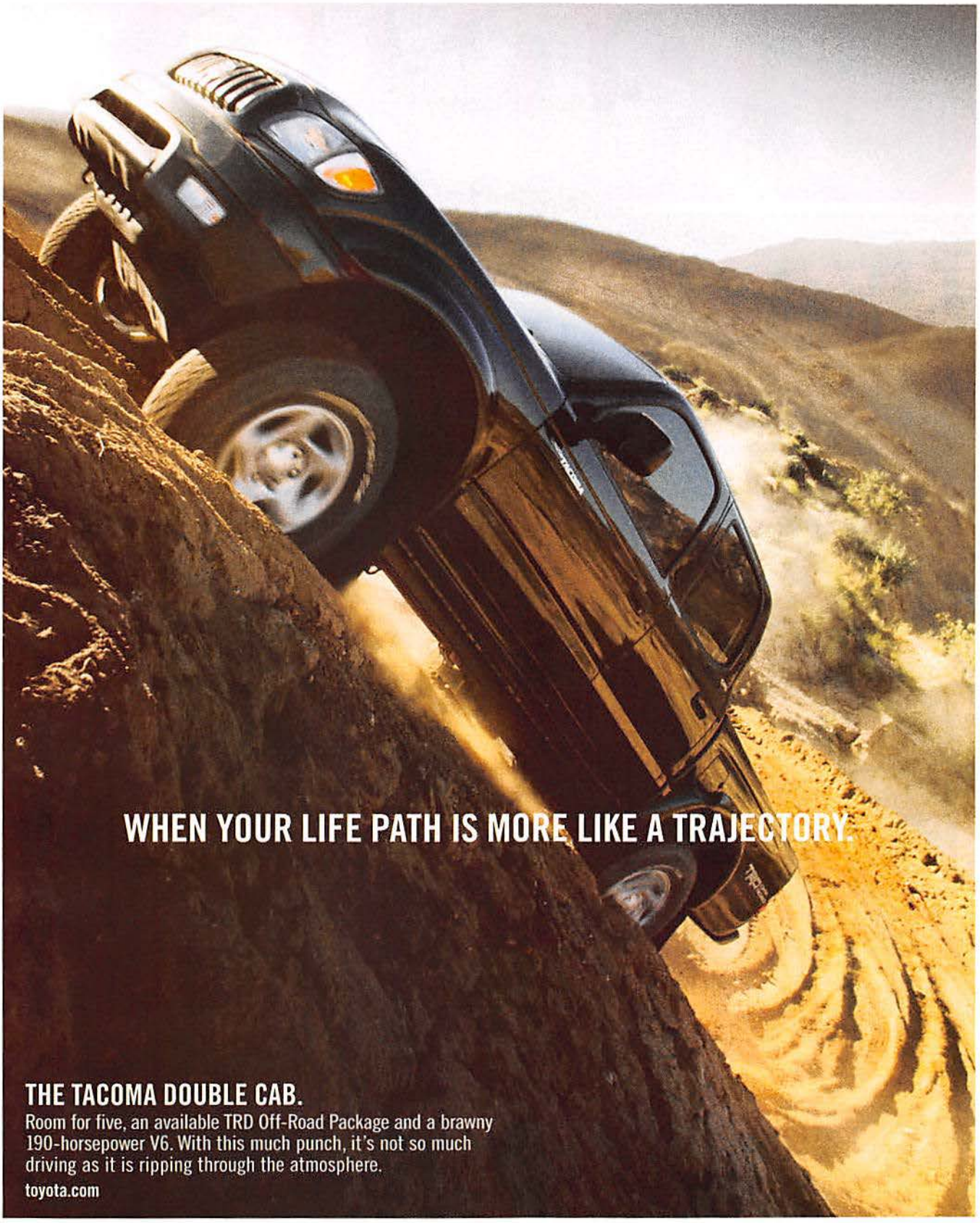
A: To cure his 14-year-old crack habit.

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at **maximonline.com.**

ROCK BOTTOM

SPECIAL GRANT KNOCK KNOCK JOKE
KNOCK, KNOCK!
WHO'S THERE?
HUGH.
HUGH WHO?
HUGH! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL. THE COPS JUST DROVE BY. OK, KEEP GOING, SUGAR.

Illustrations, Beefy for Folio: chicken by superham.com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THE TACOMA DOUBLE CAB.
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toyota.com

Vehicle shown with optional equipment. ©2003 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

THE BIG PICTURE

SHELL SHOCK

China takes up our latest national pastime—terrorism paranoia!

There's nothing like Guangzhou on a summer morning: the singing of larks, the hustle bustle of rickshaws, the bowel-loosening *kaboom!* of an improvised antipersonnel device detonated near a foreign consulate building. Luckily, this explosion was just a simulated attack during the Chinese government's recent preparedness campaign against terrorism. Along with more than 3,000 cops and firefighters, dozens of actors took part in the massive Chinese fire drill, doing their civic duty by playing panicked bystanders and victims. For good measure, ersatz terrorists stormed an international conference and released fake poison gas—OK, who had the moo shu cabbage?—before being "apprehended" by the not-fake cops. The final result of all the fireworks? Guangzhou, located near Hong Kong, is now the site of the biggest Chinese bomb since Jackie Chan's *The Tuxedo*.

AXIMUS

A Maxim View of the World

"Dude, I'm positive—cut the *blue* wire..."

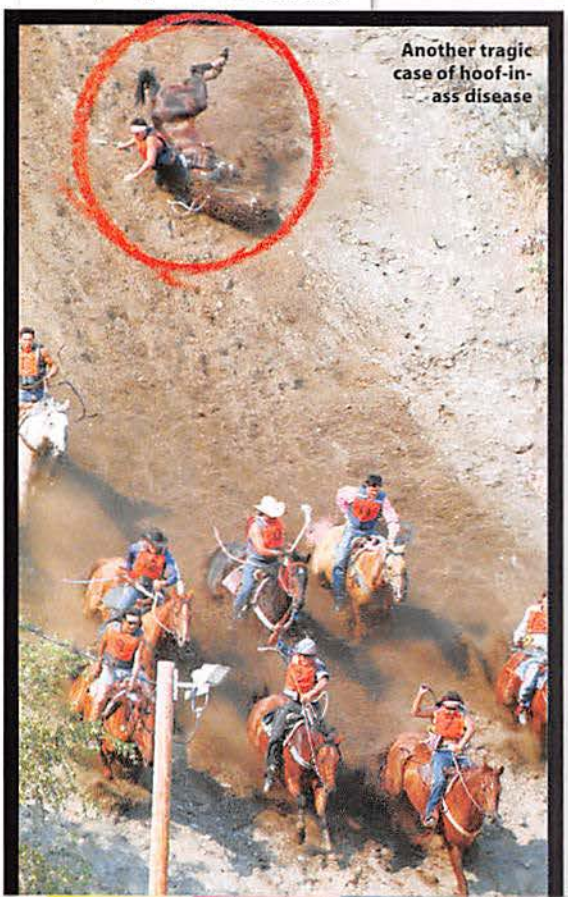
> X-TREME HORSEPLAY

PONY UP ENDED

Mount up your steed, then pray he survives.

A photo finish!

Horse racing is a sport known for tiny men in satin bodysuits, not grisly equine pileups. But at the annual Omak Suicide Race, held since 1935 in Omak, Washington, they're surprisingly common. To reach the finish line, riders must navigate a 225-foot decline at 62 degrees—the same angle as a staircase—and get their steeds to swim across the 100-yard-wide Okanogan River before a final sprint to the end. Most accomplish this in less than two minutes, but some don't...at all. A horse has gone to that great glue factory in the sky in nearly each of the past 20 years because of an accident. So why bother? The Coville Confederated tribe, whose members make up most of the race's participants, were training horses to careen down the treacherous slopes long before Omak made the race part of its annual rodeo festival. It's a rite of passage into manhood, sissy!



Another tragic case of hoof-in-ass disease

> FUN FACT!

The 7-Eleven Extreme Gulp is 50 percent bigger than the volume of the human stomach. (Obviously, fat boy, yours is the exception.)

◀ THE $150 WINNER

TriOral Action? Just name the time and place!

—Paul Kalagian, Enterprise, AL

> SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.

▲ RUNNER-UP

Plenty of fun until they pop—then things can get awful messy.

—T.D. Smith, New Haven, CT

Twelve tasty appetizers. Go crazy.
What'll it be? Ultimate Nachos? Buffalo Chips™? How about a little of everything? With 12 finger foods to choose from, and with an equal amount of sauces to complement each one,

▲ RUNNER-UP

Welcome to happy hour at the new Gay Hooters!

—Joe Dlugosz, Chicago, IL

▶ RUNNER-UP

Crank the right knob and he'll start spurting honey.

—Warren MacKinnon, Porteas Lake, Nova Scotia

▲ RUNNER-UP

Still, it's far more appetizing than *Miss* Tube Steak.

—Trent E., Westerville, OH

▲ RUNNER-UP

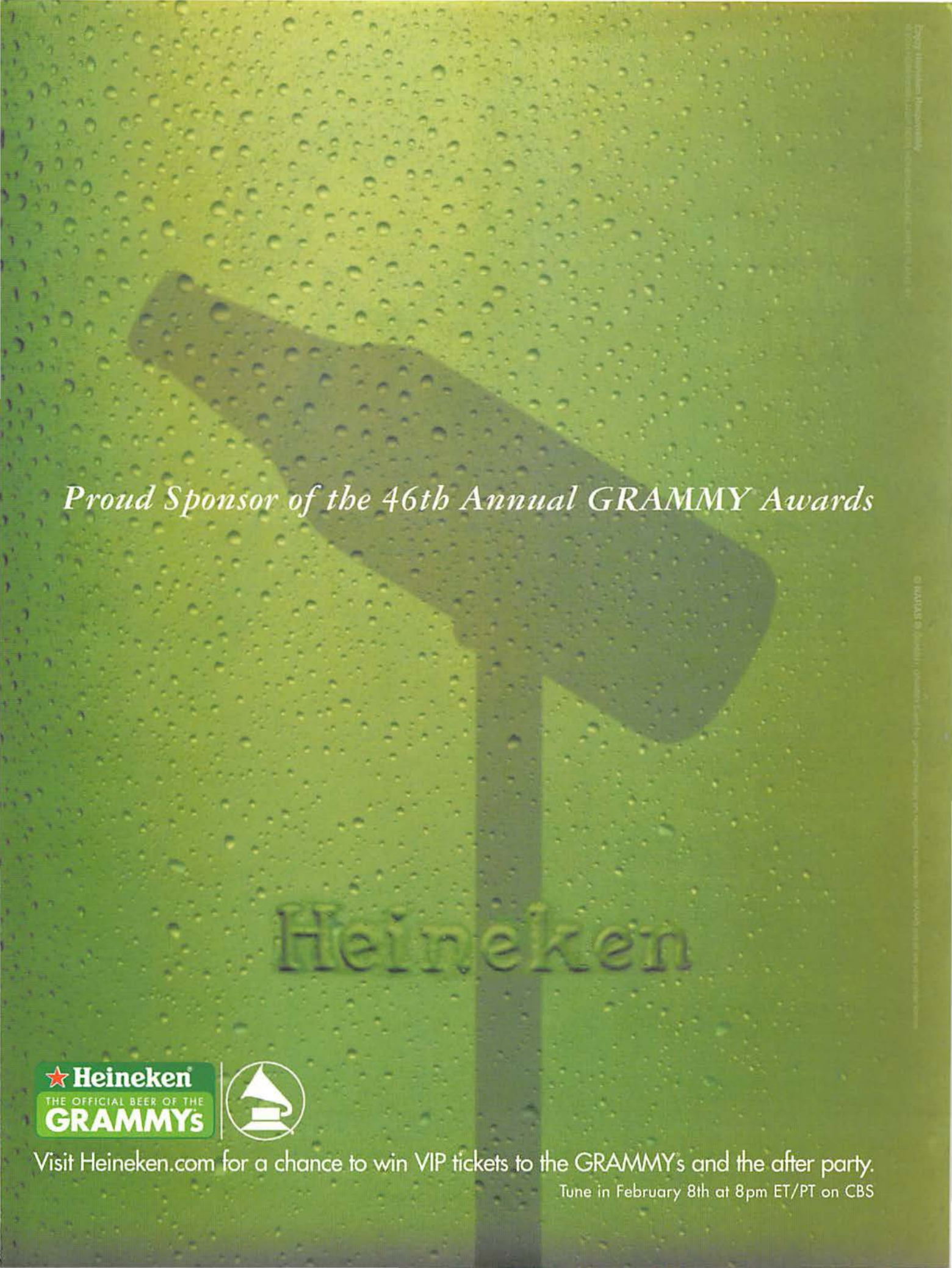
It comes in a handy plastic bottle...so you don't have to.

—Patrick Godfrey, Arlington, VA

YO, PERVERT! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL SMUT LATELY?

If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (Porn)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> ALL-PROS

SHINGLE WHITE FEMALE

America's sexiest roofer gets on her knees and rocks the house.

Name: Katina Mitchell

Experience: Katina's unlikely career began when a contractor friend begged her to fill in one day—even in the roofing biz, sex sells. "One guy told my boss, 'I don't care if nothing's wrong with my roof. As long as you bring her, you can repair it,'" recalls the comely St. Louis native. While tearing off shingles helps keep this roofie in shape, it's hell on dainty fingers. "I have to keep getting my nails done," Katina laments. Sounds like a workers' comp claim in the making.

On-the-job training: Having Katina on your roof is a definite improvement on home improvement. "I bring a sexy edge to roofing," she explains. Since presentation is everything, Katina dresses for comfort rather than safety. "In the summer I wear little shorts and a tank top," she says. "Guys say I can't work like that, and I tell them, 'Watch me!'" Gee, if you insist...

We'll rub your sore neck—you just relax those arms

> HELP WANTED

- Know a hot smoke jumper?
- A postwoman who delivers?
- Or any hottie with a cool job?
- E-mail her pics and info to workinggirl@maximmag.com and we'll give her a page!

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

Photograph, Charlie Langella; styling, Mindy Saad for Arthouse; hair, Brian Magallones for Artists Loft; makeup, Corrine Vegter for Code

"Sweet! There's Richard Gere!"

> WEIRD SCIENCE

BIO ILLOGICAL

Screw curing cancer—here's what scientists are *really* working on.

ROBORATS

With brains the size of Ashton Kutcher's, rats are now controlled by Pentagon boffins via microchips that can command them to go across a minefield or inside Osama's G.I. tract. As a reward, the rodents have their brains' pleasure centers stimulated.

GLOW FISH

Looking for a low-maintenance pet that's also high-wattage? Then stock your aquarium with glow-in-the-dark Taiwanese zebra fish, which have fluorescent jellyfish protein injected into their cells. Says Hiroki, "This new Chinaman sushi bonzai treat!"

WEBBED FEAT

Quebec's Nexia Biotechnologies spliced a spider's silk-producing genes into the DNA of, um, lactating goats. The resulting milk contains a potent silk that, when processed, can be used in sutures, bulletproof vests, and string cheese that will last for centuries.

PHAT FAT RACKS

Pervy bioengineers at Clemson can remove a woman's fat cells to grow breast tissue, then inject them back into her to increase the size of her mams. Though intended to aid breast cancer victims, this could render fat chicks with A-cups a thing of the past.

> BEER SCIENCE

BREW & IMPROVED!

Behold the glorious future of getting piss drunk.

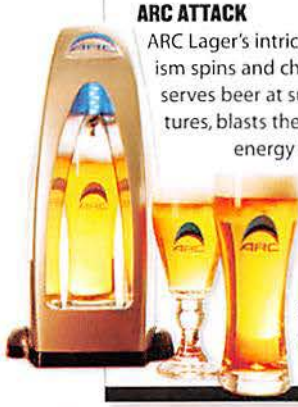
SMART GLASS

For the barfly who can't handle the social interaction needed to request a refill, the new pint glass being developed by Mitsubishi is a godsend. Using an electroconductive coating to monitor the amount of liquid inside, the glass automagically radios a distress signal to the bar once it's empty.

LIGHTNING ROUND

Thirsty for beer but running late for work? English brewer Carlsberg has rigged a high-speed tap called the Vortex that pours a chilled pint with a perfect one-inch head in only 14 seconds. That's a full *six* seconds faster than your grampa's rusty ol' keg tap!

ARC ATTACK



ARC Lager's intricate tap mechanism spins and chills a pint glass, serves beer at subzero temperatures, blasts the suds with sonic energy to create ice crystals, then frosts the outside of the glass. Twenty minutes later, it's still colder than your heartless cyborg of a dad.

> HISTORY LESSENED

MAJOR ISSUES

1929: *Maxim* says "Nerts!" to Prohibition and "Huzzah!" to flappers and floozies during the Jazz Age.

JALOPIES • GIN • TALKIES • 23 SKIDOO • SPATS • VICTROLAS
MAXIM
FOR MEN
FLY GIRL
AMELIA EARHART!
SHE GOES DOWN!
THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG
Al Capone reveals his bloodiest gangster moments!
LIQUOR ALL NIGHT!
We visit some swingin' speakeasys!
INVEST IT ALL!
Your guide to making free money in the stock market. p. 134
PLUS!

WEB BYTES Scare away annoying coworkers! **http://www.stclaire.com/safety_sign_builder/ssb-panel.php**

Yes!

chocolate caramel

chocolate peanut butter

coconut almond

PROTEIN CANDY BAR

CIRCUS MAXIMUS

The rescue mission hits a snag...

FAKE ☐
REAL ☐

FAKE ☐
REAL ☐

T-38 Talons send a message in Texas

> EYE EXAM

FAUX-TOS

One of these photographs is the genuine article; three are total bunk. Guess which one wasn't doctored and we'll give you... absolutely nothing! Answer below.

FAKE ☐
REAL ☐

Meet Snowball, Ontario's biggest pussy!

FAKE ☐
REAL ☐

Some smashing pumpkins in Ohio

> MAXIM HALL OF FAME

MERLE HAGGARD

Our inaugural inductee is a honky-tonk legend *and* a criminal mastermind.

Merle Haggard grew up in a converted boxcar, earned $100 million...and then blew it all. A petty criminal when he started performing, Haggard vowed not to let his music career get in the way of his burgling. He was arrested in 1957 for what could be the dumbest heist of all time. Haggard jimmied open the back door of a restaurant to rob the register at what he thought was 3 A.M. and found a room full of people staring at him—turns out it was only 10:30 P.M. He did time in San Quentin, then turned his attention to writing classic songs about booze and dirty hippies ("Okie From Muskogee"). Divorced four times, he finally found bliss—and bankruptcy—with number five, 23 years his junior. Mr. Haggard, welcome to the Hall!

> FUN FACT!

New Mexico was named dumbest state for the second year in a row. Residents *would* take offense...if the nitwits could read.

WEB BYTES Say it in song! **http://www.sr.se/cgi-bin/p1/src/sing/default.asp**

Answer: The pumpkins are real.

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EVOLUTION SOLUTION

HOW WE GOT...AMERICAN IDOL

We trace the cataclysmic historical events that proved once and for all that talent is by no means a prerequisite for fame.

800 B.C.

The oldest known song, "Hymn to Creation," is written in Sumeria. The emperor gets 75 percent of the publishing, and the author ends up as a janitor in a vomitorium to make ends meet. The music biz is born.

4 B.C.

J.C. takes the stage, rocks the establishment, amasses legions of devotees, and dies young, thus becoming the original pop star.

1355 A.D.

Decadent "listening parties" are now all the rage among English aristocracy, where no home entertainment center is complete without a bard, a jester, and a troubadour.

1935

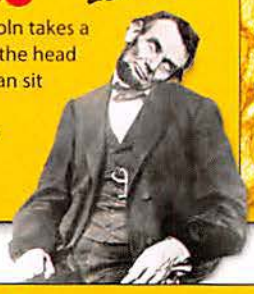
Blues guitarist Robert Johnson sells his soul for stardom. Several decades later the devil ups his asking price to a soul *plus* a chance to meet Ryan Seacrest.

1904

Mick Jagger is born.

1865

Abe Lincoln takes a bullet to the head rather than sit through an entire fucking play.



1849

Gold fever strikes, and thousands of starry-eyed, bucktoothed midwesterners haul ass to Cali with dreams of hitting it big overnight. Most wind up selling insurance.

1945

With WWII over and TV not yet popular, Americans resort to having sex for entertainment.

1952

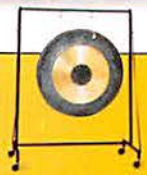
***American Bandstand* debuts. Dick Clark celebrates his new job as host by drinking the blood of the living.**

1955

Frank Sinatra's *In the Wee Small Hours* tops the charts after a *Billboard* exec is found dead in an oil drum near Newark. From then on, record companies sign only pussies.

1959

Simon Cowell exits womb and announces, "The most disgraceful birth canal ever. A bloody mess." Fate taps him to bring fame to ass clowns.



1976

***The Gong Show* has a breakout star in the Unknown Comic, a no-talent hack who performs with a bag over his head. Twenty-five years later, Kelly Clarkson completes only half the equation.**

1971

The Japanese invent karaoke, giving drunken, sexually repressed middle-management types the idea they know how to sing.

1960

The Nixon vs. Kennedy debate airs, establishing that all matters of national importance are to be settled on TV. The "blooper" reel is an underground hit due to a surprise cameo by Marilyn Monroe, under JFK's podium.

1985

The Chicago Bears sing "The Super Bowl Shuffle," proving fat guys can become pop stars without paying dues.

1990

Roseanne Barr mutilates the national anthem while grabbing her cock, setting the quality standard for nonmusicians.

2004

The third season of *American Karaoke*, er, *Idol*—whatever—kicks off, welcoming a whole new round of socially defective nitwits into the nation's living rooms. Up next: the Apocalypse.

#3 "ENTOURAGE"

Quadruple distilled and triple filtered for ultimate purity and smoothness. www.SKYY.com SKYY Vodka® 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©2003 SKYY Spirits, LLC, San Francisco, CA.

PLANET MAXIM

We print the stories other news organizations are too responsible to report!

RUSSIA

MAN KILLED BY BEST FRIEND

A vodka-drinking competition ended in tragedy when the champion, who consumed *one and a half liters* of vodka in half an hour, died minutes after winning. Several runners-up landed in intensive care, and the competition organizer was charged with manslaughter.

NORWAY

COP ISSUES DUI TO PASSENGER

A 19-year-old was convicted of drunk driving after the car he was in rolled nine feet while parked at a gas station. The man, who accidentally disengaged the parking break, was sitting in the passenger seat while the sober driver paid for gas inside.

UNITED STATES

TOY EVEN DEADLIER THAN JARTS

A group of Brooklyn schoolchildren were caught playing with a U.S. Army antitank missile launcher they found in a garbage can. Officials believe the unloaded launcher was brought back from Iraq by a soldier. The little scamps presumably went back to playing with their handguns.

HUNGARY

ART IS, IN FACT, DEAD

A dangling corpse was mistaken for modern art by alert construction workers at Budapest's University of Arts. Police believe the stiff had hanged himself in the crumbling building, which had been closed for years, several months before it was reopened to begin restorative repairs.

NIGERIA

RIOT TRIGGERED BY SCHOOLGIRLS

The normally serene streets of the African nation were plunged into chaos when a playground argument escalated into a riot after a 12-year-old Christian girl responded to taunts from Muslim classmates by dissing Muhammad. Forty shops were looted and 11 churches were torched. Jesus!

LA-LA LAND

THE HOLLYWOOD RAT

We sniff out the smelliest dirt!

ALL TRUE!

Roth acts stupidly!

Tragedy struck ex–Van Halen frontman **David Lee Roth** when he attempted a "complicated 15th-century samurai move" onstage with a wooden staff. He needed 21 stitches to close the head wound, and the rest of his U.S. tour had to be canceled. ● In other concert idiocy news, culturally sensitive songstress **Alanis Morissette** ended a show in Lima, Peru by shouting, "Thank you, Brazil!" Her excuse? "I was drunk." But no harm done—fans simply seemed relieved the show was over. ● Think Diamond Dave had it bad? A man needed three stitches in his penis and two in his scrotum after **Vin Diesel**'s 170 lb. mastiff, **Roman**, attacked him. Diesel was slapped with an $8 million lawsuit as a result of the XXX-rated bite.

SAY WHA?

Guess which of these statements Larry David actually muttered.

A.
SEINFELD IS A TALENTLESS BASTARD SAY WHAT?
B.
I'M A BIT LESS ANNOYING THAN DAVID SCHWIMMER. THAT BUNGHOLE.
C.
MY MASTURBATION FANTASY? NEWMAN IN A THONG. GRRR!
D.
MY BACKGROUND IS DEGRADATION AND SLOTH.
E.
THE SOUTH IS GONNA RISE AGAIN!

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Turkish Gold

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. For more product information, visit www.rjrt.com.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

PLEASURE TO BURN

"I like regular guys like you...ha, ha. Turn the page before I call the police."

No, don't get up. Please...

MICHELLE HUNZIKER

Meet a Swiss-born, Italian-raised, German-employed über-hottie. (Once again France proves useless.)

As seen in: German *Maxim*, April 2003
Her story: At the tender age of 17, Michelle's booty was featured in Italian underwear ads and promptly voted the country's finest heinie. But she soon put ass modeling behind her and moved on to a TV career, where her shows pulled better ratings than the Pope's broadcasts. "The Italians simply preferred to laugh," she says, obviously overlooking His Holiness' penchant for hilarious pratfalls. These days Michelle is conquering the land of lederhosen, hosting Germany's version of *American Idol*. What's next for the Swiss miss? "I'm open to everything," she assures us. In that case, we'll bring the Cool Whip.

Subscribers see more photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at **maximonline.com.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIELA FEDERICI

ELEMENT

honda.com 1-800-33-Honda MEGA BLOKS® shown. MEGA BLOKS is a registered trademark of Mega Bloks, Inc. 4WD EX model shown with accessory roof rack. ©2003 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

64 seating configurations. Wipe-down utility floor. 270-watt stereo with subwoofer and MP3 jack. Side cargo doors. Removable skylight. The Element from Honda. Every piece has its purpose.

> WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

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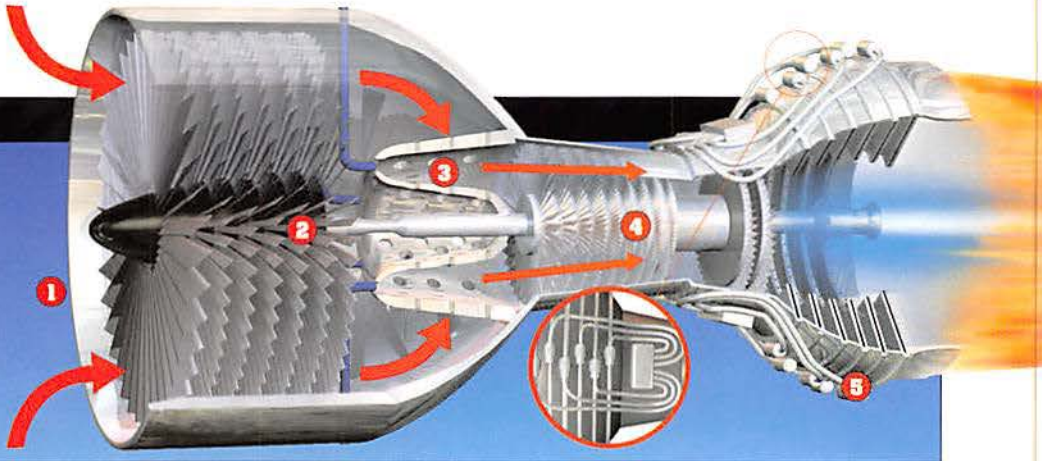


Q: Can I purposely punch myself unconscious?

A: Next time wifey drags you to Bed, Bath & Beyond, you're in luck. "With a properly delivered blow, you most likely could knock yourself out," says Joseph Estwanik, M.D., a ringside physician and author of *Sports Medicine for the Combat Arts.* All you gotta do is ignore that silly recoil reflex that stubbornly protects you from hurting yourself. A good knockout punch snaps your head back so fast that your brain slams into the skull and bounces off, interrupting the generation of electrical impulses that keep you conscious. The result? You go down faster than a tomato can. To get the best brain-bouncing leverage, Estwanik suggests using a vicious uppercut to tag yourself in one of your many chins.

Q: How's the weather predicted?

A: By using things we thought were merely hobbies for virgin nerds: math and physics. The National Weather Service, the Department of Defense, and the Federal Aviation Administration use satellites, remote sensors, and Doppler radar to gather data—current temperature, barometric pressure, wind speed and direction, humidity—from all over the country, then combine that data with worldwide info. That's all then fed into your mother's gaping vagina... OK, just making sure you're still awake. It's actually fed into numerical computer models derived from analyzing years of weather patterns. They spit out a grid of temperatures, and local weather fellas take that data and extrapolate: A meteorologist in, say, Erie, PA will know that the cloud of noxious odor hanging over the city blocks the sun and lowers the temperature. "It's a mix of art and science," says Robert Kelly of the NWS. "If we based everything solely on models, the forecast wouldn't be as good." Which *still* doesn't explain why you insist on taking your own temperature anally.

"Eat me, Roker!"

Q: What exactly is an afterburner?

A: "The idea behind the afterburner is to inject fuel directly into the exhaust stream of a jet engine and burn it," says John Brown, director of corporate communications for Rolls Royce, which manufactures aircraft engines. "It can increase thrust by 50 percent or more." To understand afterburners, you must first appreciate that, much like high-class call girls, jets operate on the "suck, squeeze, bang, blow" principle.

1. SUCK
Air is drawn in through the intake manifold—that's the hole in front—by the turbines and fan blades, along with any unlucky birds, and forced into a compressor.

2. SQUEEZE
Like incriminating photos, oxygen burns better when its molecules are packed together. The compressor squeezes the air into a tight space, increasing the pressure it's under up to 30 times.

3. BANG
The pressurized air is forced into the combustion area, where it's injected with fuel and torched.

4. BLOW
The exhaust from the burning fuel hurtles past a second set of turbines, which expel the gas. The 25,000 pounds of thrust send a 37-ton F-14 speeding toward evildoers at Mach 2.5.

5. AFTERBURN!
Afterburners spray fuel and flame into the *unburned* oxygen in the exhaust to nearly double the jet's boo-yah. They consume a great deal of fuel, so are used only for quick bursts of energy. Break right!

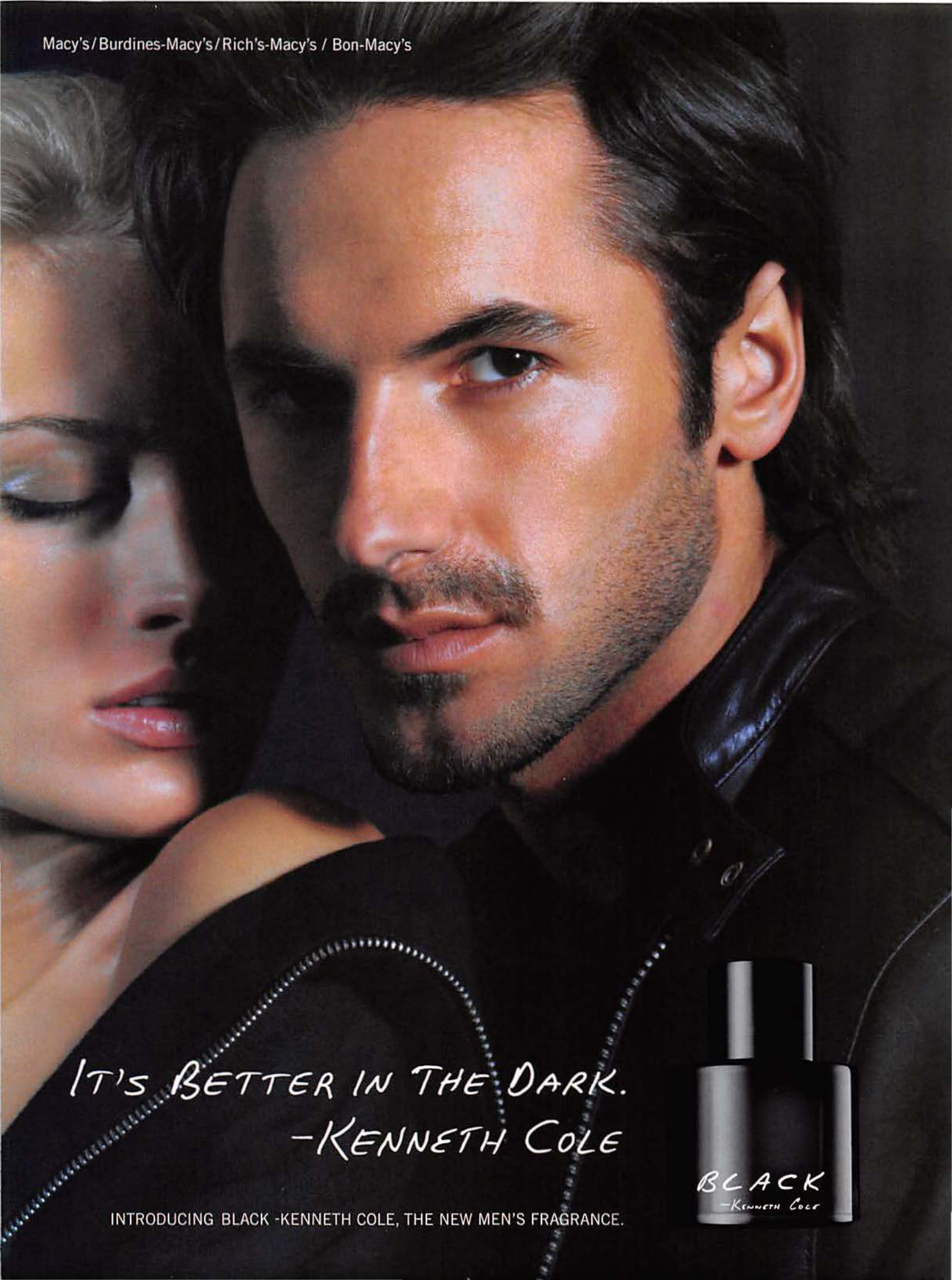
GOT QUESTIONS?

Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018. Or just e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, pillow biter!

> HIGHER AUTHORITY

Advice from BEYOND
THIS MONTH: JOHN RITTER STUMBLES OVER A SUREFIRE WAY TO SCORE A THREESOME!
MAKE THE LADIES THINK YOU'RE HARMLESS BY TRIPPING OVER EVERYTHING IN SIGHT AND PRETENDING TO BE GAY. ONCE THEY LET THEIR GUARD DOWN, BREAK OUT THE MAD DOG!
SUGGEST PLAYING TRUTH OR DARE. ONCE YOU HAVE THE DRUNK GIRLS KISSING EACH OTHER, WHINE ABOUT FEELING LEFT OUT OF THE FUN. THEN LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.
WAIT... YOU'RE NOT REALLY GAY?
cojo

Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Dave Alexander, Craig Better, Paul Bibeau, Chris Connolly, James Oliver Cury, Sean Cunningham, Maria Fontoura, Ky Henderson, Steve Kandell, Marcy Smith, Jon Wilde. Advice From Beyond illustrations by Cojo. Ask Anything illustration by Paul Wootton.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INTRODUCING BLACK -KENNETH COLE, THE NEW MEN'S FRAGRANCE.

Do Everything Better (Except Gossiping)

HOW TO

Ah, the ol' "replaced your chair with a fiery pit of hell" gag

PHOTOGRAPH AND DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL ELINS

AVOID GETTING FIRED

Everyday, average workers get laid off all the time—here's how to step up and escape the ax.

1. USE YOUR MOUTH

In a room of otherwise equal employees, the one who speaks up most seems the least dispensable (provided he's not drunk). So improve your verbal game. "Talk business gossip and use buzz words," recommends David R. Carpe, a Boston-based career consultant. Dedicating one brain-fryingly dull hour a month to reading a trade journal will let you talk shop instead of sports when you get some face time with your boss at the water cooler. And identify yourself as a leader by sending a "Way to go!" e-mail to everyone who helped make a project happen—even if you weren't in charge—and don't forget to cc. the boss man.

2. GIVE GOOD TIME

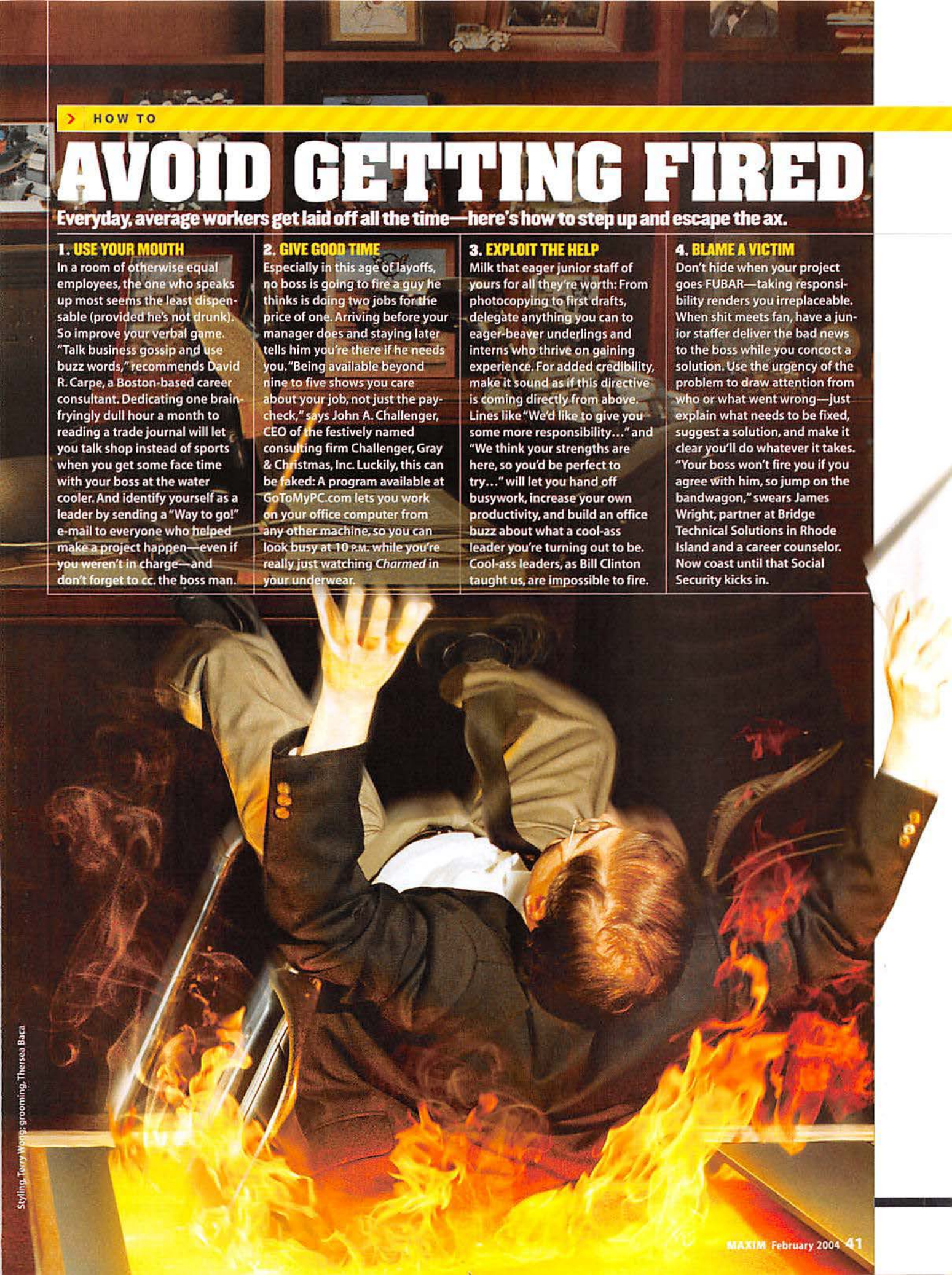
Especially in this age of layoffs, no boss is going to fire a guy he thinks is doing two jobs for the price of one. Arriving before your manager does and staying later tells him you're there if he needs you. "Being available beyond nine to five shows you care about your job, not just the paycheck," says John A. Challenger, CEO of the festively named consulting firm Challenger, Gray & Christmas, Inc. Luckily, this can be faked: A program available at GoToMyPC.com lets you work on your office computer from any other machine, so you can look busy at 10 P.M. while you're really just watching *Charmed* in your underwear.

3. EXPLOIT THE HELP

Milk that eager junior staff of yours for all they're worth: From photocopying to first drafts, delegate anything you can to eager-beaver underlings and interns who thrive on gaining experience. For added credibility, make it sound as if this directive is coming directly from above. Lines like "We'd like to give you some more responsibility..." and "We think your strengths are here, so you'd be perfect to try..." will let you hand off busywork, increase your own productivity, and build an office buzz about what a cool-ass leader you're turning out to be. Cool-ass leaders, as Bill Clinton taught us, are impossible to fire.

4. BLAME A VICTIM

Don't hide when your project goes FUBAR—taking responsibility renders you irreplaceable. When shit meets fan, have a junior staffer deliver the bad news to the boss while you concoct a solution. Use the urgency of the problem to draw attention from who or what went wrong—just explain what needs to be fixed, suggest a solution, and make it clear you'll do whatever it takes. "Your boss won't fire you if you agree with him, so jump on the bandwagon," swears James Wright, partner at Bridge Technical Solutions in Rhode Island and a career counselor. Now coast until that Social Security kicks in.



Styling, Terry Wong; grooming, Thersea Baca

HOW TO

PIERCE YOURSELF

Need a last-minute cock ring for that Valentine's party? Buh-ling!

1. CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

Anyone can mutilate his own flesh with a fancy piercing gun, but Mom's sewing needle, a thumbtack, or a prison shiv provides that homey touch. "The device needs to be spiky, not blunt," says Ines Gilbert, a nurse practitioner in Topeka, Kansas. Soak the tip in alcohol, then heat it over a flame before you commence to stabbin'. Stick to the ear, nostril, or even a nipple. Tongues need hollow needles wielded by pros—one false move can hit a major blood vessel and *kill you*.

2. SCOPE THE AREA

Scrub the spot in question with antibacterial soap, and make sure there are no lumps—piercing scar tissue could cause yummy cauliflower-looking growths called keloids. Wipe with alcohol, then mark the hole-to-be with a nontoxic surgical pen. "Use a ring rather than a stud so you can get a healing agent through the hole," advises Jerry Frederick, a professional piercer in Glendale, Arizona. Remember: Right ear's gay, pal.

3. SHOOT TO FILL

Keep your spike straight and level; angles make it harder to install the bling-bling later. If piercing anything dangly, hold a bar of soap on the other side to catch the needle. Now cringe and jab through your flesh in one fluid motion. Wash the wound with antibacterial soap three times a day for two weeks, rotating the ring. "Don't use alcohol or peroxide," warns Frederick. "They kill white blood cells and dry the wound." In two months you can switch out your starters for Mr. T–style feathers. Huzzah!

The Thai gymnast had trouble on the bars

HOW TO

PAN FOR GOLD

Think you have the Midas touch? Become a prospector and get loded!

1. FIND A SPOT

There's still an estimated 100,000 tons of the sparkly stuff out there, so go west. "Gold is where people have found it in the past," explains Sam Radding, author of *The $3.25 How to Gold Pan Book*. Find a map that shows known lodes or join a prospectors' club that has private spots available. Also, red rock can indicate a rich mineral presence. Plan your gold rush for springtime or just after Biblical floods, since high-rising water tends to redeposit gold downstream.

2. GRAB YER TOOL

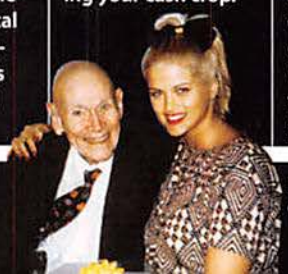
Gold can be harder to find than the G-spot, but the payoff is better: about $350 an ounce. Get a lightweight plastic pan with ridged gold-catchin' lips ("riffles" in fancy miner-speak). Radding recommends the 14-inch Garrett Gravity Trap Pan ($7–$10 at metallocators.com), plus a screwdriver to dig out rocks, a garden trowel, and tweezers for harvesting your cash crop.

3. MAN THE PAN

Gold is 19 times heavier than water, so it tends to settle in spots where water runs slowly or in any transition area between fast- and slow-moving water. Fill your pan 3/4 to the top with sand and gravel. Keeping the pan level and barely underwater, shake it, rolling it back and forth and side to side about a dozen times. "That causes the gold to settle," Radding says optimistically. Then chuck the worthless rocks and break up the dirt clods that pop to the top.

4. SHAKE IT UP

Tilt pan 10 degrees forward, riffles facing you, so it's still 1/3 underwater, and shake it. Then bring pan above water and move it in a circle for 45 seconds. Increase the angle, swirling so the material settles. Soon you'll have a quarter of what you started with. "Cover the darker residue with a half inch of water and swirl," says Radding. If you spot a few flecks (to be extracted, monobrowlike, with tweezers), yell "Eureka!" very loudly. Now you can build that false idol.



For $90 million, we'd even sleep with *her*

Illustrations, Dave Hine

HERE'S TO GOING FOR TWO. OR ONE.

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> HOW TO

DECODE HER BATHROOM

Your girl's medicine cabinet holds more than free painkillers—it's also a house of horrors!

1 HOMEOPATHIC SEDATIVES

The Birkenstocks and Phish bootlegs should've clued you in—you're hooking up with a hippie. But which kind? "Kavakava is mostly for anxiety, and valerian root is for sleep," says Joseph Glenmullen, M.D., author of *Prozac Backlash*. St. John's wort is for mild depression or anxiety (it can also screw with the pill). Any way you slice it, you're in for some hairy pits.

2 PRESCRIPTION PILLS

There are different degrees of psycho to her psychoactive meds, Glenmullen says. Antidepressants (Celexa, Prozac) mean she's feeling low. Mood stabilizers (lithium, depakote) mean she's bipolar: way down sometimes, but insanely horny when she's manic. If you see antipsychotics (Risperdal, Haldol), well, you know that voice in your head telling you to run? She can see him.

3 EXTRA TOOTHBRUSHES

Hypothesis #1: She keeps her choppers immaculate and goes through brushes like you go through whiskey bottles. Hypothesis #2: She has an irrational fear of mildew and uses toothbrushes to clean the grout around the sink. (Are they black and icky? The brushes, not her teeth.) Hypothesis #3: She has more overnight guests than Motel Sex. Checkout's right about . . . now.

4 SYRINGE

Is she diabetic? An overly vain Botox junkie? Or just a regular smack-jacker? "No one injects herself with Botox," says Paula Begoun, author of *Don't Go to the Cosmetics Counter Without Me*. "That's like doing your own face-lift." To figure it out, look for track marks or see if your date nods off mid-sentence. If so, you'll know she's not diabetic. You're just boring.

5 VAGINAL CREAM

The name is grim, the prognosis worse: "It may be that she has a yeast infection or she suffers from vaginal dryness," says Begoun. Either could come from a shift in pH balance—common during her period. Relax: The bottom line is she's normal, not an STD machine. Still, bring extra lube. And a condom. And some butter. (To make a grilled cheese afterward: The oil in *queso* breaks down latex, silly!)

6 UDDER CREAM

She's not a hick—she's superchic! Farmers used to make cows very happy by adding a little grease to the milking process. Recognizing a good thing, some cutting-edge broads adopted the product, but for their palms, not calves. Don't expect to see her whipping it out in bed: According to Trish McEvoy, author of *The Power of Makeup*, udder cream's for external dryness only. And steer clear of her teats.

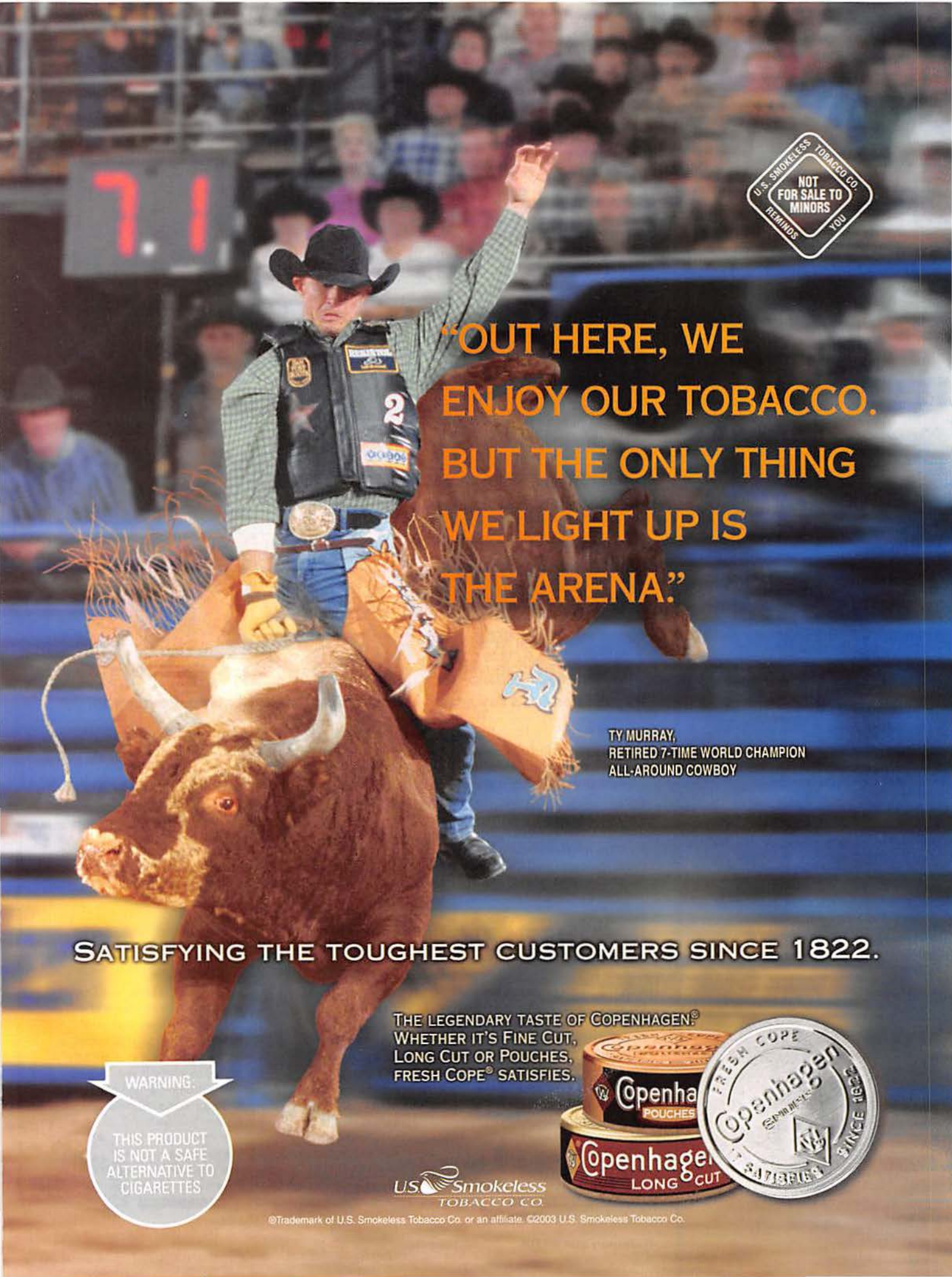
7 MUSTACHE BLEACH/WAX

No matter how great her skin looks now, she may be a natural Magnum, P.I. While bleaches and waxes are more effective and less stubbly than razors, they still indicate she's on too limited a budget to get the hair permanently destroyed. "Most women choose lasers or electrolysis," says McEvoy. Next time you date online, insist on a better photo. In the meantime just try to ignore the blonde mustache tickling your chops.

8 CONTRACEPTION

What's missing from this picture? The contraceptive film above (same as with a diaphragm or the pill) means she's not looking to be a baby mama anytime soon, so that's good. But if you don't see condoms, beware of bedsores. Either she foolishly trusts men to be packing, the rubbers are bedside, or she's prone to going raw. What you save on child support now you may pay for antibiotics later, since only condoms can help stop STDs.

Photographs, Frank Veronsky; props, Eyal Baruch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Dee Snider tries his hand at arts and crafts

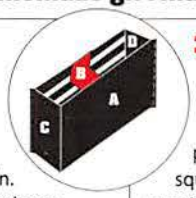
MAKE A DUCT TAPE PURSE

Forget Valentine's Day *again*? A simple, homemade gift may save your ass.

1. MAKE PIECE

Duct tape: It's not just for protecting your home from terrorists anymore. Overlap 12-inch strips so each is 1/2 inch over the last, like shingles. Once it's eight inches wide, flip it over and repeat, pressing sticky sides together (A). Do this to make another 12"x8" panel (B), then two 8"x3" ones (C and D).

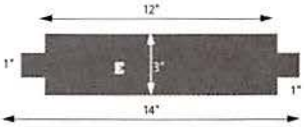
2. GET ATTACHED



Lay a side panel (C) against the front panel (A), eight-inch sides aligned, and staple them 1/4 inch in. Continue until all panels are attached in a rectangle. (Confused? Check out the drawing.) Now flip the rectangle inside out so the seams are inside. A quarter inch above the bottom of C and D cut a horizontal inch-wide slit, like the scars on your wrists.

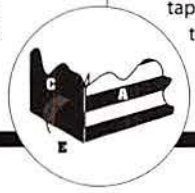
3. BOTTOMS UP

Since a tape bottom would sag like your man-boobs, use cardboard. Cut a 14"x3" piece, then take off a 1"x1" square at each corner so a tab remains at each end—just check out the illustration. Then cover the cardboard entirely with tape.



4. SLIP IT IN

Next, wiggle the cardboard inside the walls (you should be used to this sort of motion), pushing those one-inch tabs through the slots on the sides. Fold the tabs against the bottom of the bag, tape them into place, tape the edges of the cardboard segment to the rest of the bag, and whaddaya know? You've got a sort of, um, like, duct tape box with no top or something. Go, you!

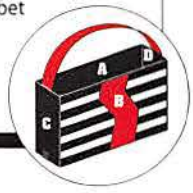


5. HOLDER TIGHT

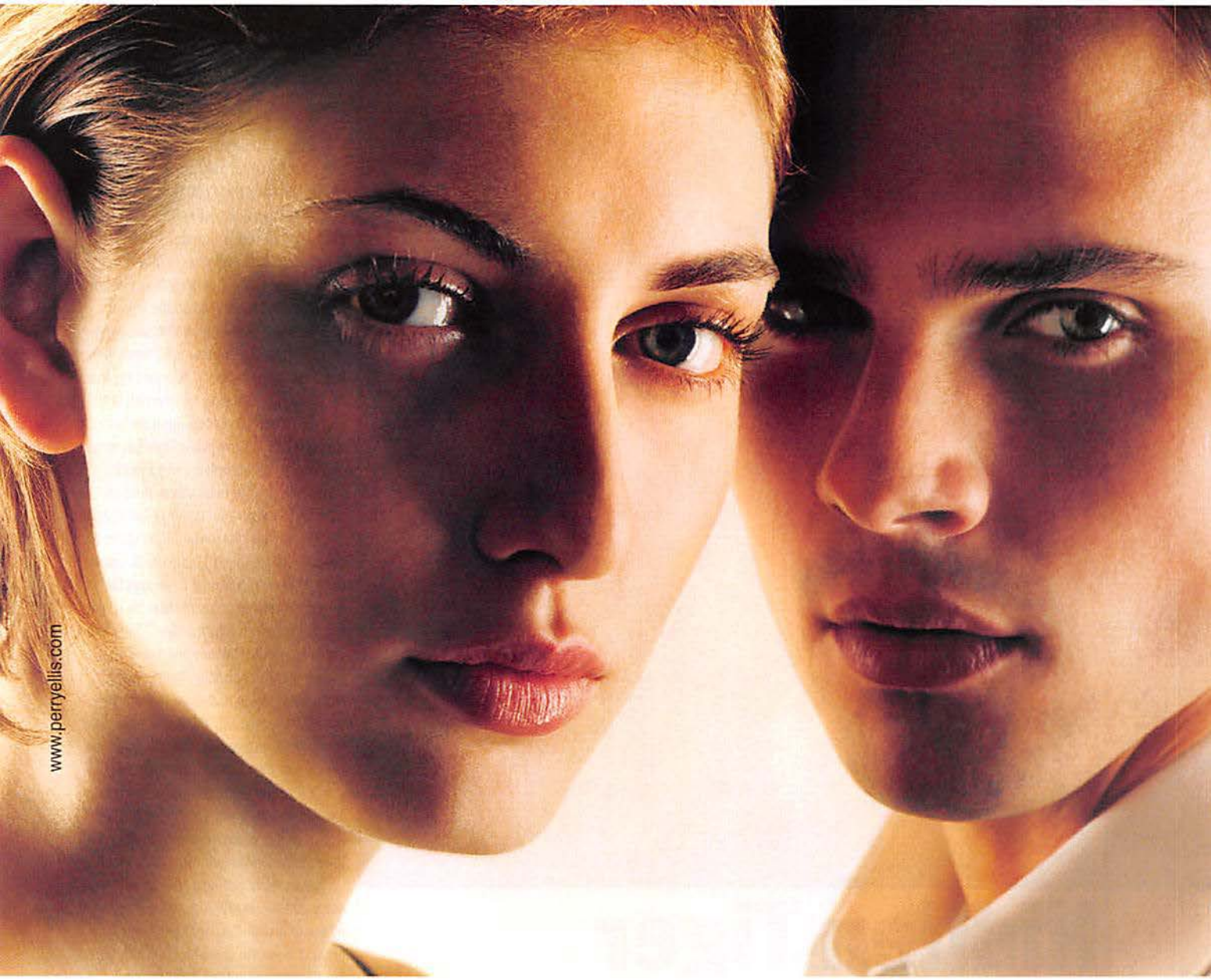
Stick two strips of tape together to make a shoulder strap. "Choose any length strap you want—whatever you think is stylish," says Todd Scott, a professional Duck brand artist who has stylishly worn a tartan duct tape kilt in his day. By the way, when we said this project was simple, this is the step we meant.

6. STRAP IT ON

Hold the strap against one side and staple a 1/4-inch seam at the top. Cover the seam with tape inside the purse, then do the same on the other side. If your girl isn't moved by your gift, she can pack up her toothbrush and spare panties and march on out of your life. And you can bet *then* she'll wish she had a duct tape purse to carry it all in.



Photograph, Sinichi Maruyama; illustrations, Paul Wootton; Duct tape purse by Laura Gilbert



PERRY MAN

PERRY WOMAN

by Perry Ellis

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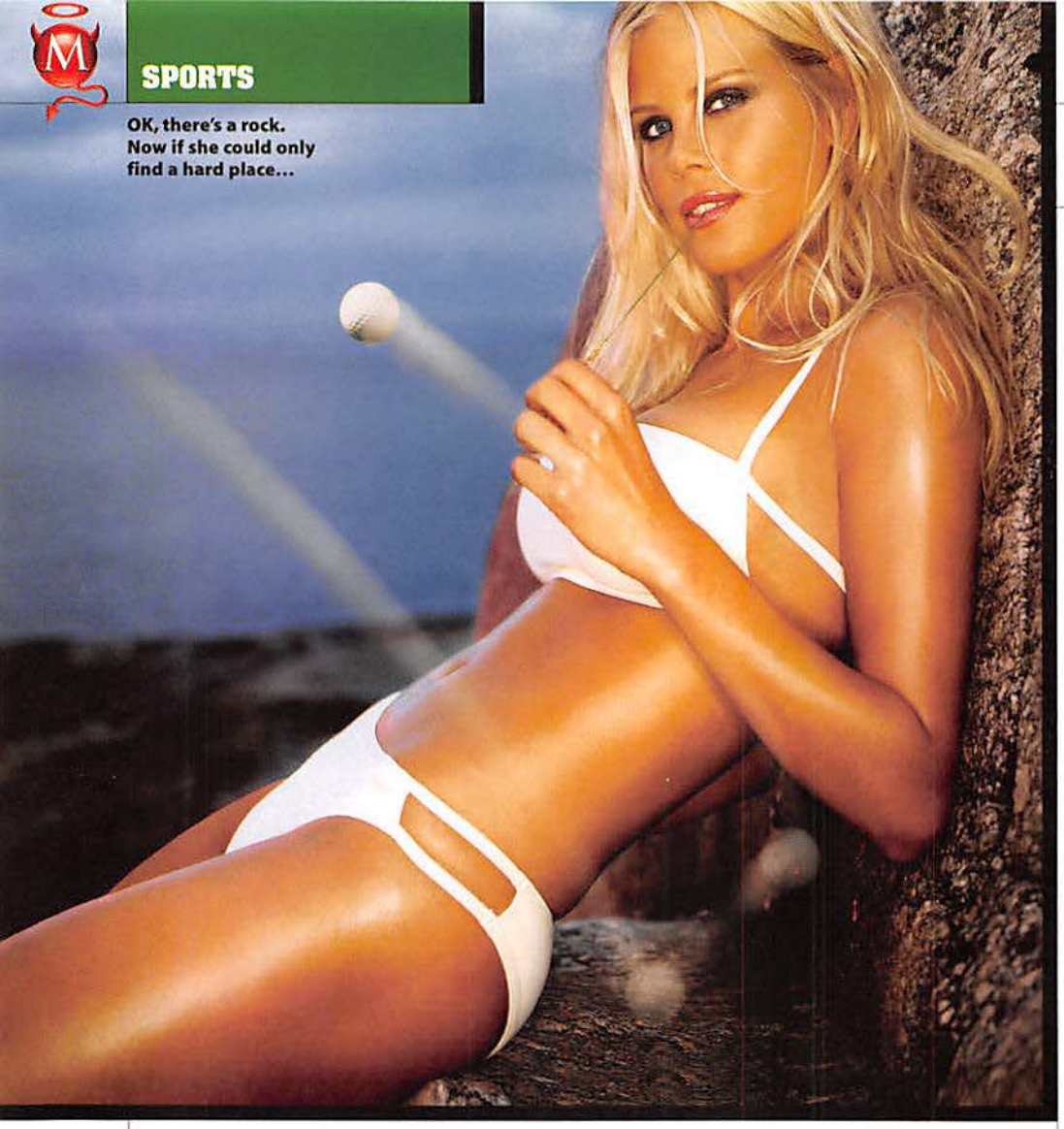


OK, there's a rock. Now if she could only find a hard place...

Hidden Tiger

Tiger Woods may be the luckiest man on Earth (see above). But will he ever change his stripes? BY ALEX STRAUS

Tiger Woods just knocked a 180-foot chip shot stiffer than Rafael Palmeiro at a Pfizer convention, and the overflowing gallery—mostly middle-aged Georgians gnawing on $100 cigars—explodes in cheers. But not everyone is clapping. Nestled among the good ol' boys like a diamond in a 99¢ store is Tiger's picture-perfect Swedish fiancée, Elin Nordegren (who may be pictured somewhere in this story).

"That's why I could never do it," she says, pointing to the ESPN cameraman backpedaling inches in front of Tiger's nose. "That guy's right in his face. I would be like..." And with that the 22-year-old model flips her imaginary paparazzi the sexiest bird we've ever seen. Tiger, meanwhile, waving to the crowd and flashing enough teeth to make Siegfried squeal, looks happier than Paris Hilton in front of the cameras. But it's a lie.

'When you're No.1 in the world, people just assume you're smart. I'm honest and I get ridiculed for that.'

"I hate it," Tiger tells us a few hours later. "Some guys love it. I have no idea why. I can't stand it. It's just not me." So what's with the act? And, honestly, who really cares if Tiger Woods—a guy who endorses more products than the FDA—hates his golden fishbowl? If he can rake in $70 million a year hawking everything from Wheaties to SUVs, surely we can sit back and laugh as he cringes in the media spotlight like an albino at the beach.

Remember, golf's golden boy wasn't always so shy. Tiger has been parading himself in front of the world since he stole the stage from Mike Douglas and Bob Hope at age two. So maybe the real question is: What's Tiger Woods trying to hide?

Out of the Woods

After spending a week with the five-time defending PGA Player of the Year, we've got it figured out. Behind the made-for-TV smile and the 4,000 Nike swooshes, Tiger is actually a beer-drinking, card-playing, grudge-holding regular guy. But he also has to play the game...one that's a lot more than just golf. Woods made $6.7 million on the links in 2003—and $70 million on Madison Avenue. So smiling for the cameras is 10 times more important than smacking 400-yard tee shots.

"Hey, where are the pictures of me?"

When Nike's making commercials with every kid from Sydney to Saigon declaring, "I am Tiger Woods," the public Tiger has to be a cookie cutter. That explains why Eldrick "Tiger" Woods tries to be Danny Noonan when in truth he's a lot closer to Carl Spackler.

"There's only one movie," Tiger states with no room for argument. "*Caddyshack*. Case closed! I'm even playing Bill Murray's Carl in an American Express commercial. 'So I have that going for me. Which is nice.'" Tiger knows nearly the entire script by heart, and after several minutes of trading quotes with us, he's relaxed, funny, and eager to prove he's still a 27-year-old kid. "What do I do for fun? That's easy," he answers faster than you can say six-foot beer bong. "There's nothing like March Madness—drinking beer in a sports bar and watching games with my buddies. I love it! That is, of course, when I'm not taking their money on the golf course."

Just as we're getting a glimpse of "T-Dub," as his inner circle calls him, we're interrupted by one of his handlers, trying to usher Tiger to his next event. He shoos his hired help away, but the damage is done. T-Dub catches himself, seeming to remember who may be listening, and quickly shifts back into boring Tiger Woods mode. Now he refuses to admit he's ever been drunk and pretends he can't remember the last rich-boy toy he bought. He admits he's an adrenaline junkie but claims not to like driving fast—as though the two Porsches in his garage are for grocery runs. He even denies the reports that he's a frequent visitor to Vegas casinos. "I love playing cards," he says, "but never for money."

This is the paper Tiger we've all come to know—a world-beating phenom who's impossible to hate but just as tough to like.

Being like Mike

It's no coincidence that Tiger counts Michael Jordan and Charles Barkley among his closest friends. Both are known inside the sports world for their wild, high-roller lifestyles, and both have turned the cultivation of image into an art form. But it's Jordan—the king of talk-a-lot, say-nothing marketing— ▶

Photographs, Bingo Rimér/www.bingo.se ©

who's Tiger's hero. "Michael may be the one man on this planet more competitive than I am," Tiger tells us. "I was playing Around the World at his house the other day. First, he goes all the way around hitting nothing but bank shots. Then the guy comes back left-handed without ever missing. Incredible!"

Like Jordan, Tiger wouldn't touch a social issue if it had a KICK ME sign on its back. Everyone remembers the 1997 Masters, when Tiger destroyed the field en route to his first Augusta title. Afterward, a humiliated Fuzzy Zoeller infamously blurted out, "Tell that little boy not to serve fried chicken and collard greens next year . . . or whatever the hell it is they serve." In the real world, them's fightin' words. And Tiger, known for his intense weight training, could've torn Zoeller into 1,000 little fuzzballs. Instead, he acted like a pussycat and did nothing. Since that day that cat has made more in endorsements ($54 million in 2000 alone) than Fuzzy could make in 10 lifetimes. In other words, Tiger keeps his mouth shut and his bank account open.

Each controversy since has followed the same pattern. In 2002 everyone (including *The New York Times*) called on Tiger to boycott Augusta National for its males-only membership policy. Tiger refused. Later in '02 the NAACP asked him to boycott South Carolina events in response to the state's Confederate flag controversy. Tiger's response: "I'm a golfer. That's their deal, not mine."

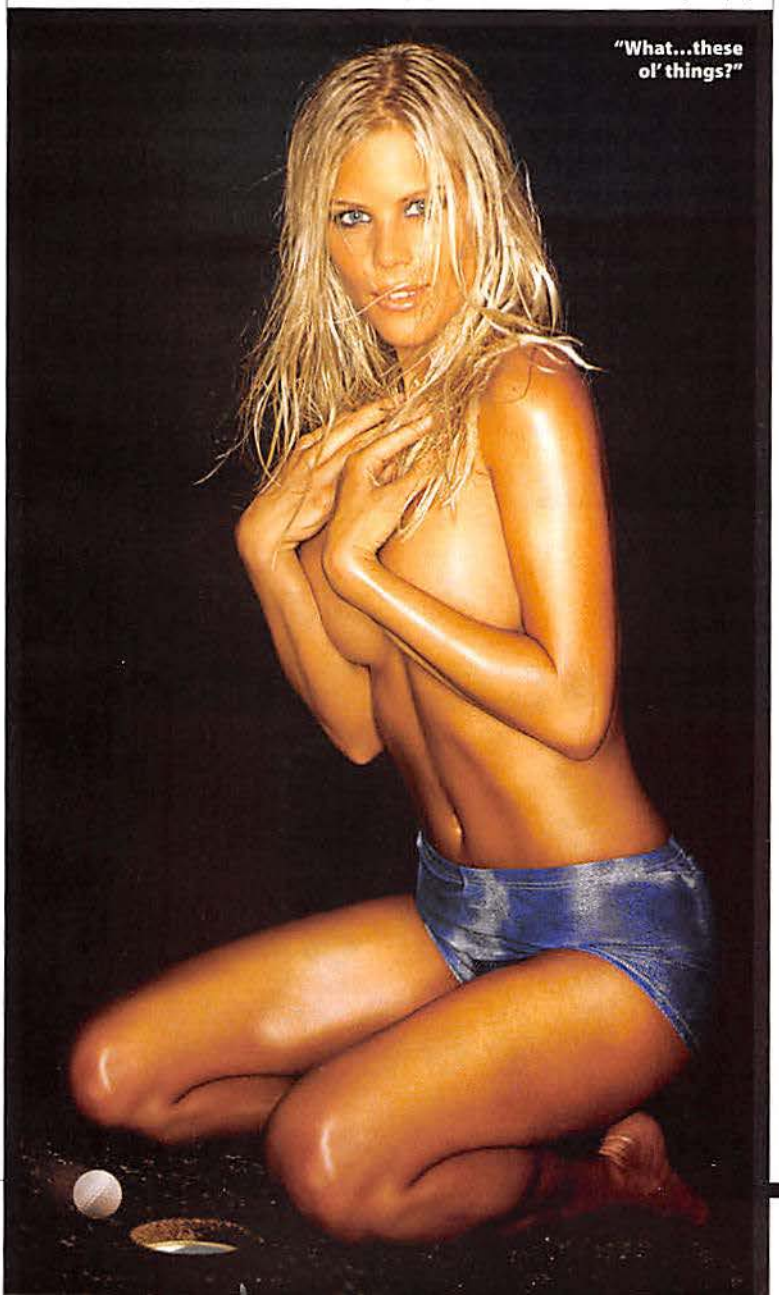
Roar reversal

Tiger knows athletes are as qualified to weigh in on social issues as Condoleezza Rice is to play linebacker, and he's smart enough to play dumb. "People are always trying to pigeonhole me into a champion of all causes," Tiger tells us. "That's not fair. Nobody's asking anyone else on the tour these questions. When you're ranked number one in the world, people just assume you're smart. I'm honest, and I get ridiculed for that."

'There are a lot of guys on the tour I can't stand. It makes for interesting pairings.'

The latest controversy was Phil Mickelson's attempt to get under Tiger's skin by describing his Nike clubs as "inferior." Publicly, Tiger laughed it off. "Phil tries to be a smart aleck at times," he responded. "He was just trying to be funny . . . and it didn't work." But in private the incident clearly ticked him off—particularly when Mickelson boasted, "Tiger hates it that I'm driving past him now."

With his handlers gone, Tiger finally lets his tongue off its short leash. "I can tell you right now there are guys on tour using ▶



THE YOUNG AND DEFENSELESS

DADDY DEAREST

Raising a champ? Five fathers draw up the black-and-blueprint.

STEP 1: BAN ALL PROCESSED FOODS

"I was a tyrant," said Marv Marinovich, father of former Raiders quarterback and current ex-con Todd, who didn't eat a Big Mac or watch a cartoon until college. And it almost worked. Todd retired in '92 with one career win.

STEP 2: ABUSE BOTH BODY AND MIND

"He practiced every afternoon, all afternoon. He practiced every weekend, all weekend. He practiced every holiday," said Perry Rogers, manager of Andre Agassi, who by age two also had a tennis racket taped to his hand.

STEP 3: TERRORIZE THE KID IN PUBLIC

"Kill the bitch!" Jim Pierce once screamed at his 12-year-old daughter, Mary, who later got a restraining order against him. "Dad would slap me when I lost," the future tennis star said. "Sometimes even if I had a bad practice."

STEP 4: NEVER SHOW SUPPORT

"In 1980 I came back home after hitting .390," Hall of Fame third baseman George Brett said, "and the first thing [my dad] said to me was, 'You mean to tell me you couldn't have got five more fucking hits?'"

STEP 5: STEAL EVERYTHING

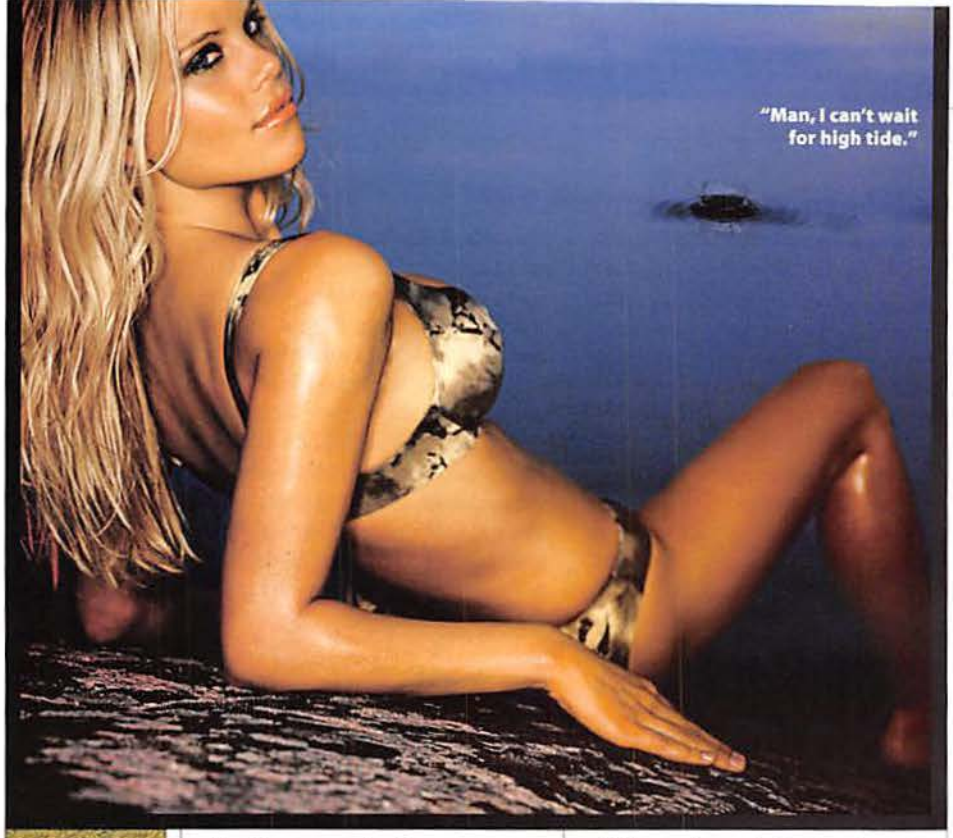
"Papa Merciless" Peter Graf hoarded daughter Steffi's earnings, dragged her through the mud, then went to prison. "It's hard to stay angry," she says. "I know what alcohol and tablets can do." At least Father's Day shopping is easy.

Sing us a song—you're the piano man!

over-the-top drivers," he says, referring to technology that's illegal under PGA rules. "Guys that shouldn't be are starting to hit past me off the tee. So beginning this year at the first tee of the Mercedes Championships, I'm offering all my clubs for voluntary testing. It'll be very interesting to see who joins me."

Now we're seeing the real Tiger Woods—the cold-blooded competitor riled up by real and perceived slights from his opponents. "There are a lot of guys on tour I can't stand," Tiger admits before the final round of the World Golf Championships. Clearly, he's referring to Vijay Singh, his only competition for the 2003 Player of the Year award and his playing partner the next day. "It makes for some interesting pairings. Some days I look at the card and say, 'Man! This is going to be a quiet one.'" Of course, he'll never admit that on-camera. This revelation comes at a private reception for American Express card members, egged on by his buddy Ernie Els. "When we play a round with one of those guys," Els chimes in, "the first thing said is, 'I'm playing a Titleist 1.' And the next is, 'Nice round.' It's like playing golf alone, only slower."

That's the real Tiger, but these glimpses are fleeting. Unfortunately, Tiger will never get caught yelling "Noonan!" in the middle of an opponent's backswing, and he's not going to play beer-a-hole the next time he's up 12 strokes at the Masters (no matter how many times we ask). And that's a shame—the guy can be pretty damn funny when he wants



"Man, I can't wait for high tide."

'There was a picture of me above a restaurant urinal. It said, TIGER EATS HERE.'

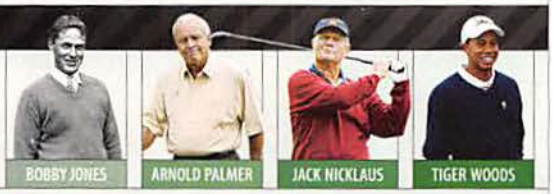
to be. "The strangest place I've ever seen a picture of myself was in the bathroom of a restaurant," Tiger says. "It was right above the urinal, and it said, TIGER EATS HERE." At an exhibition earlier in the week with Michael Vick—during which Tiger proved he can not only dribble a golf ball on his club head indefinitely but can also do it *left-handed with his eyes closed*—someone in the crowd asked him if he ever thought about playing in the NFL. "If there was a 230-pound guy chasing me, I'd be running for my life," Tiger admitted. "But he'd be running on wet ground and I'd be running on dry. You figure it out."

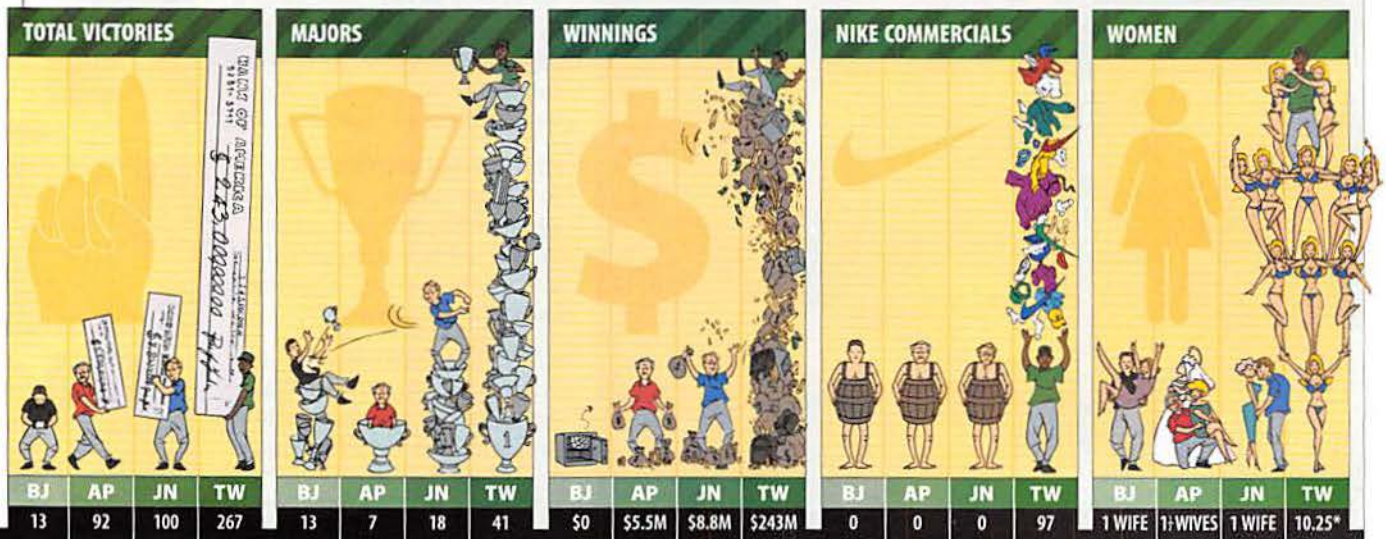
Later that night, just hours before Tiger would thrash Vijay Singh in the final round to collect $1.05 million, ABC's golf commentator Mike Tirico quietly asks Tiger if he graduated from Stanford University. When Tiger says no, Tirico keeps pushing. "So do you have any degrees?" he digs. Knowing what we know now about the hidden Tiger, we notice him pausing to gather himself, controlling his emotions, getting into character before answering. "No, I don't," Tiger says, cracking a sly smile. "But I do have three Masters." M

LEADER BOARD

PRIZE OF THE TIGER

At his current pace, Woods will leave every other golf legend stroking his putts. Here are some scary career projections.

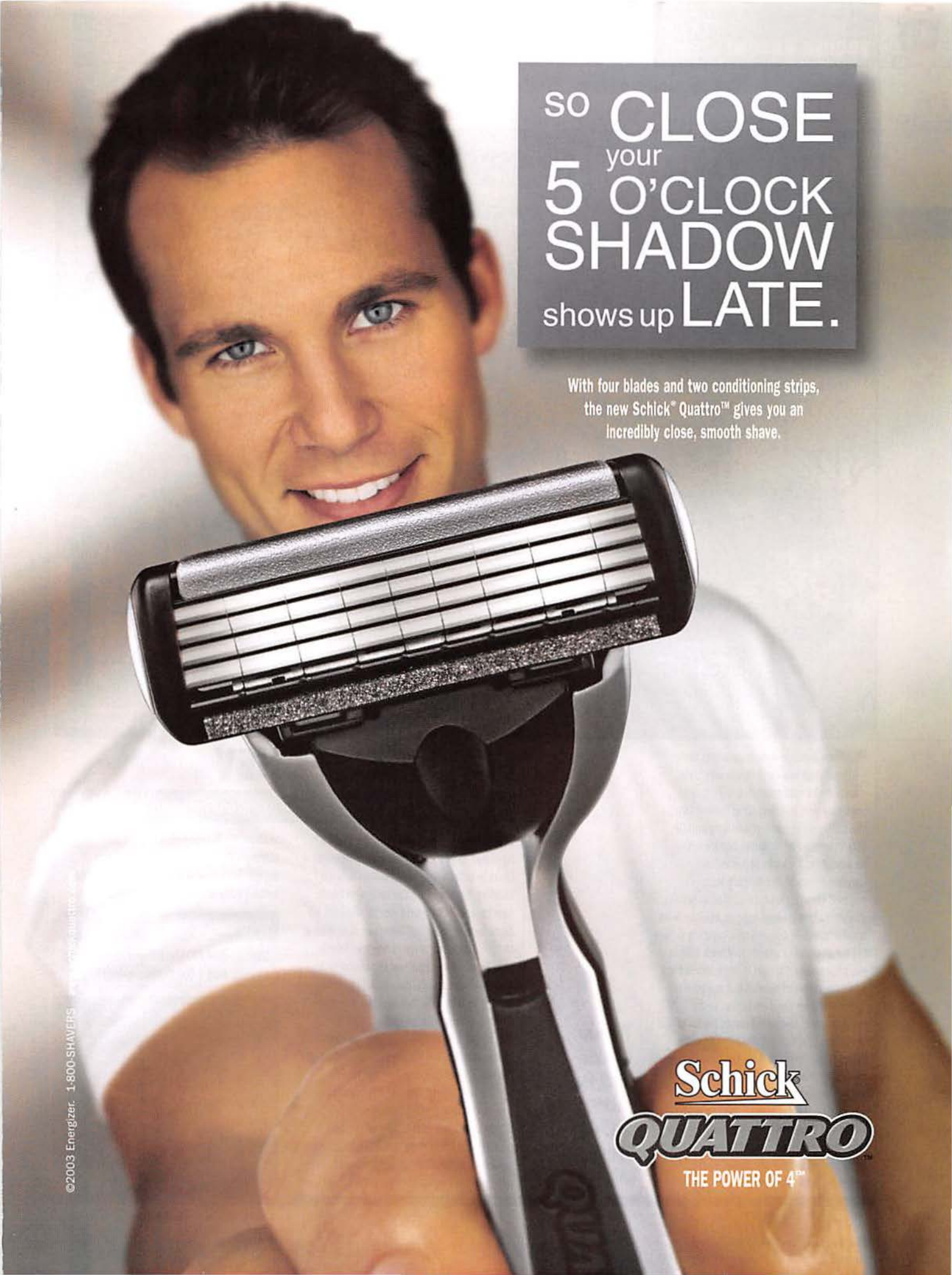




	BJ	AP	JN	TW
TOTAL VICTORIES	13	92	100	267
MAJORS	13	7	18	41
WINNINGS	$0	$5.5M	$8.8M	$243M
NIKE COMMERCIALS	0	0	0	97
WOMEN	1 WIFE	1½ WIVES	1 WIFE	10.25*

*Smokin'-hot Swedish model fiancées

Illustrations by mvcreations.com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PLENTY OF POWER
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Running on Empty

Think half-gas, half-electric hybrid automobiles are for sissy tree-huggers? Well, *these* hybrids may be for you. BY ANTHONY CHIARELLA

Invisible body paneling is offered as a pricey option

The average American wants three things in a car: horsepower, style, and a roof-mounted mini-gun to obliterate yentas doing 40 in the left lane. Most drivers are content wielding middle fingers instead of weapons, but there's no substitute for looks and good old-fashioned muscle. Predictably, feeble-engined electric clown cars failed miserably, so automakers created hybrids, vehicles with smaller gasoline engines that typically power the car at cruising speeds and high-torque electric engines that get it there. While the first generation of hybrids put the *slow* in "slowing down the destruction of the environment," the new hybrids are up to the challenge of satisfying the average male driver. Why? Not only does the new technology offer ample performance with road-trippy gas mileage, but best-selling gas-powered vehicles—including trucks—are at last being offered as hybrids. Here are three models that represent America's best hope for kicking our pricey gas habit, one speeding ticket at a time.

The new hybrids offer ample performance with road-trippy gas mileage.

FORD ESCAPE HEV

An SUV that'll please both environmentalists *and* the gainfully employed.

Traditionally, people who drive SUVs have had to exchange their bottomless gas tanks in order to get suburbia-on-wheels comfort. But that isn't the case with Ford's new Escape HEV (hybrid electric vehicle). Its Zetec four-cylinder has been tweaked with a unique Atkinson combustion cycle, which modifies compression and expansion ratios and maximizes performance. Add to that an electronic transaxle that melds a smooth-shifting tranny with an electric motor and you've got a grocery hauler that accelerates like a standard V-6 Escape but, at 40 mpg city, *doubles* its gas mileage. The HEV does so while maintaining the choicest features of gas-only models—a ground-loading flip-up luggage rack, a 1,000 lb. tow rating, and on-demand four-wheel drive. "The hardware perfected in the HEV will help us build hydrogen-powered vehicles in the future," says Tom Watson, the Escape Hybrid Powertrain Manager. The HEV costs $3,000 more than the gas-only model, but you can't be on the cutting edge without suffering a little pain.

SPEC CHECK

$NA; 2.3-liter, 200 bhp inline-4; 0–60 in 8.5 seconds; 4wd; 1,000 lb. tow capacity*

THE GREEN MACHINE INSIDE

*Some performance data are estimates based on available information.

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NATURAL RESOURCES

ALL OF OIL

Hybrids are fuel-efficient, but they still need gas. How much oil is left in them thar hills?

MIDDLE EAST

517 billion bbls.*

The petrol powerhouse and popular vacation destination will dominate the world's oil production for the foreseeable future. Let's hope the normally stable region doesn't experience any domestic unrest...

VENEZUELA

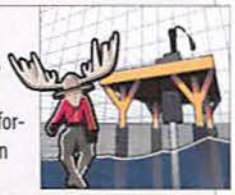
49 billion bbls.

Despite its sizable reserves, Venezuela is only the world's fifth-largest oil producer. But the plucky South American hamlet makes up for it by consistently leading the world in deadly mud slides.

ALASKA

Eight billion bbls.

Officials recently became alarmed by the small volume of oil left in our most scrotum-tightening state. But an astute egghead explained that they hadn't taken into account all the oil coating area wildlife!



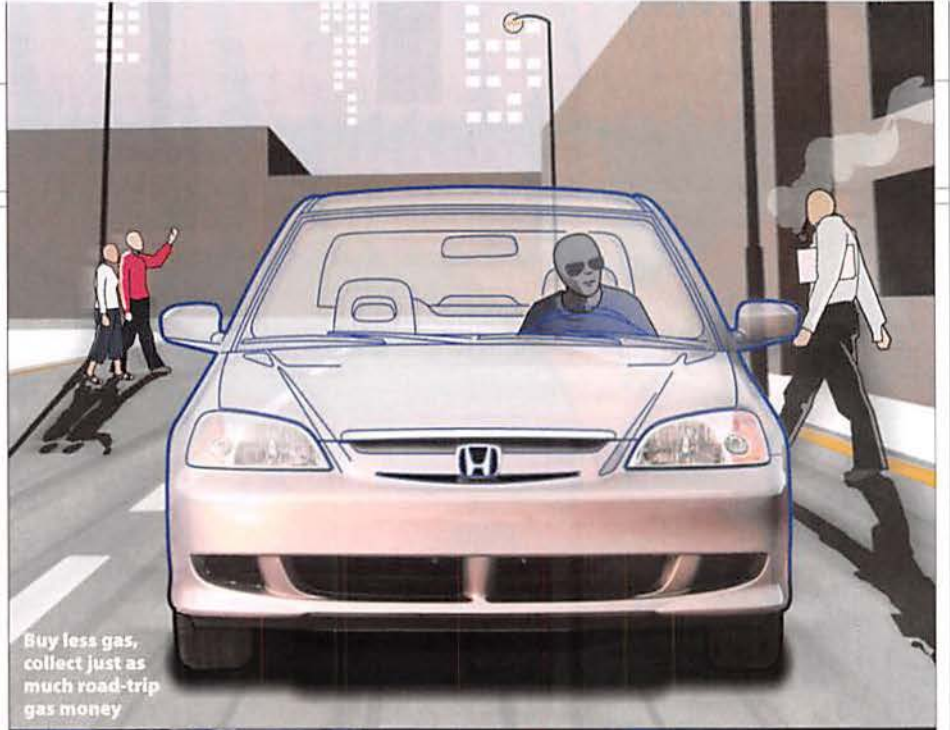
CANADA

Six billion bbls.

Realizing their oil supply won't last forever, our simpleton neighbors to the north are currently attempting to increase exports of frozen moose dung, melted snow, and annoying good cheer.

PAT RILEY'S HAIR 1/2 bbl.

Worried that his reserves may not last through the season, Coach Riley started looking into alternatives. His previous experimentation with Alonzo Mourning's crack sweat, however, proved disastrous.



Buy less gas, collect just as much road-trip gas money

Can power 7,000 Mexican homes

"This must be broken—it's not zero o'clock!"

HONDA CIVIC HYBRID

Going west from N.Y. to L.A., young man? All you need is five tanks of gas.

Like the first kid in grade school to grow upper-lip hair, Honda gained mad respect by debuting the first *desirable* car that bats both ways. "Hybrids are the best way to save gas and the environment, and we're committed to the technology," says Honda dude Kurt Antonius—and, yes, he really talks like that. The Hybrid's 51 mpg on the highway means you could chauffeur your degenerate grandparents from their depressing Orlando retirement community all the way to Bourbon Street—that's 650 miles—on *one tank of gas.* How'd they do it? Engineers started with a specially designed 1.3-liter, four-cylinder "lean burn" engine that features two spark plugs per cylinder and ultra-efficient combustion chambers. Also shoehorned under the hood: a pancake-flat electric motor. Pull up to a red light and the car goes silent, just like a golf cart. When the light turns green, a tap of the gas immediately engages the gas engine *and* the low-end torque electric to move you to 60 mph in a not-too-shabby-but-a-wee-bit-shabby 11.3 seconds. (Regular Civics hit it in 9.1 seconds.) Once cruising, the electric motor shuts off and lets the gas engine's 93 ponies take over. Like all Hondas, the Civic Hybrid boasts a decent trunk, seating for five, and bulletproof reliability—features earlier hybrids, including Honda's own Insight, didn't have. Sure, it costs roughly $3,000 more than a normal Civic, but it'll save you hundreds of dollars a year at the pumps and entitle you to a $2,000 rebate from the Feds. Suckers.

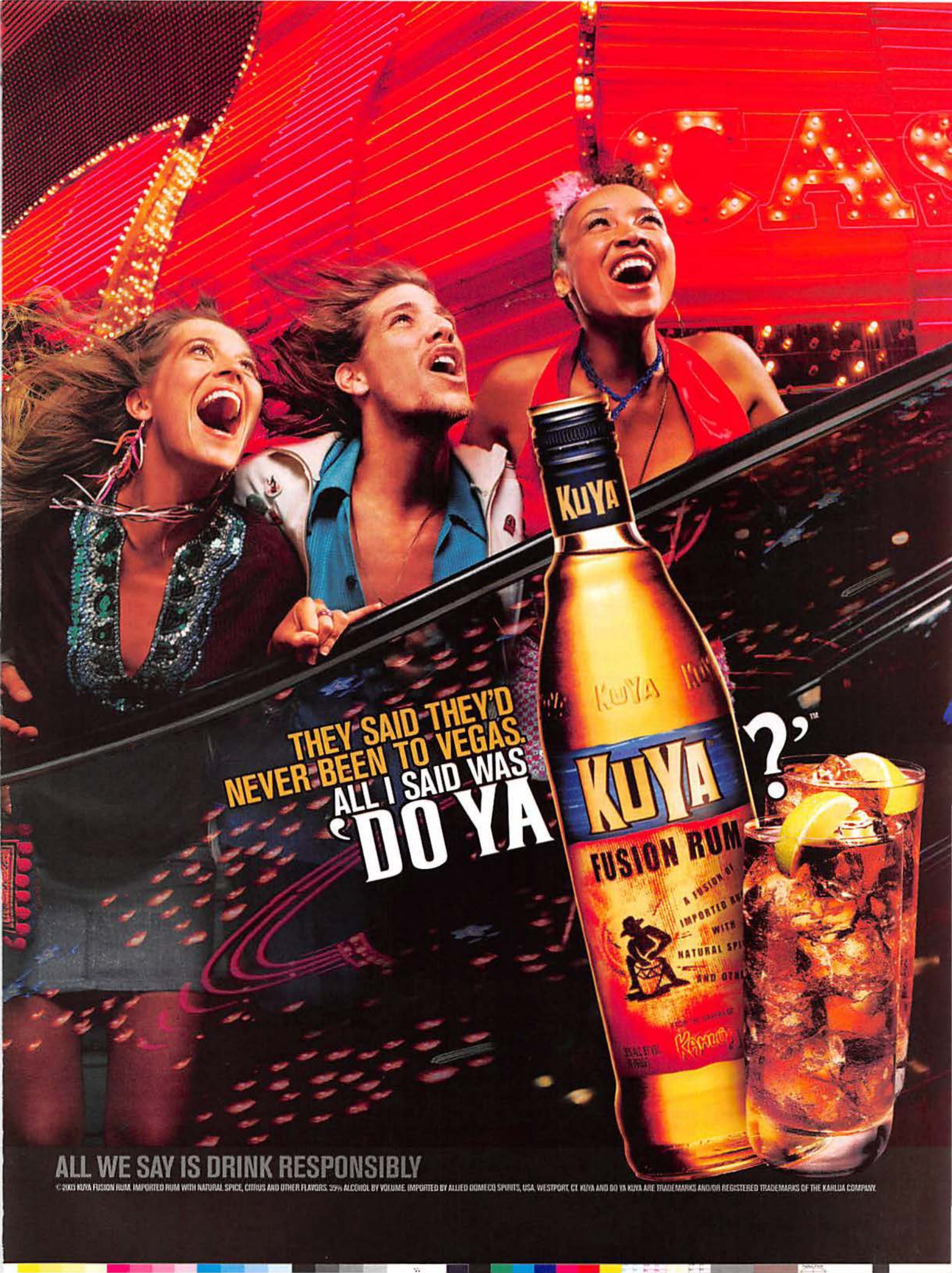
Once cruising, the electric motor shuts off and the gas engine takes over.

SPEC CHECK

$19,650; 1.3-liter, 93 bhp four-cylinder; 0–60 in 11.3 seconds; antitheft system

THE GREEN MACHINE INSIDE

*Barrels of oil still in the ground, as estimated by Colin Campbell, Ph.D., chairman of the Association for the Study of Peak Oil (peakoil.net).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She's got the power ya need, cap'n!

SPEC CHECK

$21,300; 5.3-liter, 295 bhp V-8; 0–60 in 7.0 seconds; grounded power outlets

THE GREEN MACHINE INSIDE

GMC SIERRA/CHEVY SILVERADO

People demand a lot of their pickups—power, dependability, Skynyrd on the radio. Now decent gas mileage can be added to the list.

Believe it or not, the best-selling vehicles in the U.S. aren't cars, SUVs, or Razor scooters. They're pickup trucks: 2.5 million are purchased every year by red-blooded Americans eager to haul old futons and illegal aliens. The problem? Pickups get atrocious gas mileage. To help pickup owners save money at the pumps, GM added a "mild hybrid" electric engine to the powerful Vortec V-8 engine inside the popular Sierra and Silverado. "Mild" because the gas engine shuts off only when the truck is idling—a setup that makes committing suicide by carbon dioxide poisoning in your garage a near impossibility, and reduces fuel consumption by only 10 to 12 percent. Still, because these quarter-ton pickups burn so much go-juice—gas-only models average an ozone-layer-rending 17 mpg city—that's the equivalent of boosting the thrifty Civic's fuel economy by *30 percent*. GM worries, quite rightly, that consumers will balk at paying a premium for hybrids, so for some value-added incentive, the truck's battery charger doubles as a 14,000-watt power generator, complete with a pair of 110-volt outlets. Perfect for watching *King of Queens* on the big screen during camping trips!

The battery charger doubles as a power generator.

MUTANT STRAIN

HALF-AND-HALF-ASSED

Man has the power to make hybrids—but that doesn't necessarily mean he should.

THE SPORK

Origin: The Van Brode Milling Company received a patent for this ubiquitous utensil in 1970, forever changing the way fat slobs inhale Chef Boyardee.
Verdict: C'mon, sporks are for wusses and hospital patients. All a real man needs is his grandpappy's bowie knife.

FROLF

Origin: This gay marriage of Frisbee and golf attracted dozens of California potheads when it was invented in the '70s. Hey, not *everyone* can make the football team.
Verdict: It'd be a great way to pass the time stoned—if it weren't for the need to move.

MULE

Origin: Prehistoric man first created these sterile beasts of burden by mating a male donkey with a female horse. Their rhino 'n' ferret experiment, however, went awry.
Verdict: Unbeatable off-road capability; prized for their discretion by lonely farmhands.

TOFURKEY

Origin: Soy-based tofurkey debuted nine years ago, and T-day hasn't been the same in families with cranky vegetarian lesbian daughters ever since.
Verdict: If God didn't want us to eat real turkeys, why did he make their skin so crispy and their meat so juicy?

TRANSVESTITE

Origin: Cross-dressers have always existed, from olive-oiled-up Greek socra-teases to today's surgically altered, emotionally damaged she-males.
Verdict: They're not really for us, but our nation's repressed moralists need to get their rocks off somehow.

Illustrations by Jamie Sneddon

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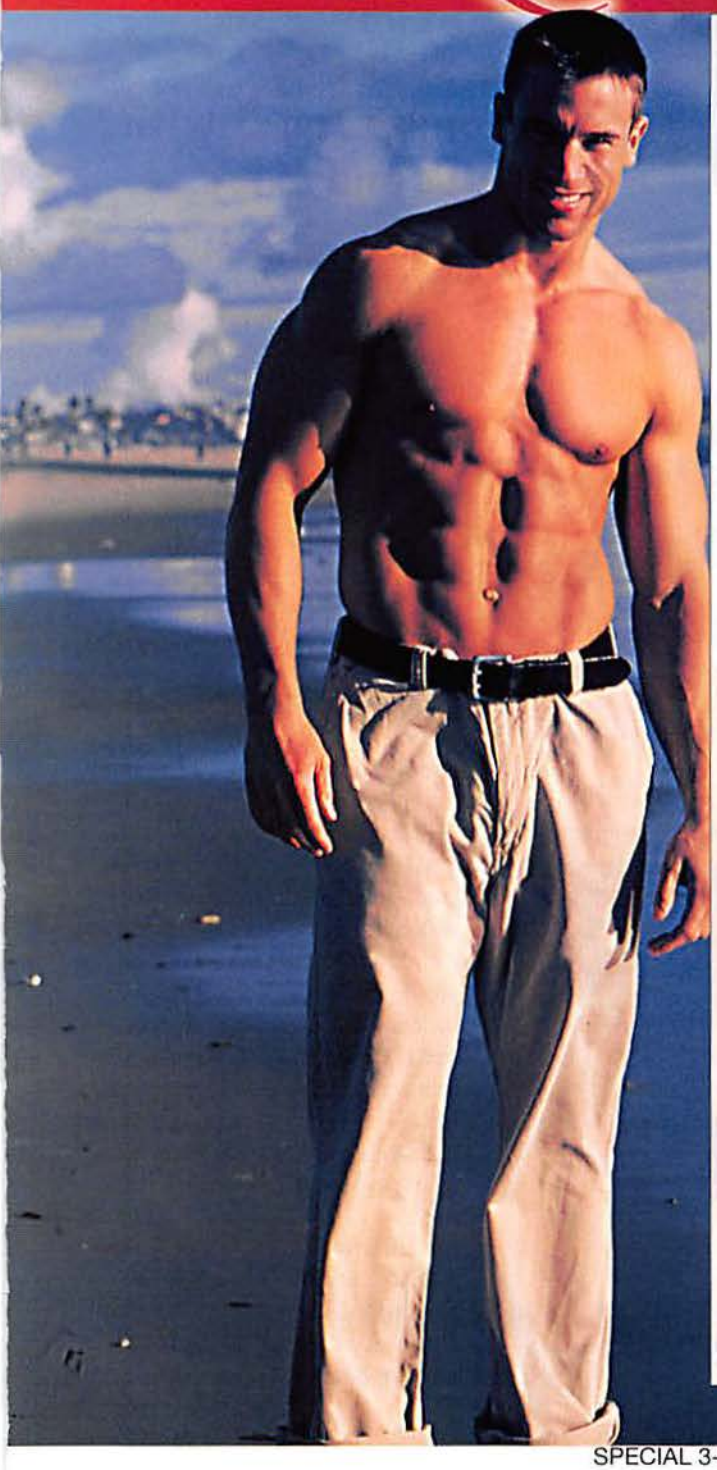
HOW TO BECOME THE OBJECT OF *HER DESIRES*



Lose Fat And Look Your Best So YOU Can Make A Great First Impression!

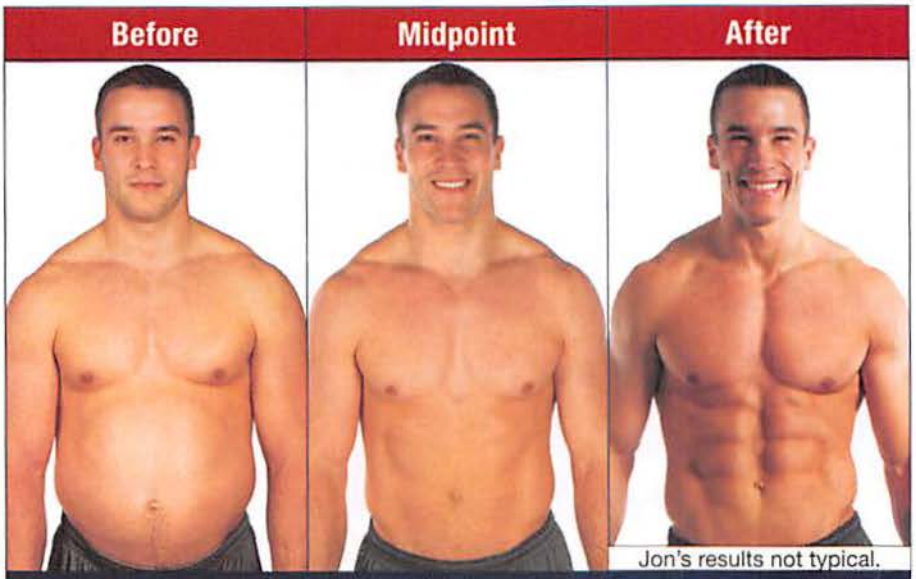
American popular culture is hooked on images. Television, films, and magazines are all fueled by our desire to look at other people. Strangers form instant opinions about us based entirely on a single glance. The way we look and how we carry ourselves have become defining characteristics. So it's more important today than ever before to always look *and* feel your absolute best. Here's a closer look at how a healthy diet, exercise, and ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT® can help you sculpt a body that leaves a lasting impression!

Remember, You Are What You Eat

When it comes to eating, sticking to a high-protein/low-carb meal plan will help you lose fat and sculpt a leaner body. Another tip is to try consuming five small, healthy meals each day instead of three large ones. That way, you'll supply your body with the energizing nutrition it needs for optimal performance. Also, drink at least eight large glasses of water every day to maintain proper hydration.

Get Your Body Moving

To promote muscle growth and encourage fat loss, you should exercise with weights at least three times a week, targeting different body parts with each workout. You should also make cardio an important part of your exercise plan. Go for a bike ride, play a sport with some friends, or go for a jog. Maintain



With the help of ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT and other MuscleTech supplements in his fitness plan, Jon Marshall lost an extraordinary 29 pounds in just 8 weeks! "I still can't believe I did it!" – Jon Marshall

While your results will vary, a study on the primary ingredient in ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT showed that subjects lost an average of 10 pounds in 8 weeks by combining it with diet and exercise.

If you want help losing fat, then add ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT to your plan!

an exercise routine that suits your specific goals, and you'll surely see great results.

Get The Ephedra-Free HYDROXYCUT Advantage!

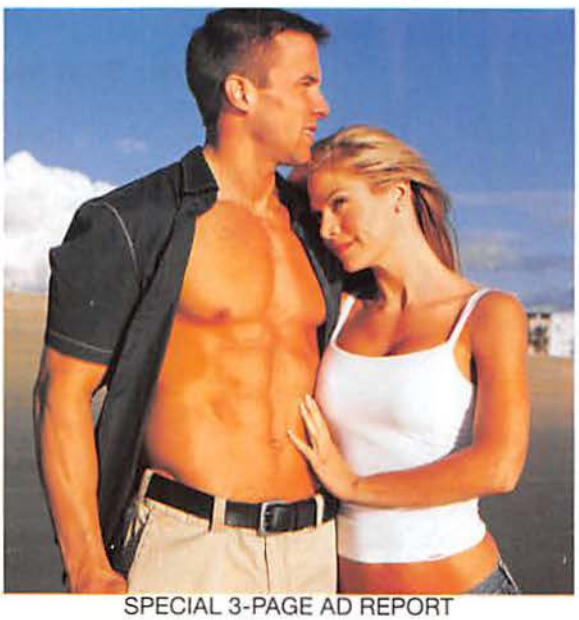
Ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT is an ideal complement to your shape-up plan. In fact, ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT is being used by men *and* women across America to help them lose weight and sculpt fantastic physiques. While your results will vary, a recent study on the primary ingredient in ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT (calcium/potassium salt of 60% HCA extract from *Garcinia cambogia*) showed that subjects lost an average of 10 pounds in 8 weeks when they combined it with a 2000-calorie-per-day diet and 30 minutes of exercise, 5 times a week.

To help deliver the results you're looking for, ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT works to boost your metabolism, which, in turn, increases calorie burning. In fact, in a study conducted on other key ingredients in ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT (green tea extract containing caffeine and 90 mg of epigallocatechin gallate) subjects increased calories burned, thermogenesis, *and* fat oxidation! Read the entire label before use and carefully follow the labeled directions for use.

Real Results

Take a look at Jon Marshall, just one of the many people who have used ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT to achieve incredible results. While your results will vary, by combining ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT and other MuscleTech supplements with diet and exercise, Jon lost an extraordinary 29 pounds in only 8 weeks! Jon is an extraordinary athlete and has been remunerated for his appearance. Just imagine what ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT can do for you!

Ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT is available at GNC and other fine health-food stores everywhere.



What kind of first impression do you want to make? Imagine what it would feel like to have women turning their heads just to get a second look at you. By following a fitness plan that includes diet, exercise, and ephedra-free HYDROXYCUT, you can achieve a body that women will love looking at. So start sculpting your best body today, because you never know whose eye you may catch!

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She stays at the YWCA

Ask Dr. Maxim

The hidden dangers of being a headbanger, the secret to juicy women, why colds happen, and. . . Hey, look! You're about to die! BY ESTHER CRAIN

Why do guys, on average, kick the bucket before women?

Blame testosterone. This glorious hormone makes your back hairy, your butt sweaty, and your sex drive insatiable. But it also leaves you way more susceptible to heart disease—the number one reason you bite the dust at 74 (see the next page for more depressing details), while chicks check out closer to 80. "Testosterone boosts cholesterol levels when a man is young, setting the stage for heart attacks and strokes by middle age," explains Gary Bucher, M.D., medical director of Kronos Optimal Health Centre in Phoenix.

Testosterone's death drive doesn't stop there. Centuries of socialization have programmed men to take dumb risks, so far fewer women hurl themselves off cliffs in the name of "weekend warriorism" than their penis-enhanced compadres. Hence: fewer deadly accidents for the lay-dies. Women are also good at keeping disease-causing stress at bay: While your girlfriend chills at the spa, you're putting in another toxic all-nighter at work. Finally, when was the last time you saw a doctor—not including the volunteer down at the STD clinic? "Women are more likely to tend to minor medical problems before they become serious," adds Dr. Bucher. Guys, meanwhile, treat problems with a roll of duct tape, if they own up to them at all. And the average age of death is historically lowered for men by all the teens and twentysomethings (the majority of whom are guys) who die in wars or the U.S. version, gang violence. But, hey, if you don't feel like shaping up to avoid an early grave, there is an upside: The sooner you die, the sooner you're free from your crushing credit card debt.

How do you know whether you have a concussion or if you've simply bruised your noggin?

Seems like it happens every Friday: You're walking home from work (damn DWI court judge!) when you catch a glimpse of the neighborhood kids peeking around their house, then *thwap!* Nailed in the temple by a renegade rock. Did the point of impact hurt like a mother and swell up into a nasty goose egg? If so, quit your crybabying—it's just a bruise, and the pain'll go down with an ice pack or a bottle of Jack.

Now, if the blow knocked you out for even a few seconds, your wound obviously falls in the concussion category, and, yes, you need to see a doctor. But if you felt weirded out (even emotionally) when that rock hit the hard place, it could mean something more. A concussion occurs when a strike to the head is so forceful the brain gets jolted against the skull, resulting in internal swelling or bleeding or the tearing of nerve cells. "Besides losing consciousness, you may feel dizzy, sleepy, or confused, or you may suffer memory loss," explains Robert Freundlich, M.D., a neurophysiologist with Encino Neurological Medical Group.

(Helpful hint: "Vacant stare" is actually a medical term for one concussion symptom, so you may want to claim an injury next time your girl catches you nodding off during one of her rants.)

A concussion can make you dizzy and tired. Kind of like work.

Minor concussion symptoms disappear on their own after a few minutes, sometimes leaving a bump and a headache but no lasting damage. So how can you tell whether your cranium crash warrants a doctor visit? Test your mental acuity by naming the months in reverse order and recalling recent news events; physical tests include checking for mismatched pupils and attempting to shut your eyes and touch your finger to your nose. If you can't, or if symptoms last more than 15 minutes, that's your brain telling you the injury is severe. If a medium-grade concussion is left untreated, you could be left ▶

Here's hoping this St. Bernard costume works...

Photographs, Bradford Noble; styling, Denise Grieco; props, Greg Meyer, both for Halley Resources; hair, Steven Ramsey; makeup, Karen Panoch, both for Artists by Timothy Priano; special effects makeup, Michiko

with the mental capacity of Corky from *Life Goes On*. So hightail it to the ER.

Then, once you get the all-clear, you can begin plotting your revenge against the little rock-throwing bastards. Consider yourselves warned, St. Dominic's Elementary!

I've heard that some women ejaculate. Is this for real?

It is. When some chicks are on the verge of a molten-hot big O, their girly parts release a milky-white liquid that can squirt you in the eye. Unfortunately, only 10 to 40 percent of women experience this phenomenon, though some claim it can be learned. "Just a few drops may spurt out, or there may be so much that a woman feels as if she's gushing," says Yvonne K. Fulbright, author of *The Hot Guide to Safer Sex*.

Much like the identity of your dad, the origin of this one is steeped in mystery. Some docs still debate just what the hell female ejaculate really is. Because it's blasted out through the urethra, many experts assume it's pee that's been leaked by a hair-trigger bladder during the deed. But sexperts, squirters, and the lucky, lucky researchers who study them say female ejaculate is chemically similar to prostate fluid—the jizz your balls generate before sperm join the mix. "The fluid is made by the Skene's glands, which are spongy organs located between the front vaginal wall and the urethra," says Fulbright.

But as long as it isn't pea soup, who gives a rat's ass what's actually squirted out? It's more important to know how to turn on your girl's waterworks, be she a squirter or not. Unfortunately, there's no spigot down there. "Most ejaculators say that a combination of G-spot and clitoral stimulation does the trick," says Fulbright. "But it's not something you can do every time." So much for your grand plans to prove once and for all that she's not faking it for you.

Will going outside with wet hair result in a cold, or is my mother just plain crackers?

It's no longer our place to judge your mom's mental status, but we sure hope the old bat doesn't practice medicine. "The combination of a wet head and chilly outdoor temperature might make you shiver, but it won't increase your chance of catching a cold," explains A. Mark Fendrick, M.D., professor of internal medicine at the University of Michigan. But your mom isn't the only person to fall for this whopper: Thirty-seven percent of adults think blow-drying their hair before leaving the house somehow increases their immunity, according to a recent study. And in case you're wondering, weather changes don't cause colds, not wearing enough clothes outside in bad weather doesn't cause colds, and the cold fairy does *not* leave "cold pixie germs" under your pillow. Duh.

Once and for all, the only way to pick up a cold is by making direct contact with a cold virus. Hundreds of 'em lurk out there, especially during cooler months when the crappy weather keeps you indoors and in closer contact with that phlegmy cube mate who insists on high-fiving you about last night's game. Paw your eyes, nose, or mouth after touching an infected person or surface and congratulations—you've just introduced millions of viral particles into your system. Best advice? Skip antibiotics, which don't do anything to kill the cold but could make you more immune to medicines you might need in the future. The best you can do is to treat your symptoms—Cepacol for a sore throat, decongestants for the snot factor, NyQuil for fun, and Risperdal to stop the loud voices in your head. So wash your hands, stay hydrated, and keep the hell away from us. M

Ice princesses don't want to hear about shrinkage

Wet hair outside: fashion no-no, but fine for your health.

GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?
Submit your questions on the Grit channel at **maximonline.com.**

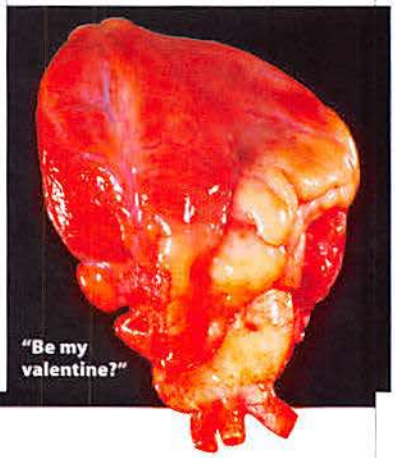
WILL YOUR HEART DO YOU IN?

Feeling groovy? Well, quit it. Turns out you're almost dead.

Although you're deathly afraid of clowns, you're actually more likely to die from heart disease. Find your risk by adding or subtracting these numbers from 47: That's the average percent chance men have of dying from ticker failure.—*Myatt Murphy*

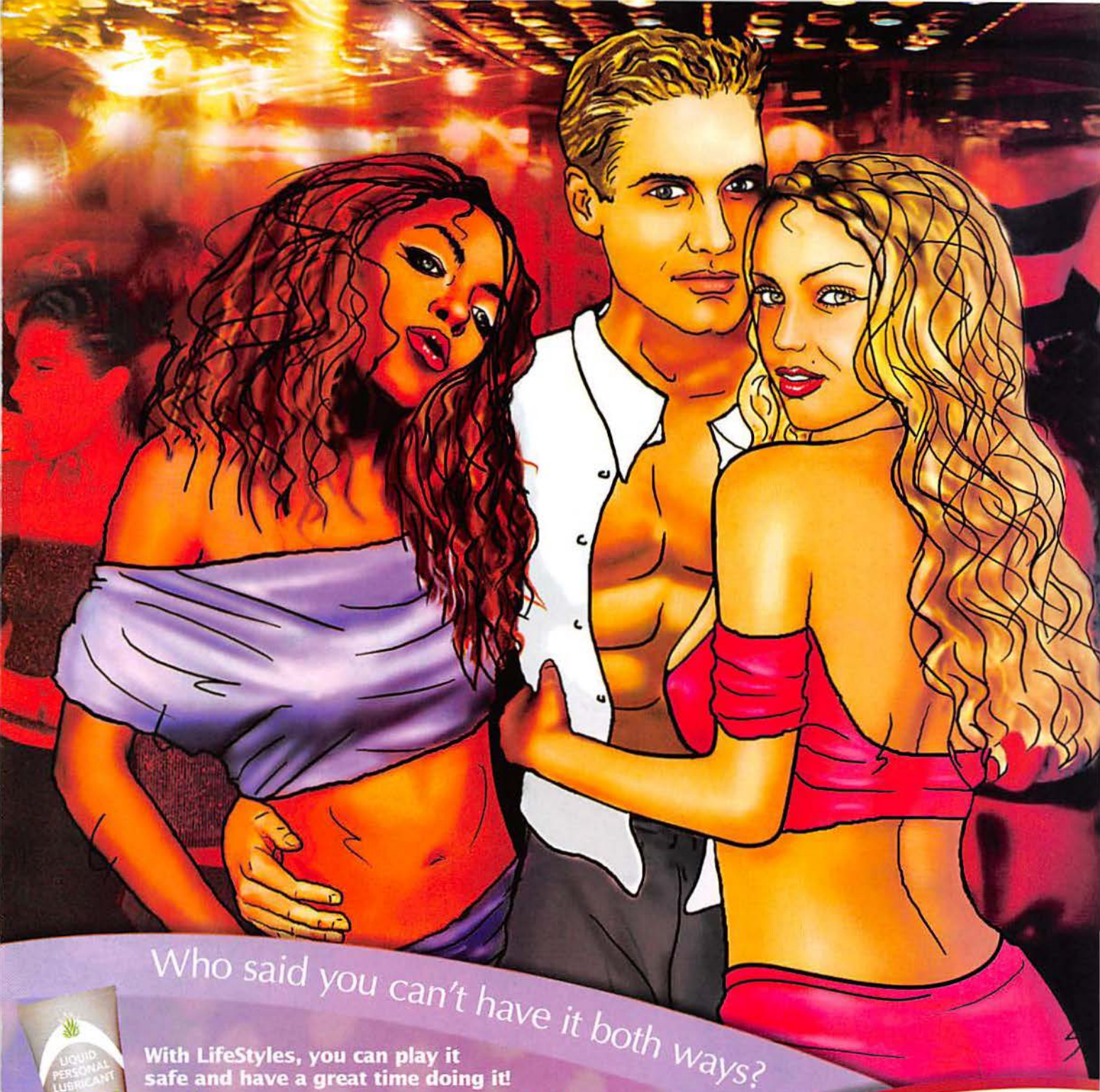
- Have three or more relatives died from heart disease? **+3%** ☐
- Are you an overweight, coke-addled ex-*SNL* star? **+20%** ☐
- Do you work out once or twice a week? **–2%** Three-plus? **–4%** ☐
- Do you break a sweat only when on trial or on the toilet? **+4%** ☐
- Is your cholesterol or blood pressure through the roof? **+2% each** ☐
- Are you a black man or a diabetic? **+3% each** ☐
- Are you 25 pounds or more overweight? **+3%** ☐
- Do you smoke fags pretty regularly? **+3%** ☐
- Do you smoke with both hands, as fast as you can? **+6%** ☐
- Do you inhale secondhand smoke or excess carbon dioxide daily? **+1%** ☐
- Has it been years since you last smoked—if at all? **–4%** ☐
- Are you stressed, depressed, or Dido? **+2%** ☐

TOTAL ☐



"Be my valentine?"

Thanks to Richard Cain, M.D., director of the cardiac catheterization laboratory at California's Encino Tarzana Regional Medical Center.



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All the Entertainment You Need to Escape Reality

HOT ZONE

The good, the bad, the ugly, the old, the...

> KILLER BUDD

DEAD AND LOVING IT

Michael Madsen is bracing himself for* Kill Bill: Vol. 2. *Do likewise.

When we last saw her, the Bride (Uma Thurman) had just given Lucy Liu a flat-top and was stuffing a partially dismembered woman into the trunk of a car. And the most disturbing part of it was we knew she still had three more names on her hit list. In *Kill Bill: Vol. 2*, Uma gets back down to business, continuing the hunt for the ever-elusive William. "There's a different kind of violence in this one," argues Michael Madsen, who plays Budd, the lone dude on the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad. "I could be surrounded by a lot worse company, right?" he says. "A bunch of ugly men, maybe...like *Reservoir Dogs*!" He's also, Madsen tells us, Bill's kid brother. "The rest of the story takes place in America—it's a cultural change, a visual change. It's character-driven in a different way. Plus, you finally find out what happens to everybody." Given the bloodbath in the original, we're assuming things don't end with a tea party. Also, given some critics' response to the bloodbath of the original, we're assuming they're not going to be any less appalled. "They ain't seen nothing yet," chuckles Madsen. "But I try not to listen to the criticism. What's the point? It's a brilliant film, and everybody knows it." Hey—are *you* gonna argue with Michael Madsen? Didn't think so...

> WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

MAIN EVENTS

Feb. 1

■ Live from balmy Houston, Texas, it's Super Bowl XXXVIII! Kickoff is at 6:15 P.M. EST on CBS. We're guessing it's going to be Lions vs. Chargers!

Feb. 2

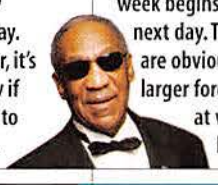
■ Today is Groundhog Day! Keep your fingers crossed for an early spring this year, and be sure to punch Ned Ryerson if you see him. You know: Needlenose Ned, Ned the Head—*bing!*

Feb. 3

■ The first season of *Gilligan's Island* sails onto DVD. Mary Ann's cutoff shorts finally go digital.

Feb. 6

■ The deliberately retro (read: cheap and crappy-looking) sci-fi B-movie *The Lost Skeleton of Cadavra* opens today. Remember, it's not cheesy if it's meant to be cheesy.

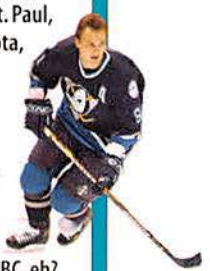


Feb. 7

■ Bill Cosby performs at the Centre in Evansville, Indiana. Coincidentally, Jell-O week begins the next day. There are obviously larger forces at work here.

Feb. 8

■ Live from balmy St. Paul, Minnesota, it's the NHL All-Star Game! Face-off is at 3 P.M. EST on ABC, eh?



Feb. 9

■ The Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show comes sniffing around Madison Square Garden in New York City today. Sadly, more people will watch this than the NHL All-Star Game.

Feb. 10

■ Courtney Love's new album may be coming out today. Unless, you know, she ODs again or something.

Feb. 13

■ In our last-ditch effort to humiliate Fidel Castro to death, we release *Dirty Dancing: Havana Nights* today.

Feb. 18

■ You know the drill: Put on a tux, kill bad guys, and bang hot chicks. Play *James Bond 007: Everything or Nothing* today.

Feb. 24

■ International Pancake Day is here! Celebrate by having yourself a little threesome with Aunt Jemima and Mrs. Butterworth.

Feb. 27

■ "Give me back my son...of God!" Join the ticket/picket line for Mel Gibson's *The Passion of Christ.*

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Get more movie reviews and features at **maximonline.com.**

Photo-illustrations: Eric Heintz

"Whoever stole our conditioner is gonna pay."

Surf's up, top's down

> MAIN ATTRACTION

THE BIG BOUNCE

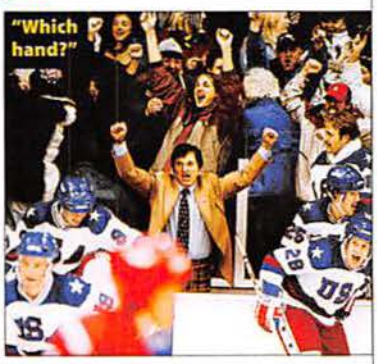
Pros doing cons in Hawaii. Someone call Jack Lord!

Out: January 30 **Director:** George Armitage
Stars: Owen Wilson, Morgan Freeman, Gary Sinise, Sara Foster, Kris Kristofferson, Vinnie Jones, Scott Caan, Charlie Sheen
The story: Wilson plays a surfer dude and sometime con man who stumbles his way into a web of crime and double-crosses—all, naturally, because of a dame (Foster). And pissing off a corrupt land developer (Sinise) and his cronies (Jones and Sheen) doesn't help matters. Since it's based on an Elmore Leonard novel, the movie is sure to be loaded with more bizarre character quirks than Billy Bob Thornton.
The buzz: *Bounce* got, er, bounced from its original release date several months ago, which usually isn't a good sign. But a solid Leonard story rarely lets us down.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✩

GET THIS!

> The longest gap between sequels was 46 years, from *The Wizard of Oz* to *Return to Oz*.

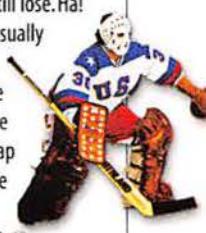
> DON'T MISS



MIRACLE

A rousing, flag-waving, feel-good American flick...about hockey?

Out: February 6
Director: Gavin O'Connor
Stars: Kurt Russell, Patricia Clarkson
The story: Isn't it ironic that the game many Americans rank below ultimate Frisbee spawned the top feel-good sports moment of all time? This dramatization of the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team's dramatic gold medal win in Lake Placid stars Russell as coaching legend Herb Brooks. We hate to spoil the ending, Ivan, but the Russkies still lose. Ha!
The buzz: Sports movies are usually hokey (is there any doubt that the *Major League* freaks win the big game?), but "based on a true story" gives you an excuse to leap to your feet when Mike Eruzione scores the go-ahead goal.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✪✩



HORROR SHOW

> *Exorcist: The Beginning*—A messy shoot spells real trouble.

RATINGS:

APOLLO CREED	✪✪✪✪✪
CLUBBER LANG	✪✪✪✪✩
IVAN DRAGO	✪✪✪✩✩
THUNDERLIPS	✪✪✩✩✩
TOMMY GUNN	✪✩✩✩✩

> ALSO PLAYING

BARBERSHOP 2

Out: Feb. 6 **Director:** Tim Story
A sweet and funny movie about barbers is fine. A sweet and funny *franchise* about barbers we can fucking do without, thank you.
We're guessing: ✪✩✩✩✩

WELCOME TO MOOSEPORT

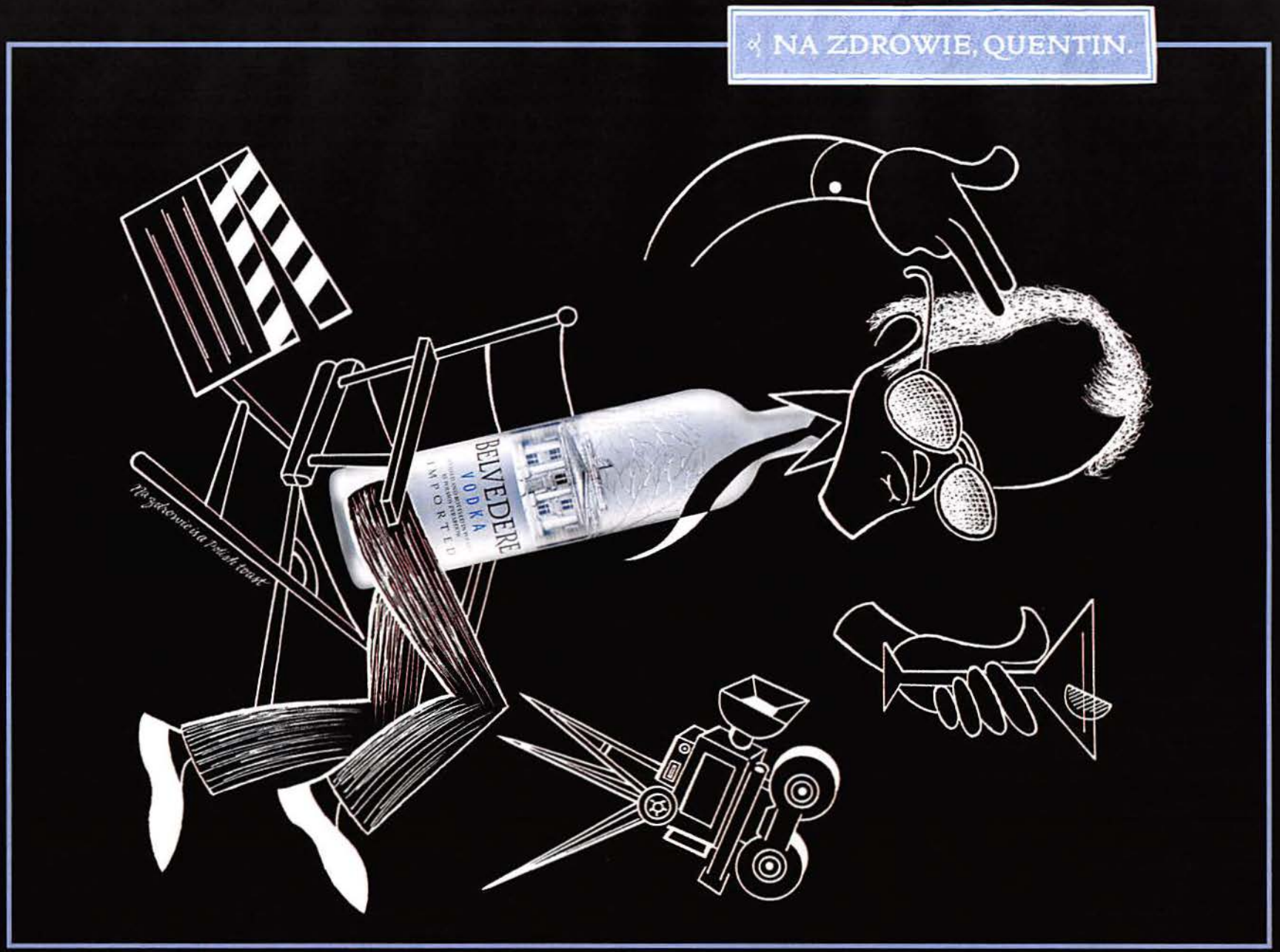
Out: Feb. 6 **Director:** Donald M. Petrie
Gene Hackman plays a former U.S. president who returns to his hometown and runs for local office against Ray Romano. Has funny potential.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✩✩

50 FIRST DATES

Out: Feb. 13 **Director:** Peter Segal
Adam Sandler and Drew Barrymore reteam for this comedy about a woman with no short-term memory. It's *The Memento Singer.*
We're guessing: ✪✪✩✩✩

THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

Out: Jan. 23 **Directors:** J. Mackey Gruber, Eric Bress
Ashton Kutcher tries acting, going back in time and changing his life for the creepier.
We're guessing: ✪✪✪✩✩



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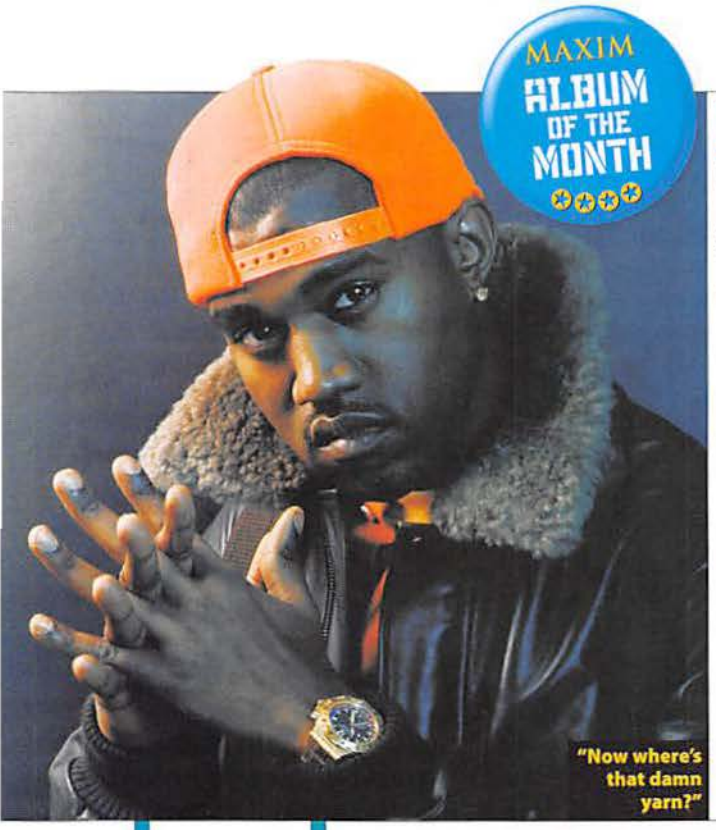


> MUST BUY

KANYE WEST

The College Dropout (Roc-A-Fella)

When it comes to hip-hop, the rule of thumb used to be: "When producers step to the mike, you'd better run for cover." First, the Neptunes did a great job of throwing that maxim into doubt; now Kanye West lays waste to it entirely. West, the beat maker behind hits by Jay-Z and Beanie Sigel, is fully immersed in the indie-rap underground, and he flip-flops between ranting about rap's ills and bathing in them. On the track "Two Words," gangsta clichés sound both funny and oddly poignant coming out of the mouths of a children's choir. A smooth-as-melted-butter Lauryn Hill sample anchors West's tirade against rap's bling fixation on "When It All Falls Down"; later, though, he's singing the praises of ice, money, and rims over a nifty horn loop on "Breathe In Breathe Out." Blatant contradictions? Yeah, but West makes his moves so deftly you won't even care about calling him on them. The eclectic, soulful beats and impressive guest list (Ludacris, Mos Def) come as no surprise given this guy's insider status, but West's distinctive flow is sure to raise a few eyebrows. And just think, this is what West does in his *free* time.—*David Peisner*

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE

N.E.R.D.
In Search Of (Virgin, '03)

Black Star *Mos Def & Talib Kweli Are* (Rawkus, '98)

GET THIS!

> In October 2003, for the first time ever, all the *Billboard* Top 10 tracks were hip-hop.

RELEASES MAKING NOISE

DIZZIE RASCAL
Boy in Da Corner
(XL/Matador)

We're already swamped with Britpop, but get ready for Brit-hop. This acclaimed London MC's debut is a grimy mash of demented rhymes and harsh beats that ain't easy listening. His voice is equal parts Ol' Dirty Bastard, Johnny Rotten, and Alvin the Chipmunk; hearing it grind against bizarre samples is as uncomfortable as it is invigorating. But it's not dull.—*D.P.*

★★★☆☆

STARSAILOR
Silence Is Easy
(Capitol)

You can't blame us for being underwhelmed by Starsailor, a mopey British band whose name sounds like an anime series about Japanese schoolgirls. But with producer/accused killer Phil Spector, they break out the big guns (pun definitely intended) on their second album and create a layered sonic buzz that goes down smooth. Now all they have to do is ditch that dumb-ass name.—*D.P.*

★★★☆☆

THE GO
The Go
(Lizard King Records)

Never mind that Jack White used to be in this Detroit band—their second album is no White Stripes knockoff. Both bands dig into rock's past, but where the Stripes chew on Zeppelin and all the bluesmen Zep pilfered from, the Go eat off a different plate. They feast on the Stones, the Kinks, Thin Lizzy, the Ramones, and even the Bay City Rollers. It's all about *whom* you steal from these days.—*D.P.*

★★★★☆

KYLIE MINOGUE
Body Language
(Capitol)

Genetics blessed Kylie with the best non-J.Lo ass in the business, but it also stuck her with a thin voice. Since we're superficial cretins who care more about the former than the latter, we gave this a listen. While not great by any means, the shameless hooks make this the default soundtrack for drunken dance floor antics that we'll live to regret.—*D.P.*

★★☆☆☆

INCUBUS
A Crow Left of the Murder
(Epic)

This SoCal funk-metal five-piece rocks somewhere in between the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Rage Against the Machine. (Um, Pepper the Chili Machines With Red Hot Rage?) Their latest is a screaming, high-energy slugfest featuring put-down anthems like "Megalomaniac" and loser operettas like "Sick, Sad Little World" that rarely let up. It's 10 crows away from original, but there's no doubt Incubus have angry energy to burn and a whole mess of matches.—*Dan Catalano*

★★★☆☆

RATINGS:

CREAM	★★★★★
MEATLOAF	★★★★☆
SALT-N-PEPA	★★★☆☆
THE CRANBERRIES	★★☆☆☆
THE SPICE GIRLS	★☆☆☆☆

ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

Pearl Jam Lost Dogs (Epic, 2003)	**Grand Champeen** Battle Cry for Help (Glurp, 2003)
I Am Kloot I Am Kloot (Echo, 2003)	**The Rapture** Echoes (Universal, 2003)

> ONE TO TANG

RUB'N'ROLL

Our all-time favorite tunes about masturbation.

1. **"She Bop"** Cyndi Lauper
2. **"I Touch Myself"** The Divinyls
3. **"Pictures of Lily"** The Who
4. **"Longview"** Green Day
5. **"Turning Japanese"** The Vapors
6. **"The Stroke"** Billy Squire
7. **"Dancing With Myself"** Billy Idol
8. **"It's Only Me (Wizard of Magicland)"** Barenaked Ladies
9. **"Pump It Up"** Elvis Costello
10. **"Touch of My Hand"** Britney Spears
11. **"Oops, Oh My"** Tweet
12. **"Orgasm Addict"** The Buzzcocks
13. **"Darling Nikki"** Prince
14. **"Blister in the Sun"** Violent Femmes
15. **"Pink Thing"** XTC
16. **"Icicle"** Tori Amos
17. **"Part of Me"** Tool
18. **"Rosie"** Jackson Browne
19. **"Thinking About You"** Radiohead
20. **"O Come All Ye Faithful"** Traditional

JEAN GRAE
MAXIM
COLLECTOR'S SERIES #3
01. "She Lives in My Lap" Outkast
02. "Munchies for Your Love" Bootsy Collins
03. "Regrets" Jay Z
04. "Verbal Intercourse" Raekwon (featuring Nas and Ghostface)
05. "N.Y. State of Mind" Nas
06. "Downtown Swinga '96" M.O.P.
07. "Still Ray" Raphael Saadiq
08. "Sunday After You" Kenna
09. "You Are My Starship" Norman Connors
10. "Inside My Love" Minnie Ripperton
11. "I Who Have Nothing" Donny Hathaway and Roberta Flack
12. "In a Sentimental Mood" Sathima Bea Benjamin
PARENTAL ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

> PRIVATE MIX

JEAN GRAE'S

BURN THIS!

The up-and-coming rapper creates a gimmick-free CD.

1. "She Lives in My Lap" Outkast
"My friend broke up with a girl because she didn't make him feel like the girl in the song made Andre feel. Now *that's* good music."

2. "Munchies for Your Love" Bootsy Collins
"This is the most incredible first-make-out session/smoke-out music ever created."

3. "Regrets" Jay-Z
"I cried a lot to this song years ago, but now it makes me happy."

4. "Verbal Intercourse" Raekwon
"This will be a classic in my collection till the day I pass away."

5. "N.Y. State of Mind" Nas
"This is like the fine wine of rap."

6. "Downtown Swinga '96" M.O.P.
"If that person you haven't smacked in the face yet happens to pop up while you're listening to this, you'll smack him in the face."

7. "Still Ray" Raphael Saadiq
"Who puts *tubas* in R&B? Geniuses."

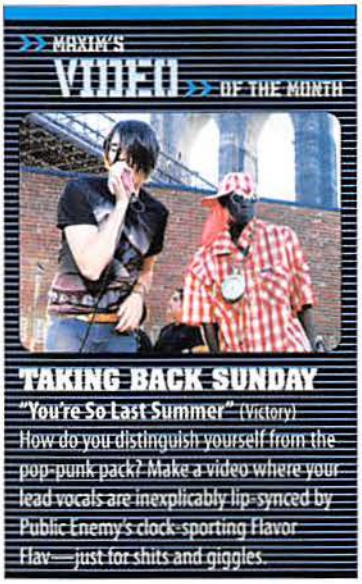
8. "Sunday After You" Kenna
"Like watching Duran Duran play basketball against Depeche Mode in summertime."

9. "You Are My Starship" Norman Connors
"I had this on repeat for a week once."

10. "Inside My Love" Minnie Ripperton
"Even churchgoing folks can't front on the sensuality of this song."

11. "I Who Have Nothing" Donny Hathaway & Roberta Flack
"This might be my wedding song."

12. "In a Sentimental Mood" Sathima Bea Benjamin
"My mother is an angel that floats between heaven and jazz. This feels like it was recorded with Duke Ellington while drinking wine in Paris. . . which is exactly what she did."

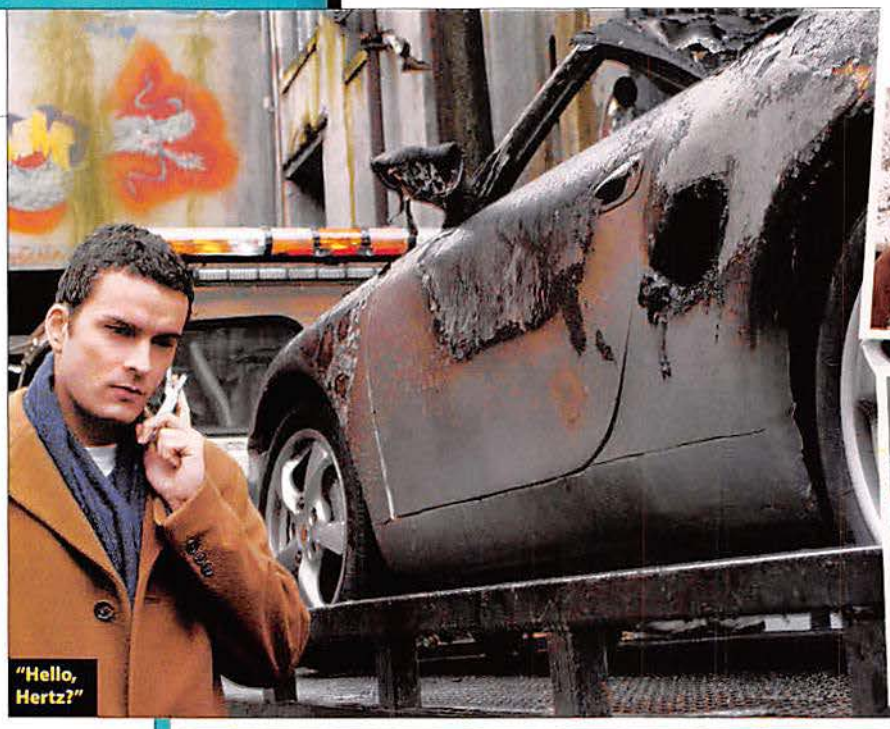


TAKING BACK SUNDAY

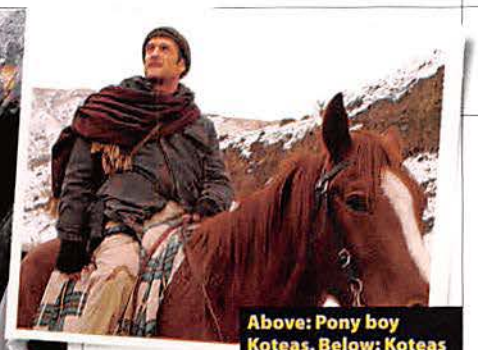
"You're So Last Summer" (Victory)
How do you distinguish yourself from the pop-punk pack? Make a video where your lead vocals are inexplicably lip-synced by Public Enemy's clock-sporting Flavor Flav—just for shits and giggles.

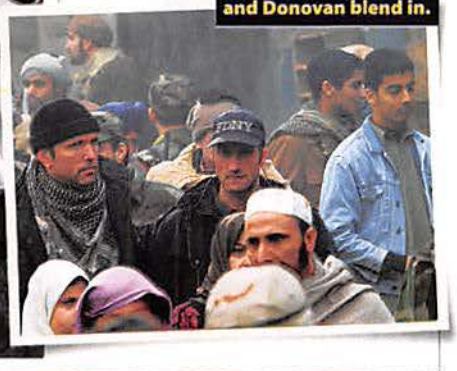
GET THIS!

> The concert tour business climbed from $1.3 billion in 1998 to $2.1 billion in 2003.



"Hello, Hertz?"





Above: Pony boy Koteas. Below: Koteas and Donovan blend in.

> MUST SEE

SETS AND DRUGS

The USA Network searches for highs—and a few new lows—with Traffic: The Miniseries.

The movie's love Jones

First, let's clear up one thing: *Traffic: The Miniseries* is not a made-for-TV version of the movie (which itself was based on a British TV miniseries). "It's so different from the movie and the original series; it's not a remake," explains Balthazar "don't call me Estelle" Getty, who stars in one of the series' many intertwining stories as a Seattle man who takes over his late father's garment business and, he discovers, the old man's shady dealings with Triad gangsters. "We deal with more than just drugs. There's chemical and weapons trafficking, even human trafficking." While the movie only went as far as Mexico to trace drug routes, the miniseries heads for the front lines—and the headlines—by centering one of the tales on a pair of DEA agents (played by Elias Koteas and Martin Donovan) chasing poppies in Afghanistan. "We get more into the actual drug trade," says Koteas. "And we show the men putting their lives at risk to fight drugs." And nowadays drugs and terrorism go hand in trembling hand. Says Donovan, "This series made me think about how vulnerable the United States is. The issue of borders, and the way in which American foreign policy exacerbates this dangerous situation—if you dwell on it . . . well, you just don't want to go there." But audiences will. Debuting on January 26, the series is presented in three two-hour installments. "It's very cinematic," says Getty. "It was shot like a feature film." Adds Koteas, "We didn't have the restrictions that a normal TV show would have." Gritty, intelligent TV? Let's hope this stuff becomes habit-forming.

OFF THE RADAR

COOTER

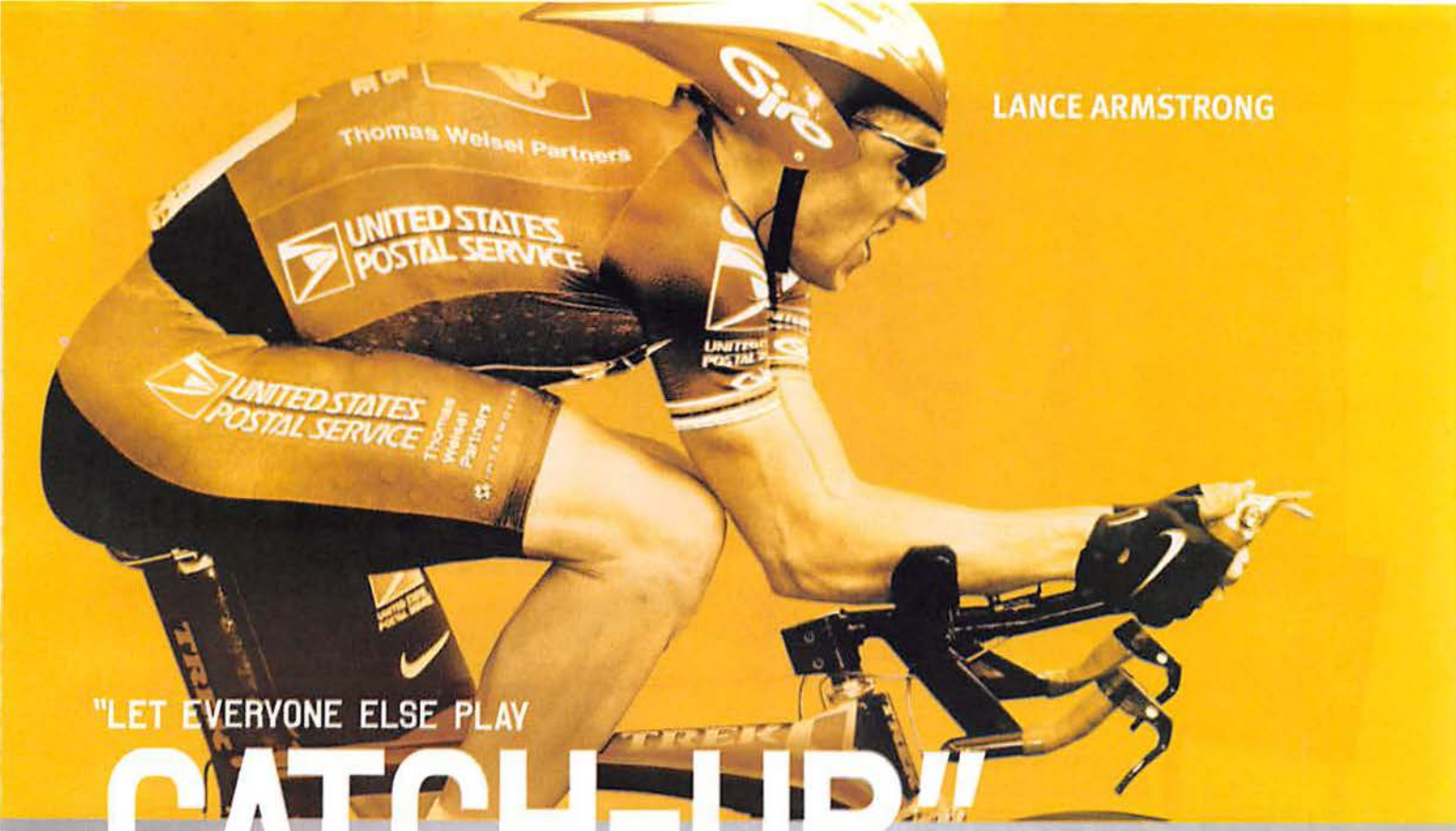
Whatever happened to Dukes of Hazzard *grease monkey Ben Jones?*

Just a good older boy

Congressman Cooter? After finally peeling the cap from his oil-slicked head and leaving Hazzard County, Ben Jones served two terms as a Democratic congressman from Georgia, from 1989 to 1993, eventually running an unsuccessful campaign dubbed "tilting at windbags" against Republican Newt Gingrich. (When Gingrich refused to have a debate, Jones chased him around the country, crashing Gingrich's public appearances with two leashed beagles.) Eventually, Jones opened Cooter's Place, a *Hazzard*-themed museum and gift shop in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. "*Dukes of Hazzard* was and continues to be an incredibly loved piece of Americana," he told us, preaching to the converted. But Jones hasn't settled down. He ran for Congress from Virginia (and lost) in 2002, keeps busy on the political talk show circuit, and acts in a one-man show he wrote about Hall of Fame pitcher Dizzy Dean. "I'm in a new creative phase right now," Jones muses, "sort of looking back while thinking of the future."

GET THIS!

> A total of 229 General Lees were created for the show.



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*Based on Baja Turbo road test data from *Car and Driver*, October 2003, and published competitive data.

SUBARU

DRIVEN BY WHAT'S INSIDE™

> MUST OWN

ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO

Release date: January 20

Before his buddy Tarantino got bloody with *Kill Bill*, Robert Rodriguez took a break from the kid flicks to have some ultra-violent fun of his own in *Mexico*, the third chapter in the *El Mariachi* saga. In this one "El" gets caught up in a political coup orchestrated by a crooked CIA agent (Johnny Depp, who again performs grand theft movie). The DVD allows the famously hands-on Rodriguez to preach the benefits of digital photography, not to mention that this is the kind of "Hey, let's blow shit up for the hell of it" flick your surround-sound system craves.

Extra! The "Ten-Minute Flick School" contains good advice from Rodriguez, who made his first movie for a measly $7,000.

Trivia: One of Mariachi's cohorts is played by Enrique "Mr. Anna Kournikova" Iglesias. A minor complaint, really...

Movie: ★★★★☆

Special features: ★★★★★

> WORTH WATCHING

AMERICAN SPLENDOR

Release date: February 3

Odds are you missed this comic-book movie last summer, since it didn't feature radioactive thyroid cases smashing tanks. Don't miss it again. Starring underrated Paul Giamatti as permanently pissed-off underground comic writer Harvey Pekar, it features both re-created scenes from Pekar's life and Pekar himself commenting on the goings-on. It's gloomy and cringe-inducingly funny—kinda like *your* life.

Extra! The "My Movie Year" comic by Pekar is a neat tie-in.

Trivia: *Time* magazine once declared Pekar the Lenny Bruce of comic books.

Movie: ★★★★☆

Special features: ★★★☆☆

> ALSO OUT

RAIN MAN: SPECIAL EDITION (February 3)
Yeah, this DVD definitely has deleted scenes and three different commentary tracks. Yeah, it's very sparkly, very twinkly. Looks like a holiday...
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

THIRTEEN (January 27)
A disturbing flick about teen girls doing drugs, having sex, and screaming at their parents...who are also doing drugs and having sex. Well, at least they have *something* in common.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★☆☆☆

IN LIVING COLOR: SEASON ONE (February 3)
Remember Homie the Clown, Men on Film, and Jim Carrey as "the white guy"? The edgy sketch comedy show is *finally* on DVD!
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★☆

COMIC BOOK: THE MOVIE (January 27)
The straight-to-DVD mockumentary about comic books marks the directorial debut of Mark Hamill. No *A Mighty Wind*, but OK.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★☆☆

DVD VAULT

> DONNA D'ERRICO

The former *Baywatch* babe and leather-clad star of *Comic Book: The Movie* picks her favorite discs.

1. The Adventures of Indiana Jones (1981–1989)
"I was waiting and waiting for these to come out! They're funny, rugged, even romantic. And Harrison Ford was so hot!"

2. Family Guy, Vols. 1 and 2 (1999)
"I didn't watch this show at all when it was on TV, but as soon as it came out on DVD, I watched them over and over. I'm addicted to that dumb show."

3. Sling Blade (1996)
"This one's my standard. The whole hillbilly trailer-trash thing—that was my family growing up! I usually have to interpret the drawl for people..."

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GAME ON!

MAXIM TOP PLAY!

SYPHON FILTER: THE OMEGA STRAIN

Sony [●]

Like the virus of the title, the first PS2 entry in the popular *Syphon Filter* franchise should spread like wildfire. You play as an "Agency" operative under the tutelage of original series star Gabe Logan, cruising the globe and neutralizing bioterrorists with more than 100 weapons and jaw-droppingly cool gadgets. Individualized limb targeting (aim for the third leg!), intelligent adversaries, and detailed character customization options prove that those old clunky pixels are a thing of the past, while four-player online cooperative functions let you reach out and plug someone. It's (no groaning) infectious.—*Scott Steinberg*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪✪

PLAY NOW!

■ **Longbow** *(www.starcarlton.com/Flash/longbow.htm)* Use arrow keys to launch, well, arrows into the heads and chests of onrushing knights in this Robin Hood–inspired time waster.

■ **Cobblestone Minefield** *(www.faeriewargame.com/game.html)* Although it sounds like a Dungeons & Dragons freak's wet dream, this game actually uses kittens to test for land mines. Meow—*blam!*

■ **Telescope** *(www.dyson.co.uk/game/play.asp)* Tough to explain, but use a series of telescoping devices to push a ball into a hole. Addictive as hell. Just forget work altogether.

GANGLAND

Whiptail Interactive [●]

If this Mafia game were any more detailed, your keyboard would reek of garlic. Like an interactive Scorsese flick, *Gangland* lets you play don and control your family's "interests" from above. But this isn't just car bombs and cement shoes; characters can marry into families, sire their own shifty progeny, and watch them assume seats of power. It ain't pretty, but it's business.—*S.S.*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

MAXIMO VS. ARMY OF ZIN

Capcom [●]

Pantless gamers are, sadly, a dime a dozen, but game *heroes* who thwart the undead in their undershorts are a rare find. Enter Maximo, the sword-, sledgehammer-, and shield-slinging hero who loses armor, weapons, and pants when struck in this cartoony but violent 3-D platform game. It ain't groundbreaking, but who cares? Drop trou and have some fun!—*Alex Porter*

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

GAME KEY:

XBOX	●
PS2	●
GAME CUBE	●
PC	●

BLIPS ON THE SCREEN

MEN OF VALOR: VIETNAM

Vivendi Universal Games [●]

Play as a U.S. grunt suffering through the Tet Offensive, or be a traitor and play as the Vietcong. Posttraumatic stress not included.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

RISE TO HONOR Sony [●]

Acrobatic kung fu master Jet Li lends his face and whoop-ass skills to this otherwise fairly standard saga of street justice doled out with heaping helpings of fists and guns.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪

THE SIMS 2 Electronic Arts [●]

Nurture or torture your virtual lab rats and then fast-forward through time to watch them fumble through relationships and jobs—and eventually croak.

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

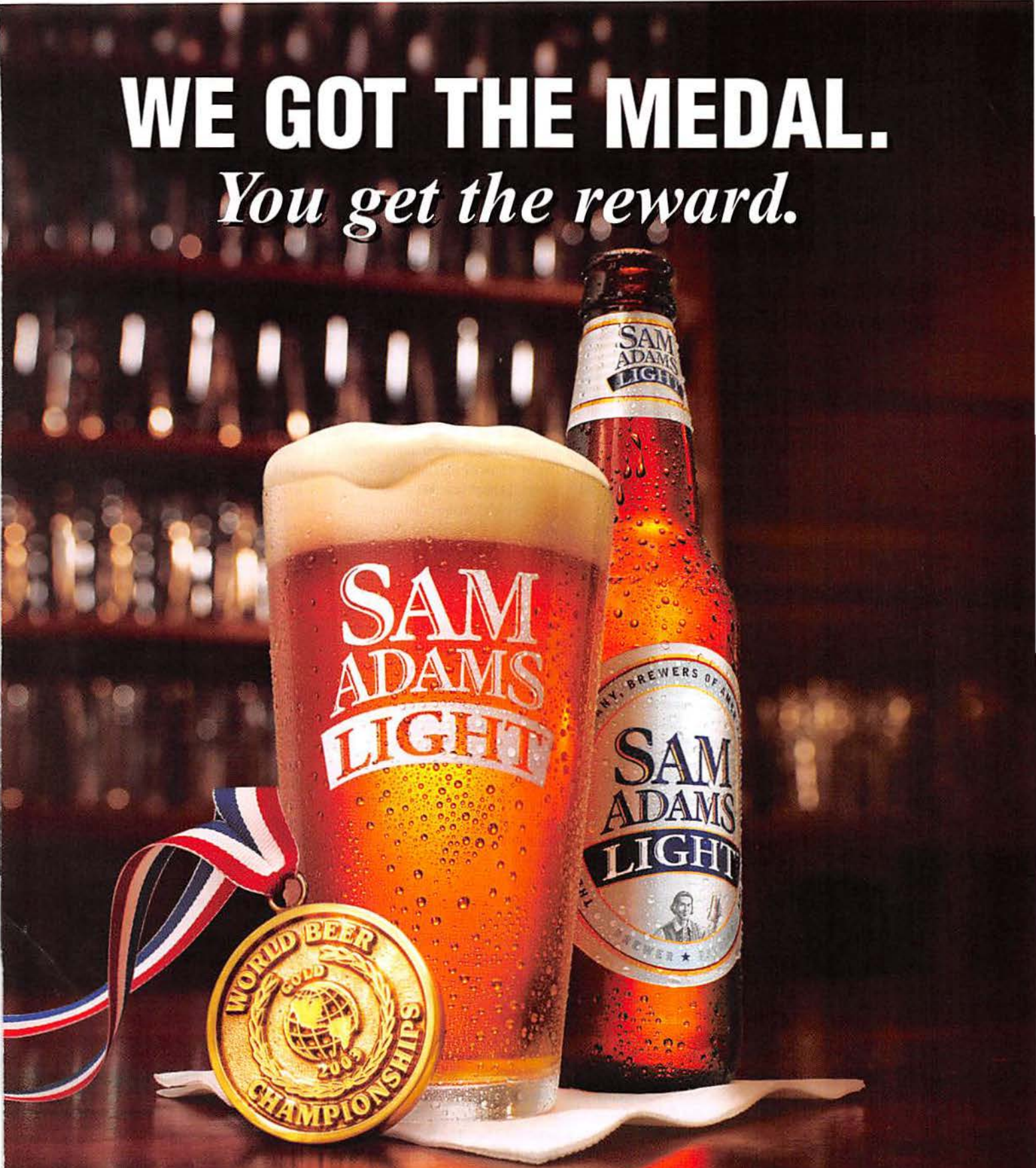
NFL STREET Electronic Arts [● ● ●]

Take up to 300 NFL superstars away from their posh stadiums and out onto the cold, unforgiving asphalt. PS2 gamers can play online and strong-arm complete strangers!

***Maxim* rating:** ✪✪✪✪

WE GOT THE MEDAL.

You get the reward.



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DAVID CARRADINE

The Earth-wandering *Kung Fu* master, Hollywood party-scene survivor, and object of Uma Thurman's *Kill Bill* blood lust shows us the way. Listen and learn, grasshopper.

QUICK PICKS

ASIAN DELICACY
"You know, I could probably sit and eat nothing but tuna sushi for the rest of my life and be a happy man."

MOOD ADJUSTER
"I'd have to say sex, for sure. Aerobatic flying is also pretty good, but that kind of stuff I don't do anymore."

SOFT SPOT
"I cry at a sentimental phone number. I cried so much during *Seabiscuit*, I started keeping count: 14."

You've made movies for big-time directors like Martin Scorsese, Ingmar Bergman, and Quentin Tarantino—but everyone remembers *Kung Fu*.
That show had a tremendous effect on the world. It was simultaneous with détente with China, and its second showing was preempted by Richard Nixon shaking hands with Mao. Thirty to 40 million people a week watched *Kung Fu*, and the huge spread of martial arts, alternative medicine, and Oriental philosophy came about at this time. I wasn't a movie or TV star; I was like a rock star or Mandela or something. It was unlike anything I'd ever heard about in the entertainment world.

Why hasn't there been a *Kung Fu* movie?
In a nutshell, because Warner Bros. is monumentally stupid. Somebody once told me that the only way to get anything done at WB is to tell the guy in the office to stand up: He's sitting on gold and doesn't even know it.

There will be more of you in *Kill Bill: Vol. 2* than in the first movie, right?
This movie is basically the Bride—Uma Thurman—and Bill. I love to fight and show people I can still do this shit for my age. But this is really not a martial arts movie. It's a revenge movie, and the instrument of revenge is primarily the samurai sword. I didn't figure out until a little ways into making it that Quentin hired me because he was fascinated by my mystique. He's a *Kung Fu* fan who's seen all the movies I've done, including the really good ones and the really trashy ones. He's read all about me, my life, my brushes with the law, and that mystique is the character he wrote for me.

Which one of your "girls"—Uma, Lucy Liu, Daryl Hannah, and Vivica A. Fox—banged your gong the most?
Vivica, but you've got to keep your hands off her. I'd say that even if I were a free man, because she could fucking tear your eyes out. She's definitely one of the sexiest people on the planet. I'd be at her feet.

What about some of other hotties prowling Hollywood?
I've had a hard-on for everyone that everyone else has had a hard-on for. Cameron Diaz—she's just phenomenal. I don't care how crazy she was in *Vanilla Sky*, I can't understand why Tom Cruise's character would leave her for Penélope Cruz. Nicole Kidman knocks me out. Bridget Fonda. I remember seeing Michelle Pfeiffer in *Grease 2* and I thinking she was going to be huge. Now she's an old lady playing people's mothers. And I wouldn't want to have to deal with Gwyneth Paltrow.

Have guys ever tried to challenge your supreme kung-fu-ness?
Once, between takes of a sword fight movie I made in Spain, one of the extras challenged me. I said, "You've got to be crazy to want to fight me. One, I'm not that kind of guy. Two, you're going to get the shit kicked out of you." He threw a punch I deflected and another I blocked, then when the third punch came, I took his wrist, spun him around, took his legs out from under him . . . and kissed him all over his head. He went away mortified, then came back complaining I ripped his T-shirt. Twenty minutes later, he was back again asking me to sign the shirt.

Could you have kicked Bruce Lee's ass?
I doubt it. That guy was dedicated. He made a one-punch situation out of a bout with Joe Louis just by poking him in the eye. You don't want to deal with a guy as mean as that.

What Hollywood guy most deserves a karate smackdown?
Steven Seagal, but people have done that and he doesn't publicize it. I've never met anybody who likes him.

What was your worst on-set injury?
I once had my nether regions blown up.

You got great . . . wait—*what*?
I was standing on top of an explosion, and it went off. Fortunately, I was wearing a flak jacket. But it hurt. It hurt for a while.

You got great reviews for playing Woody Guthrie in *Bound for Glory* (1976), but then got stuck with schlock. Does that piss you off?
Bound for Glory is probably the best picture I've ever done, but most of my career has been a lot of trashy movies. The feeling I have doing those is, "I'm a visitor from outer space with a broken fuel pump. I've got to set down on this planet, go in disguise to get my pump fixed, get back in my spaceship, and get out of here before they find out I've been here."

Are there any roles you're sorry you never got to play?
I gave Scorsese his first copy of *The Last Temptation of Christ*, because he's a Jesus freak. He didn't get to make it for 15 years, and I wasn't 33 anymore, so . . . I was offered *Cool Hand Luke*, but the director knew Paul Newman and sent him the script for advice. I already had the part. Paul said, "I want to do this movie." So *he* got to play Luke. Who knows what my performance would've been like. I was lost, confused, and unable to deal with authority. He played Luke; I *was* Luke. But James Caan has made a whole career out of playing roles Jon Voight turned down.

What do you miss most about the free-wheeling '60s and '70s?
I did it all . . . well, I didn't become a heroin addict, and I did very little cocaine. I did a couple of ménages-à-trois, but that's more a love thing. To me sex without love is empty. And love without sex is pretty fucking empty, too. I was at the center of the whole hippie movement, and I took as many psychedelic trips as anybody. And there was a period in my life when I chain-smoked grass like I now chain-smoke cigarettes.

Do you have any advice for the Colin Farrells out there?
It's healthy for them to be kids while they can, so long as they don't hurt anybody. Colin's a man of immense talent—smart and funny as hell. My youngest daughter met him, and when I said, "I really dig this guy," she said, "Of course you do. He's a drunken Irishman." Some of our greatest philosophers and writers have been just that.

Do you have any political leanings?
I'm antipolitical. I don't like to take orders. Therefore, I don't like to give them, either.

If you *had* to run for office, what would your campaign slogan be?
"I'll change everything."

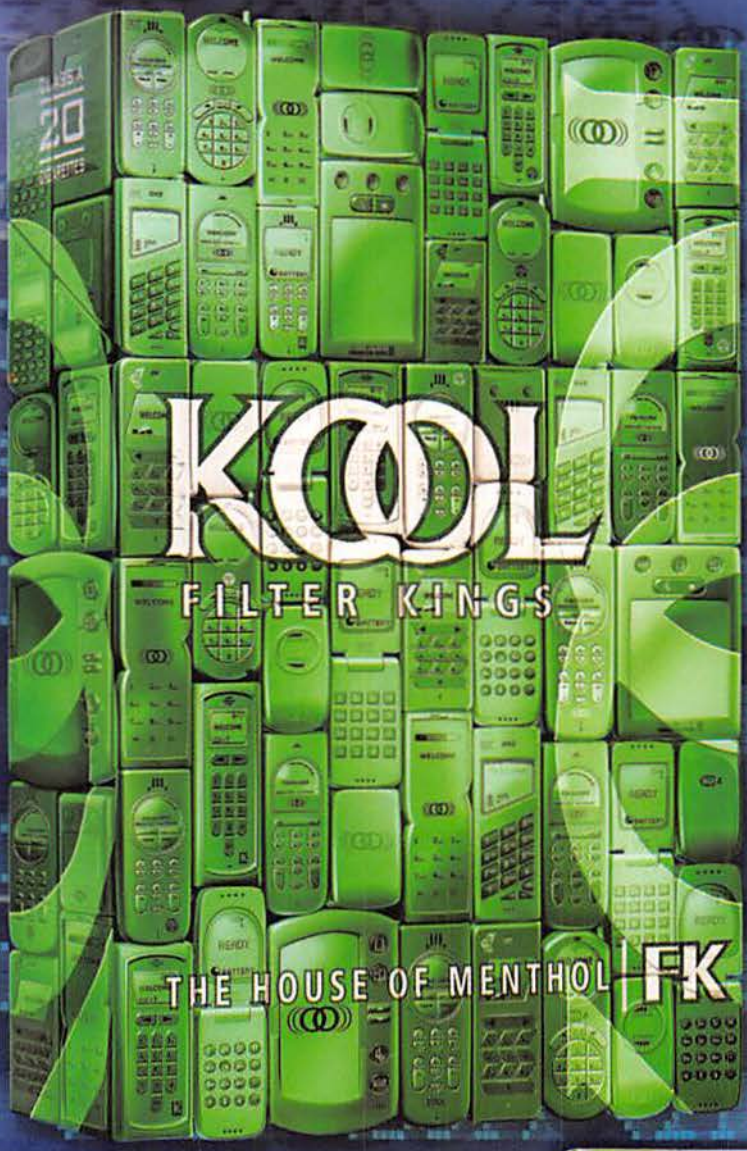
Interview by Stephen Rebello. *Kill Bill: Vol. 2* checks the remaining names off its list February 20.

Styling, Suzie Crippen for Exclusive Artists; set design, John Milhauser for Exclusive Artists; grooming, Geraldine Shaker

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAD HINES FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS

› 'I've had a hard-on for everyone that everyone else has probably had a hard-on for.'

SMOOTH



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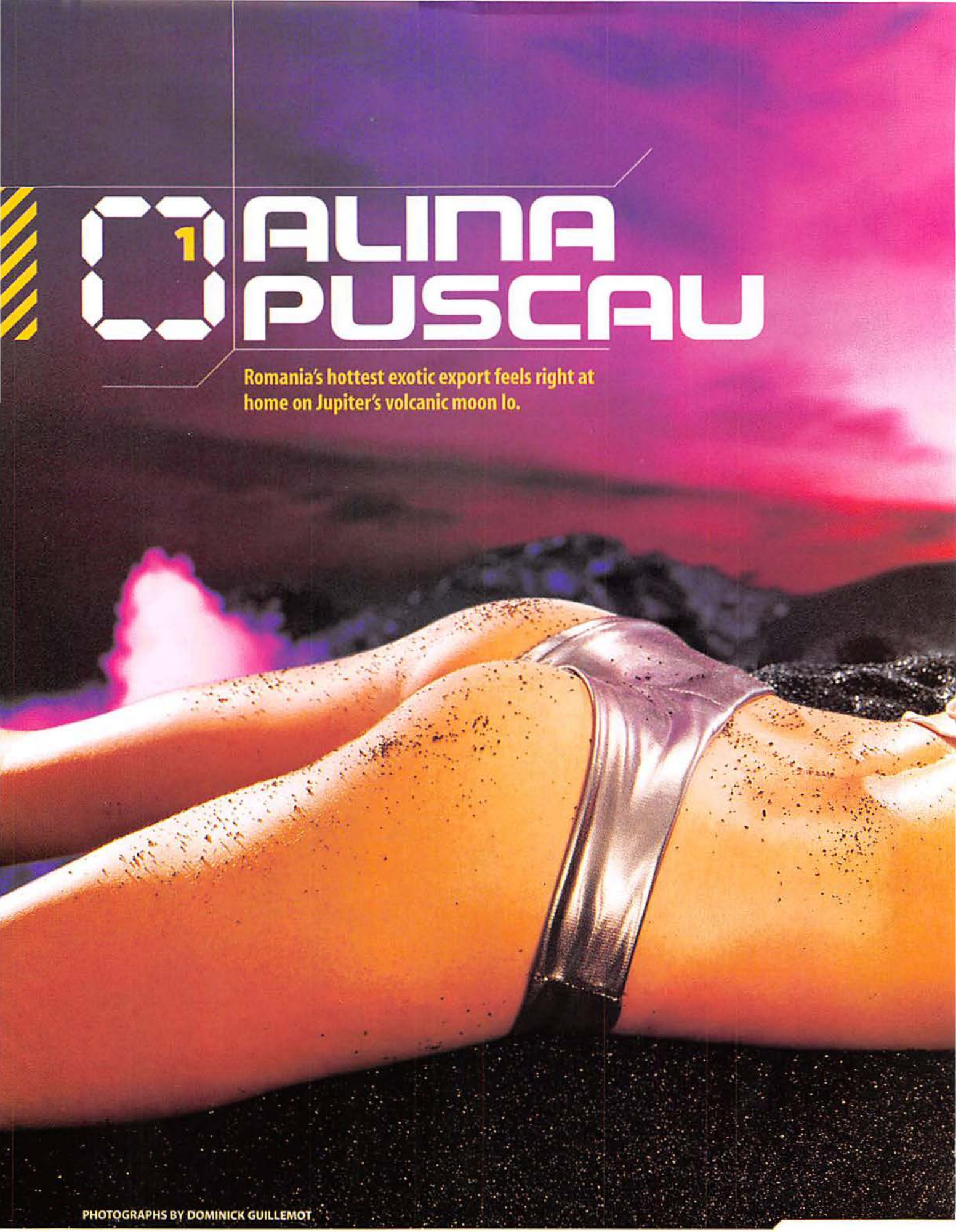
After many years in this business, we're a little jaded. We've taken models to every corner of the globe. We've suffered frostbite, sunburn, insect bites, and blow-dart poisonings to bring you the world's most gorgeous women in the planet's most exotic locales. So how could we top ourselves for our fifth annual bikini brouhaha? By taking it to the final frontier—space, baby.

We grabbed seven of Earth's finest, uh, astronauts to help us colonize the universe just the way we'd like it. The journey was long and arduous (freeze-drying the beef jerky turned out to be a waste of time). But we made it back with the film canisters intact. So suck back that O_2 and get ready to moon over our out-of-this-world photo shoot. It cost us a frickin' *fortune*, so we hope you guys appreciate it! ▶



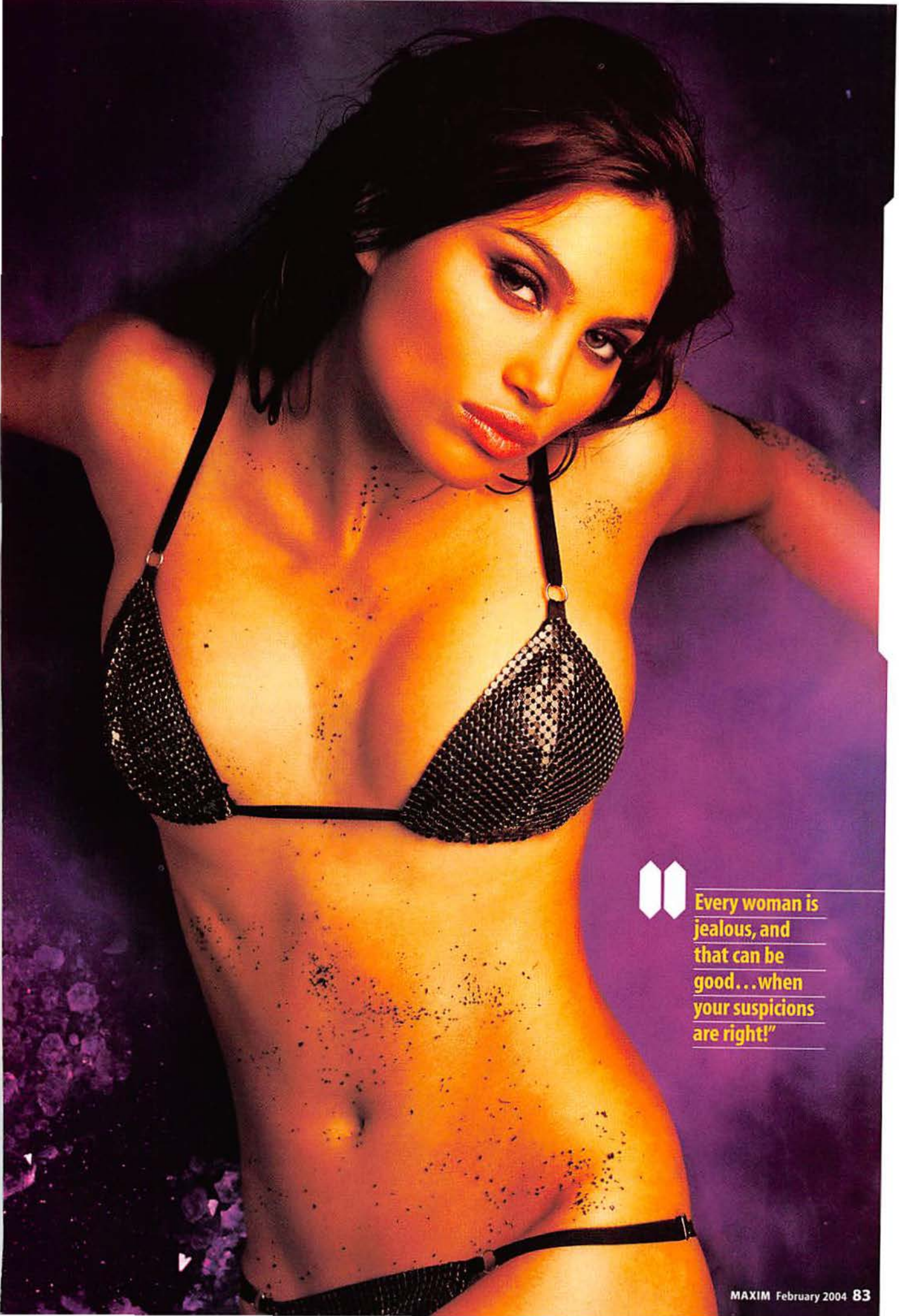
1 ALINA PUSCAU

Romania's hottest exotic export feels right at home on Jupiter's volcanic moon Io.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT

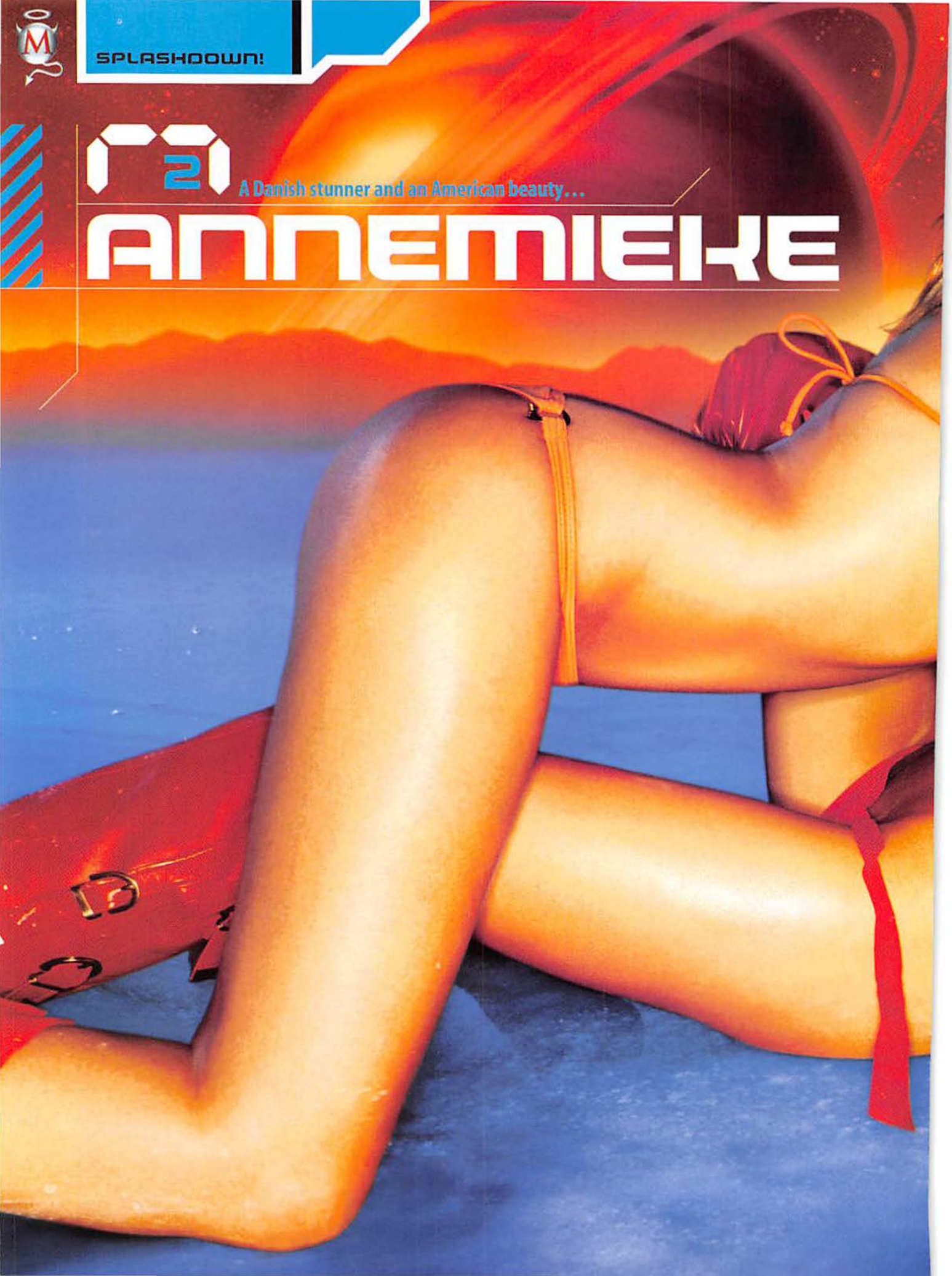
THE PURPLE HAZE OF IO

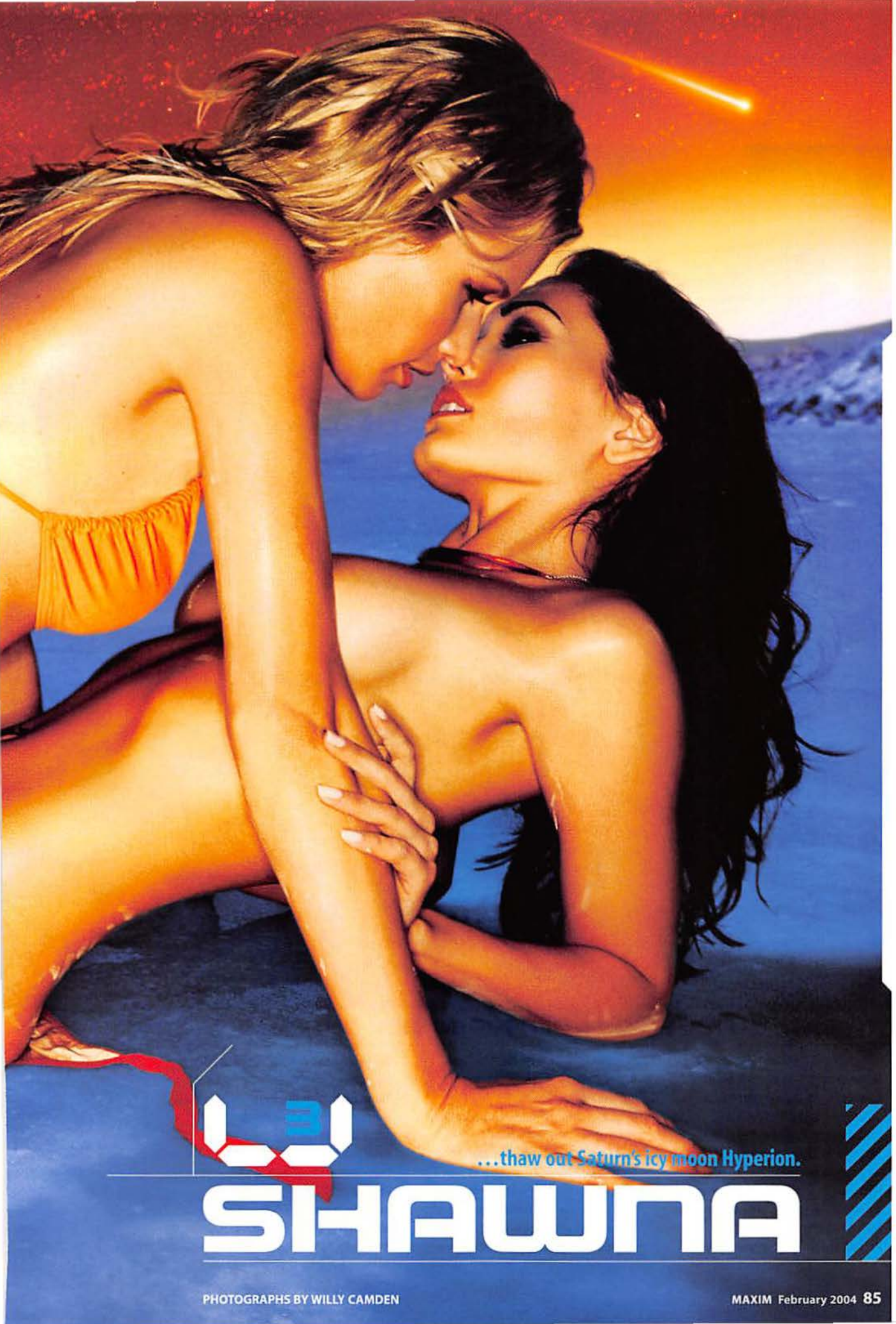
Origin: Romania
Moon weight: 19.7 pounds. "I'm very skinny. The moon can handle me."
Earthly accomplishments: Besides your required reading—the Victoria's Secret swimwear catalog—Alina has graced Gap ads and the pages of *Cosmo* and *Bazaar*.
Mission accomplished: "I think when you do a magazine, all the pictures are about showing your personality. I'm very exotic-looking, and so this is a very sexy shoot."
Preparation: "I read all the time. You've gotta know everything, even about politics. I just read *The Alchemist*. I want to be able to talk about anything in detail."
Downtime: "I like all kinds of movies, especially action movies, but *The Lord of the Rings* is my favorite."
All too human: "I tend to be very jealous, I think because I'm a Scorpio. If I trust a person, I can control myself. But every woman is secretly jealous, and that can be good. That's why I get along with Cancers. They have good hearts, and they're gentlemen."
Method acting: "I want to be an actress. I was on an audition for a horror movie, and the lady who was the casting director told me I was going to have to scream. She asked me, 'When's the last time you really screamed?' and I said, 'Last night.'"
Most recent full moon: "Last night—for my boyfriend."
The right stuff: "It would be interesting to visit space. As long as I knew I could get back, I'd love to go, just to be different and try something new."


"Every woman is jealous, and that can be good...when your suspicions are right!"

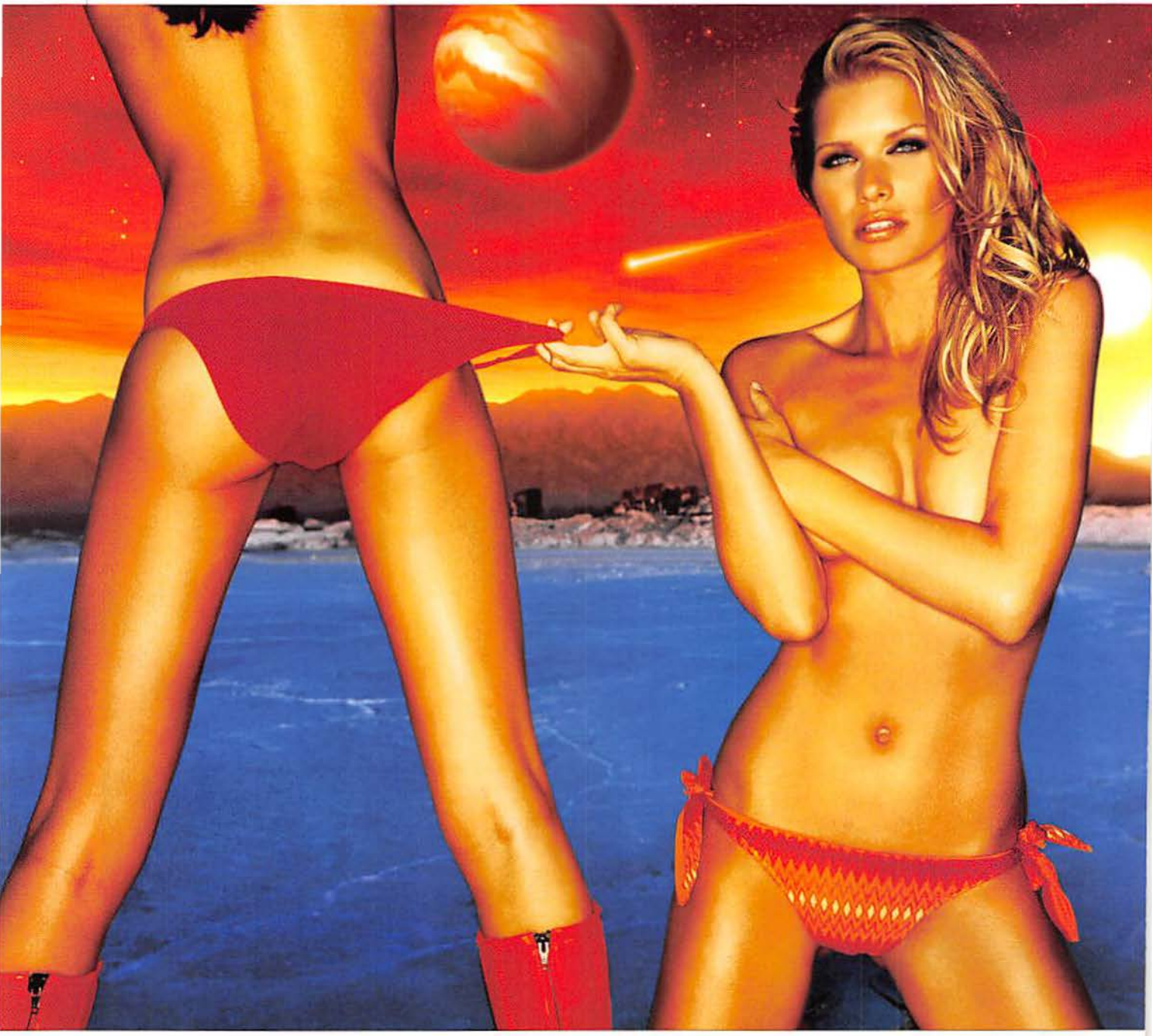
21 ANNEMIEKE

A Danish stunner and an American beauty...





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLY CAMDEN

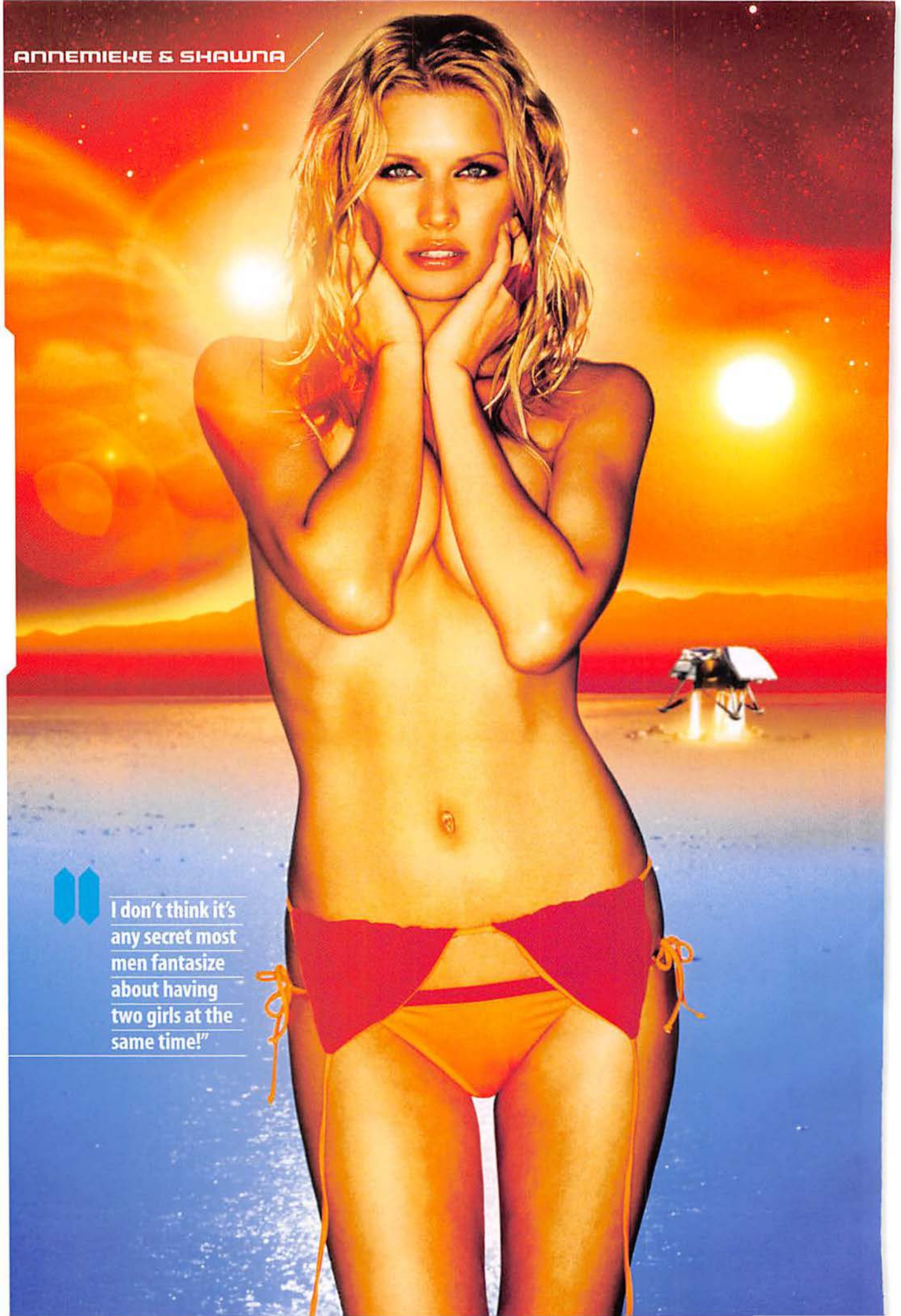


THE SUNS NEVER SET ON HYPERION

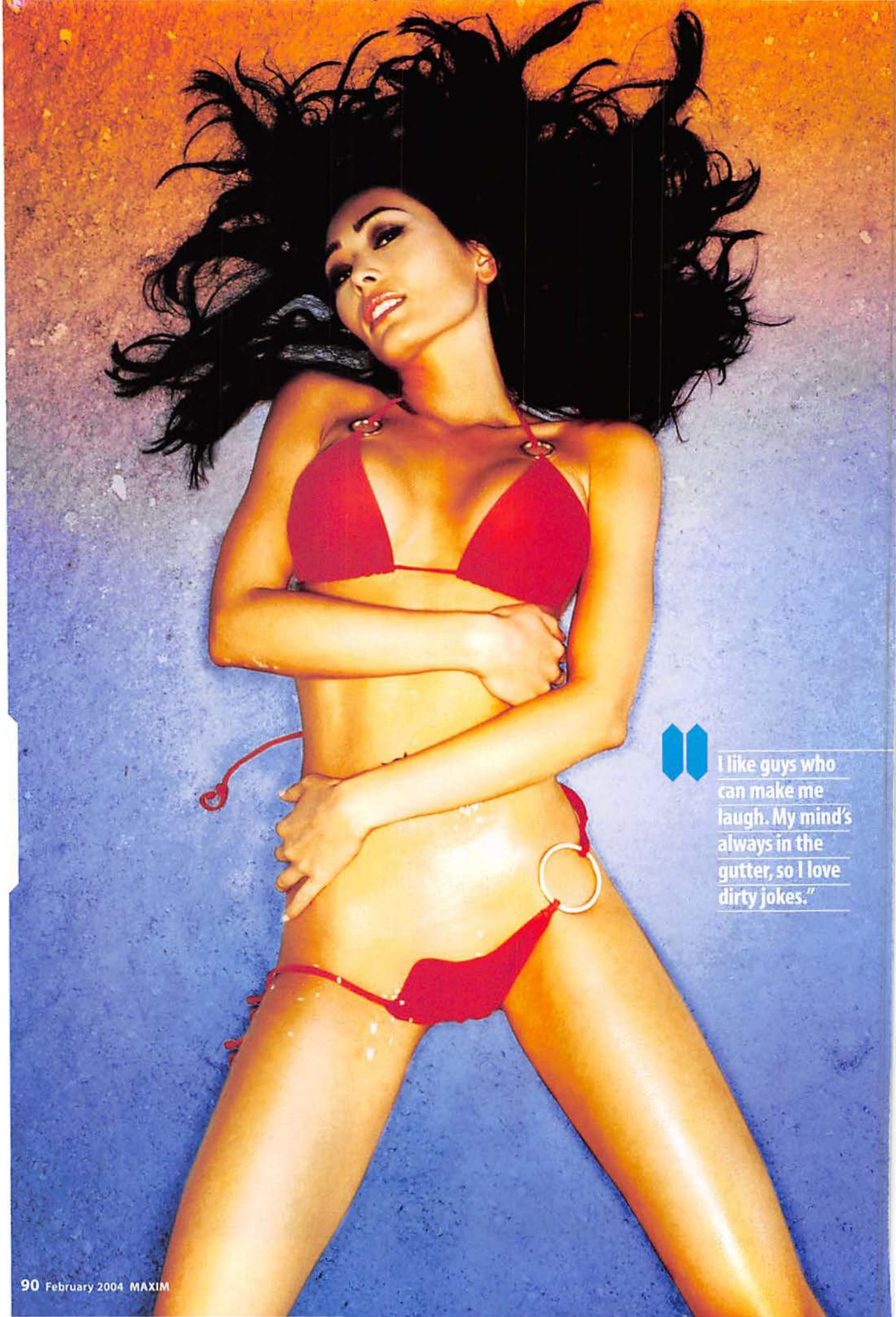
Origin: The Netherlands
Moon weight: "Is this a trick question?"
Earthly accomplishments: Ads for local department stores, if you've been traipsing around France and Holland as of late.
Taking off: "I'm just very excited to be in such a respected magazine." *Wha?*
Fuzzy logic: "I don't think it's a secret that the men on this planet fantasize about having two girls simultaneously."
Perfect vision: "People have always told me that my eyes are very sexy."
Renaissance woman: "Right now my hobbies are traveling and learning new languages. I want to further my education and that of the people around me."
Mating: "To me, an attractive man has a sense of humor and knows how to treat a girl right. But for me there's nothing more sexy than somebody with confidence about who they are and what they want."
Approach angles: "If you want to know what mistake guys make most, just listen to Joe Jackson's song 'It's Different for Girls.'"
Some Earth girls are easy: "I don't see any problem with one-night stands as long as both parties understand the issue."
Relationship heaven: "I'd love to visit outer space. Men are from Mars, women from Venus, right?"
Best moon music: "Oh, there's no question about that—all the songs from *An American Werewolf in London*."

THE ORBS OF SATURN

Origin: Oregon
Moon weight: 18.8 pounds
Earthly accomplishments: This Beaver State babe's body was recently seen lying naked in a bed of green tea leaves in an ad for Gillette shaving cream. The best a man can get? We'll buy that for a dollar.
Taking off: "I'm so psyched to be in *Maxim*. It's, like, the epitome of sexy."
Extraterrestrial activities: "Besides doing the model-actor thing, I don't have any interests. Just kidding! Living in New York, I always have something I'm doing, whether it's hanging out with my friends or going to movies."
Sextraterrestrial activities: "I haven't had a one-night stand in a really long time. But if it feels right and that's what you want, go for it—as long as you're safe."
Costarring with Annemieke: "I have no problem sharing, since she's pretty!"
Far and away: "Yeah, I'd go to space! Living in New York, you're always trying to find a peaceful place. I can't imagine there'd be anything more peaceful than staring back at the planet from out there."
Dancing machine: "My moonwalking skills, like, Michael Jackson–style, are not too good. I used to practice that all the time when I was 13 and a little lighter on my feet. Mainly my love now is hip-hop."
Favorite space song: "'Fly Me to the Moon.' I love that old Frank Sinatra–style music. I'm a sucker for it."



"I don't think it's any secret most men fantasize about having two girls at the same time!"



"I like guys who can make me laugh. My mind's always in the gutter, so I love dirty jokes."

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS

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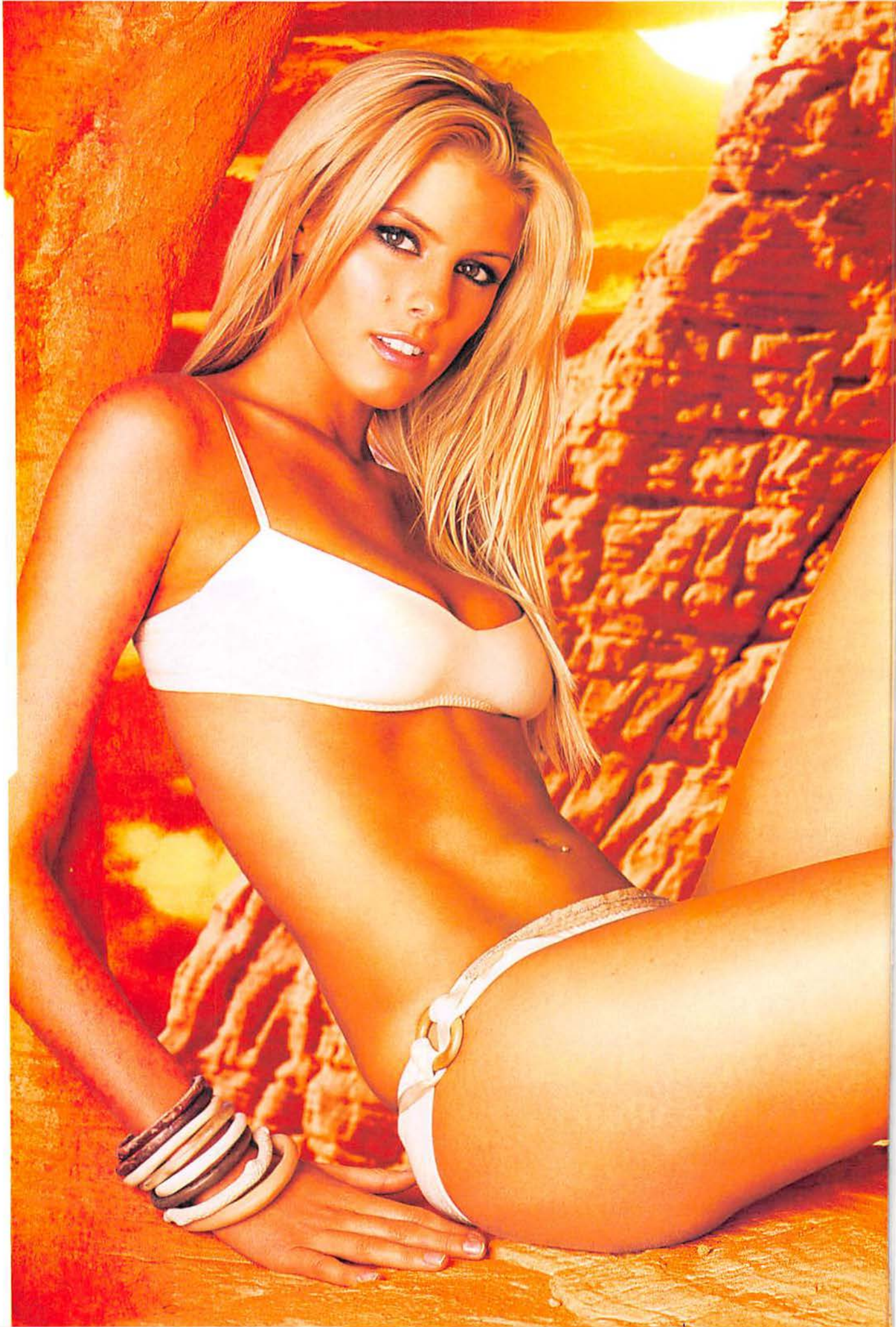
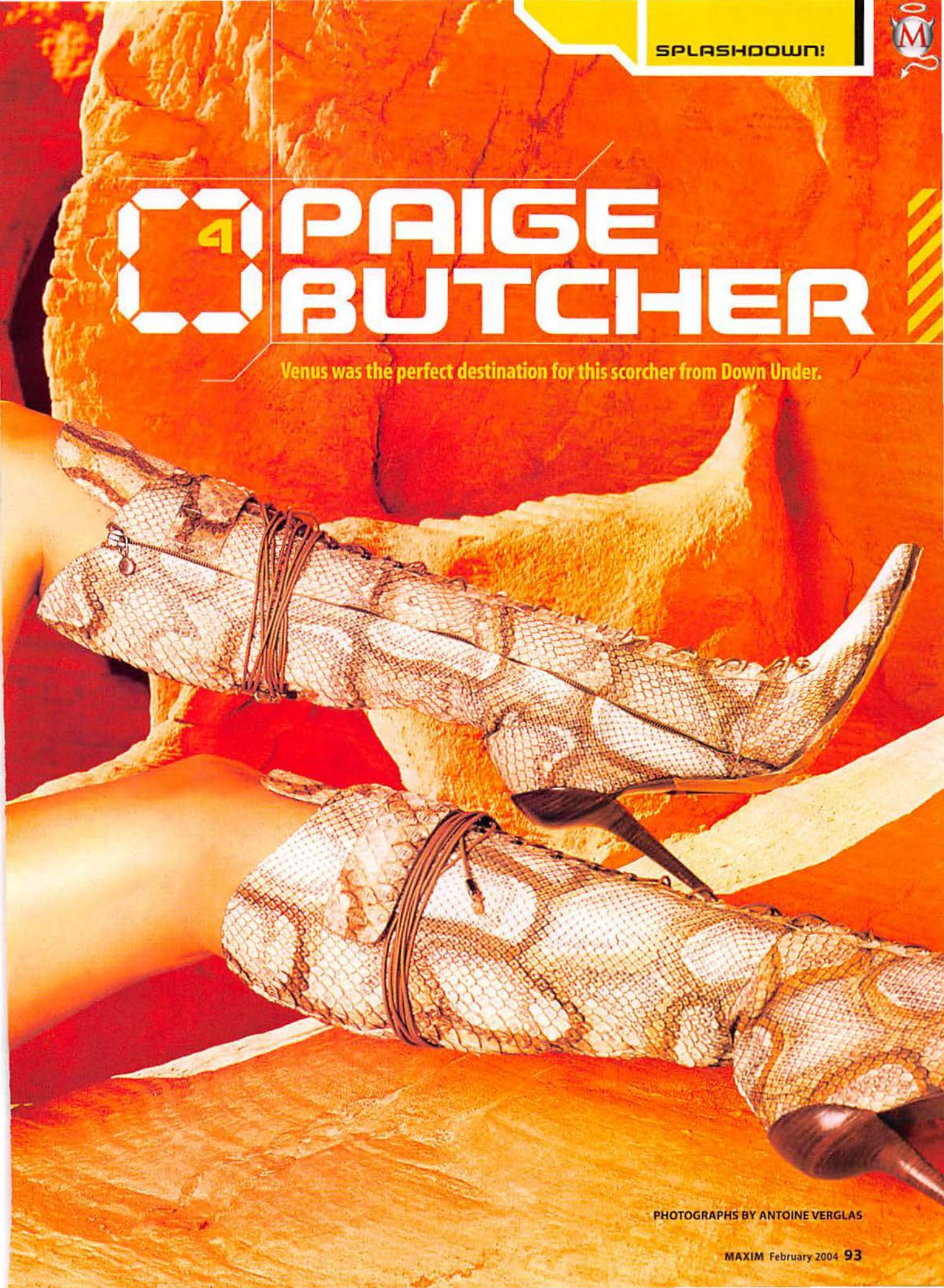
*When properly equipped.

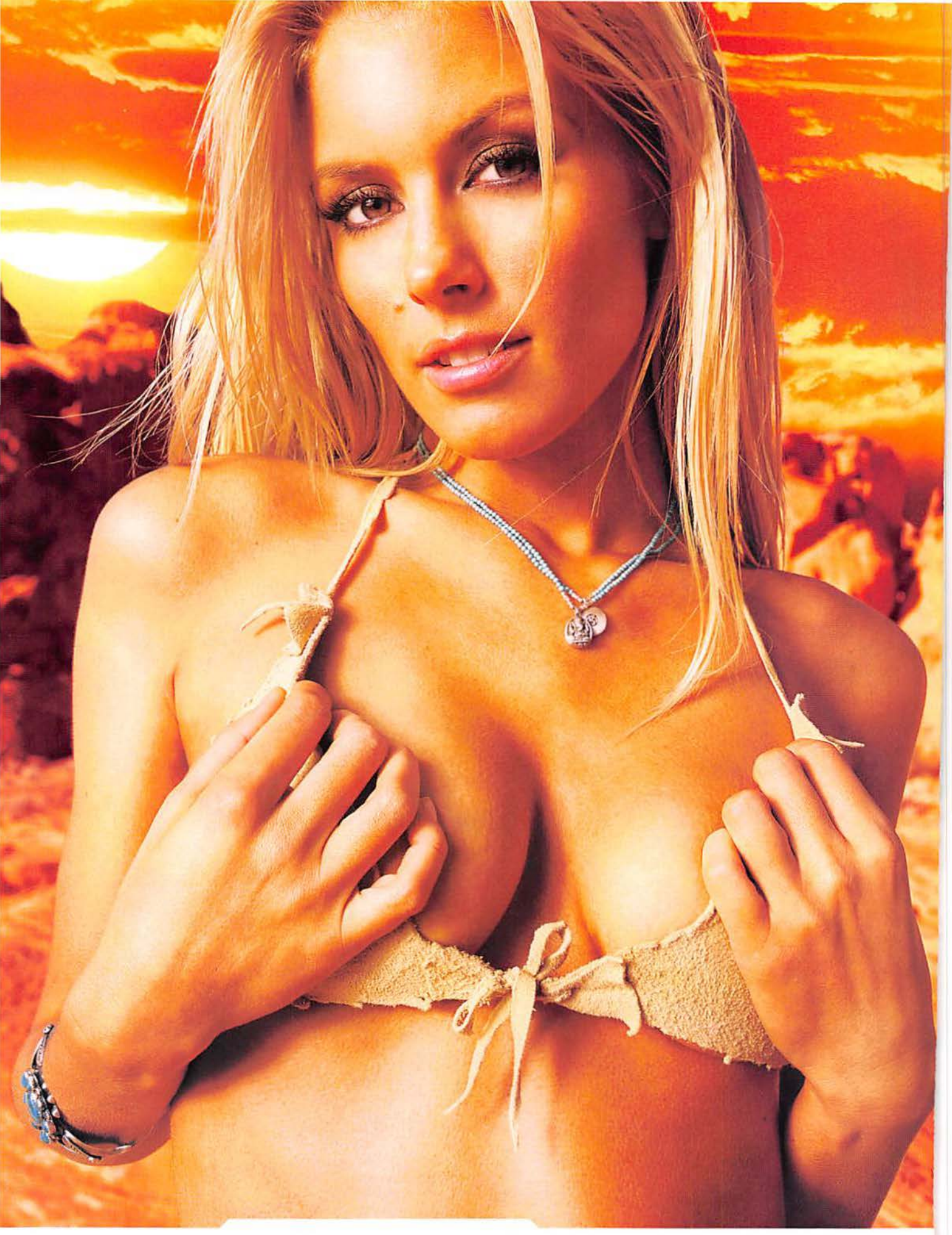


PAIGE BUTCHER

Venus was the perfect destination for this scorcher from Down Under.



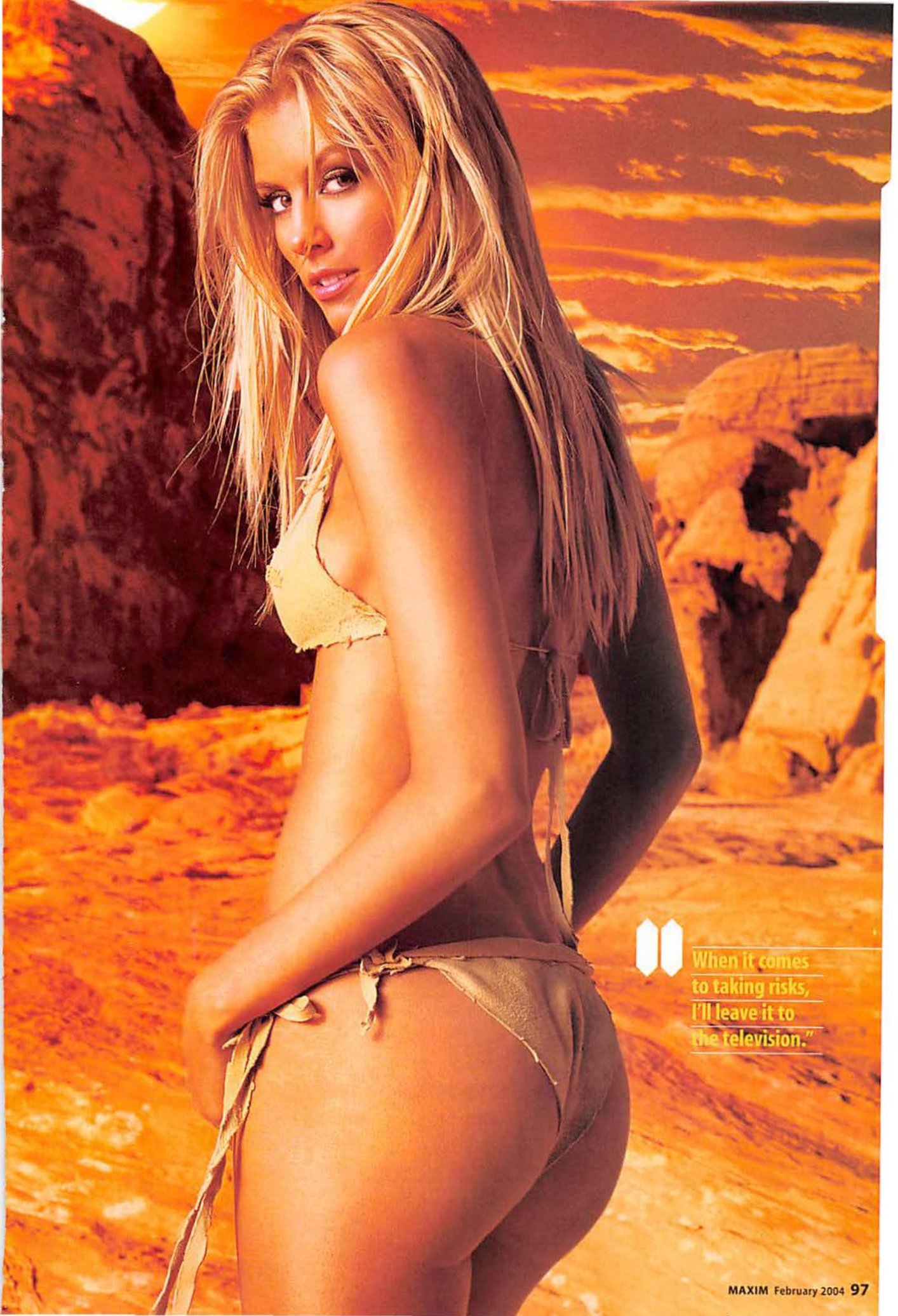
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

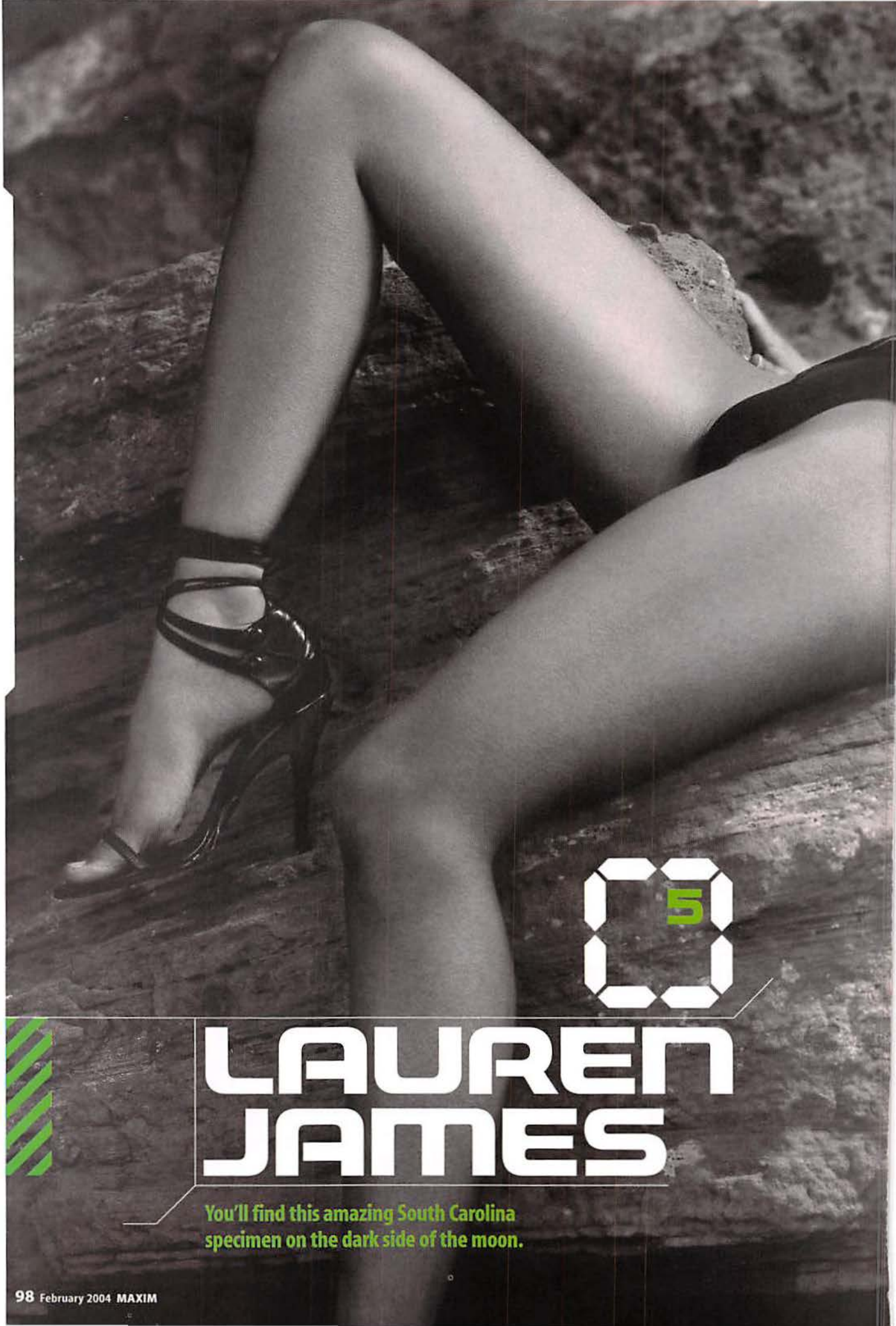


VENUS IS FOR LOVERS

Origin: Australia
Moon weight: 19.2 pounds
Training: If you've ever checked out an, ahem, Wonderbra ad, you might have caught a glimpse of her. She's also done ads for Macy's and Virgin Mobile.
Moonbeams: "I'm thrilled to be doing *Maxim*. It's nice to see myself in a different light, to see a sexier side of myself that doesn't come out that often."
Sustenance: "I'm Australian, so barbecuing is required. I like cooking in general, but lots of barbecue."
Other forms of life: "If I weren't modeling, I think I would be a veterinarian. But right now my dream job is definitely to be a Victoria's Secret girl."
Mating: "I love it when a man surprises me. Usually, guys will send flowers for the first couple of weeks, then slack off. That's not good. Neither is cheating, of course. I want a good personality but not someone who tries to overdo it and impress me. And I'm not into one-night stands!"
Uniform: "I'm a denim freak."
Feet on the ground: "Going to space is not for me. I'm not sure I'd wanna see the world round. It's a little too far. I'm a play-it-safe kind of girl. When it comes to taking risks, I'll leave it to the TV."

PAIGE BUTCHER


When it comes to taking risks, I'll leave it to the television."

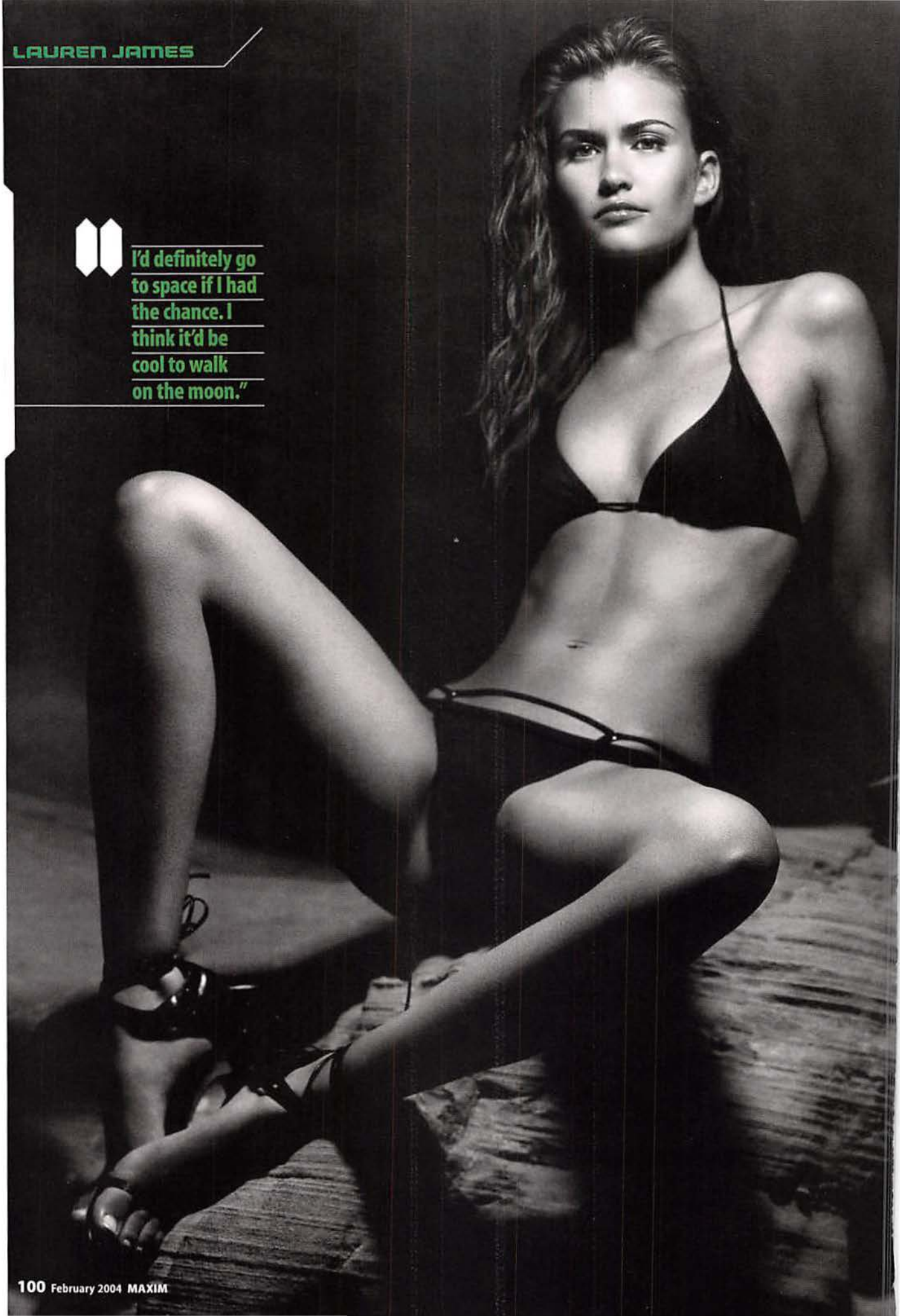


5

LAUREN JAMES

You'll find this amazing South Carolina specimen on the dark side of the moon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT MAXWELL



"I'd definitely go to space if I had the chance. I think it'd be cool to walk on the moon."

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THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

Origin: South Carolina
Moon weight: 17.2 pounds
Earthly accomplishments: Adding much-needed eye candy to music videos for acts like Justin Timberlake, Bryan Adams, and Nelly, and spicing up the sports footage on ESPN and Spike TV.
Current mission: "*Maxim* is one of those magazines that every girl wants to be in, because every guy wants to see it. I mean, just look at the sexy pictures! But the sexiest things about me are my personality and kung fu skills."
Going off course: "The photographer was thoroughly entertaining on this shoot. It was hard to keep a straight face during some of the 'serious' shots."
Down-to-earth girl: "I like rollerblading, Spinning, and seeing movies. I just learned to crochet, and I hate to say it, but I'm hooked on reality shows."
Mating: "I like a challenge. What I want from a man is a heart of gold and an ass of steel. But don't leave the toilet seat up!"
Star sign: "I'm a Cancer, and I'm pretty true to my sign. But when it comes to the guys I'm attracted to, it totally depends on the person, not astrology!"
Most far-out place on Earth: "L.A. No one there is normal."
Moon Pie vs. moonshine: "I've tried both. Definitely Moon Pie."

LAUREN JAMES
"Give me a man with a heart of gold and an ass of steel. But don't leave the toilet seat up!"

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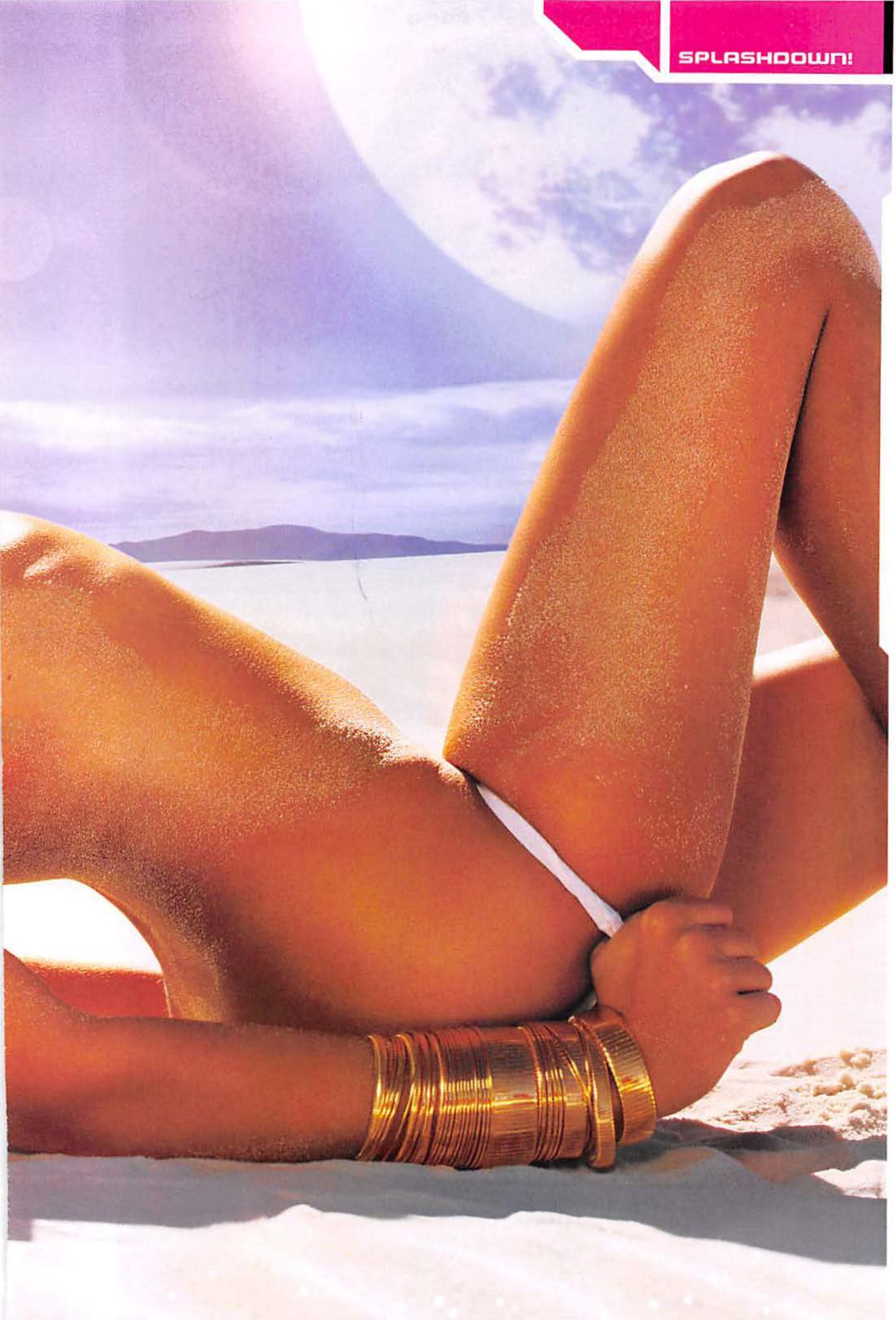
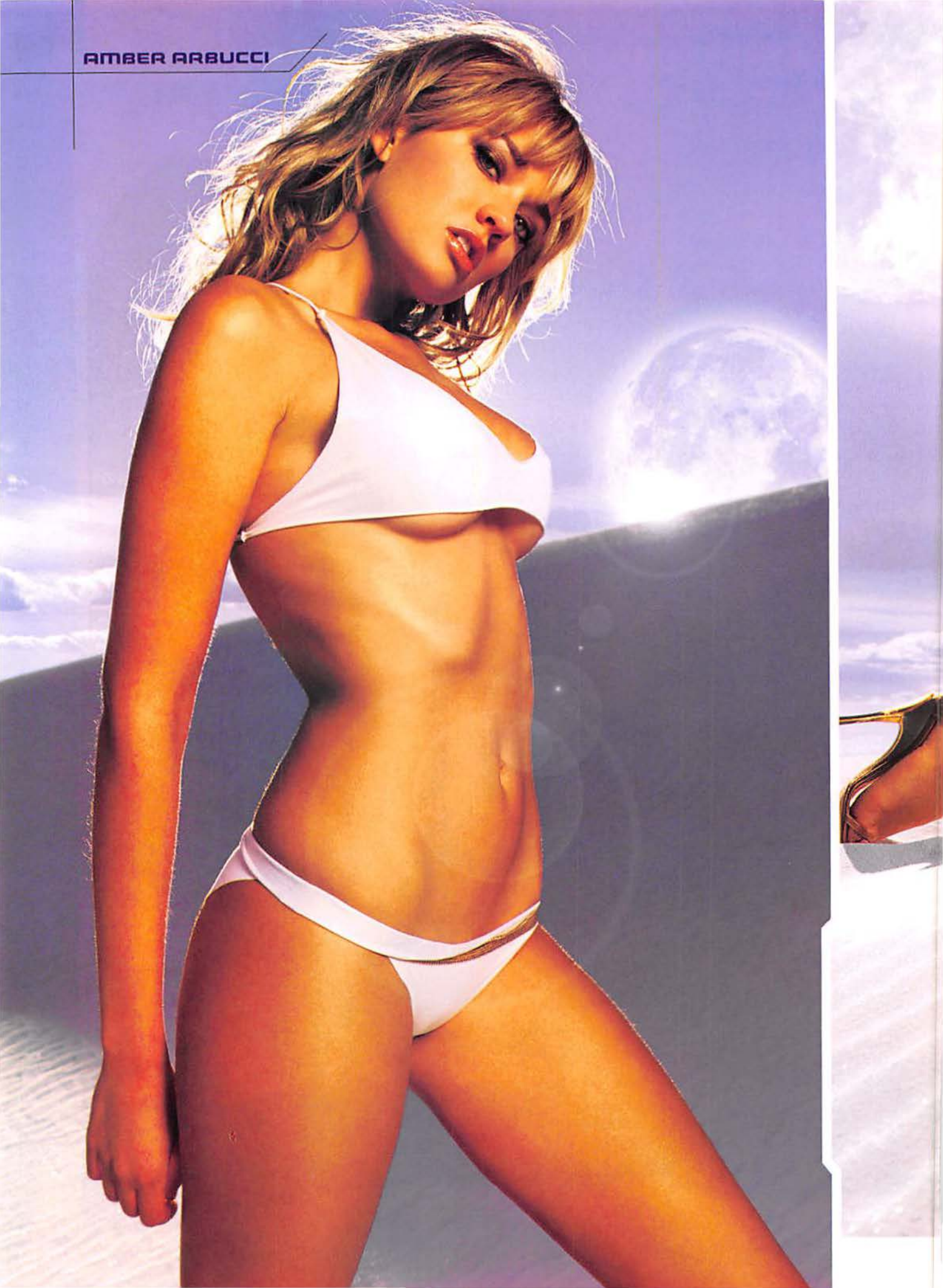
6 AMBER ARBUCCI

This Florida native chills out on the wind-swept plains of Neptune.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MALUCCI



AMBER ARBUCCI



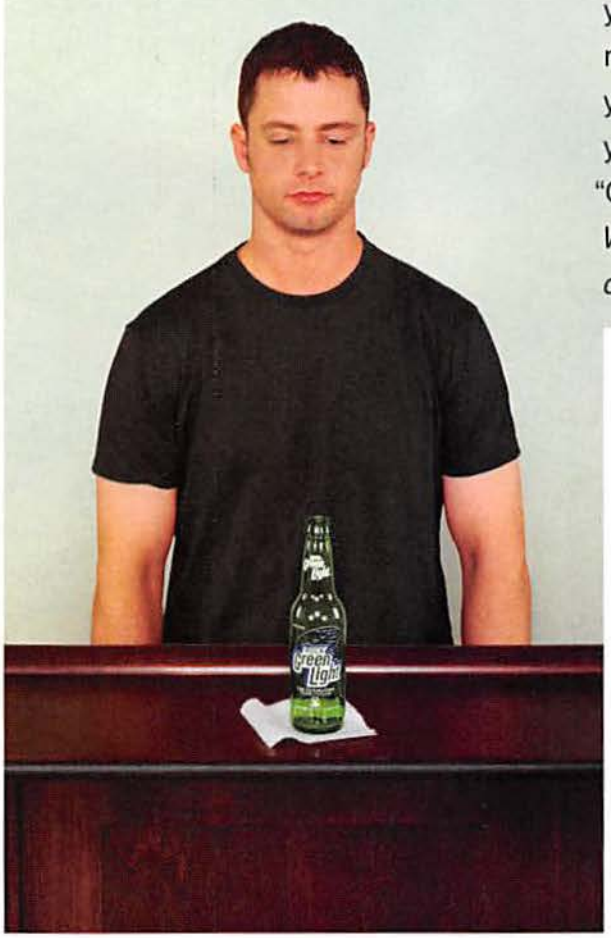
THE MOONS OF NEPTUNE

Origin: Florida
Moon weight: 20 pounds
Earthly accomplishments: Adding to our consumerist lust in campaigns for Victoria's Secret, XOXO, Rampage, and Arizona Jeans.
Exploration: "A girl doesn't walk around every day in a little bikini. This shoot let me play out the fantasy of being really sexy."
Standing tall: "A lot of people like my hourglass curves, but my favorite feature is my long legs. I have a 34-inch inseam."
Getting lost: "I ride a Harley, and I like photography. Recently, I spent a month in Bali backpacking by myself and surfing. It was a nice spiritual getaway. I also went to Hawaii for two weeks to go whale-watching. Being underwater *is* like being on another planet—it's so peaceful!"
Star sign: "I'm a Taurus. Generally, I think I fit it, but I'm really free-spirited, and Tauruses are supposed to be grounded. But I'm also stubborn, which is very Taurus!"
Moons Over My Hammy: "Oh, it's my favorite. I order it all the time at Denny's. It's like eggs and cheese on toast. . . and I always get it with hash browns."
Mating: "What's important in a guy is that he has a sense of humor, he can be spontaneous, and he has goals for himself. The worst thing a guy can do is get jealous."
Next big step: "I'd love to get into acting, but I also just kind of want to move to someplace quiet and open a coffee shop."

AMBER ARBUCCI
My favorite thing about myself is my long legs. I have a 34-inch inseam."

It's EASY to burn off a Green Light.™

A.

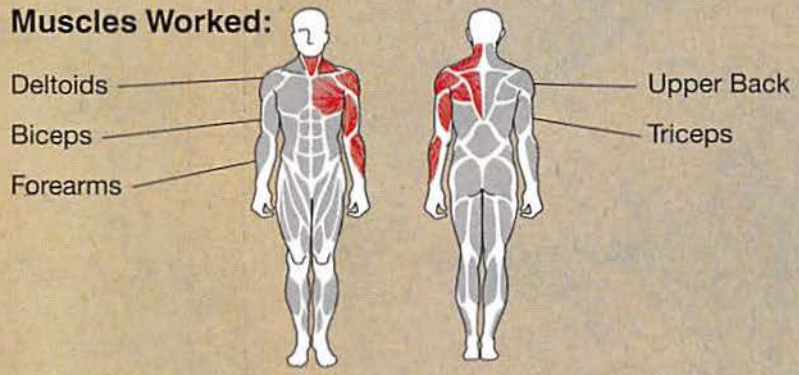


"Ordering Another"

Once you have gained visual evidence that you've finished your Rock Green Light, the new great-tasting low-carb beer **(A)**, raise your hand in the air so the bartender brings you another one **(B)**. He may respond with "Great choice." Alternate arms when tired. *Warning: Do not raise your hand near a low ceiling fan. You may lose some digits.*

B.

Muscles Worked:



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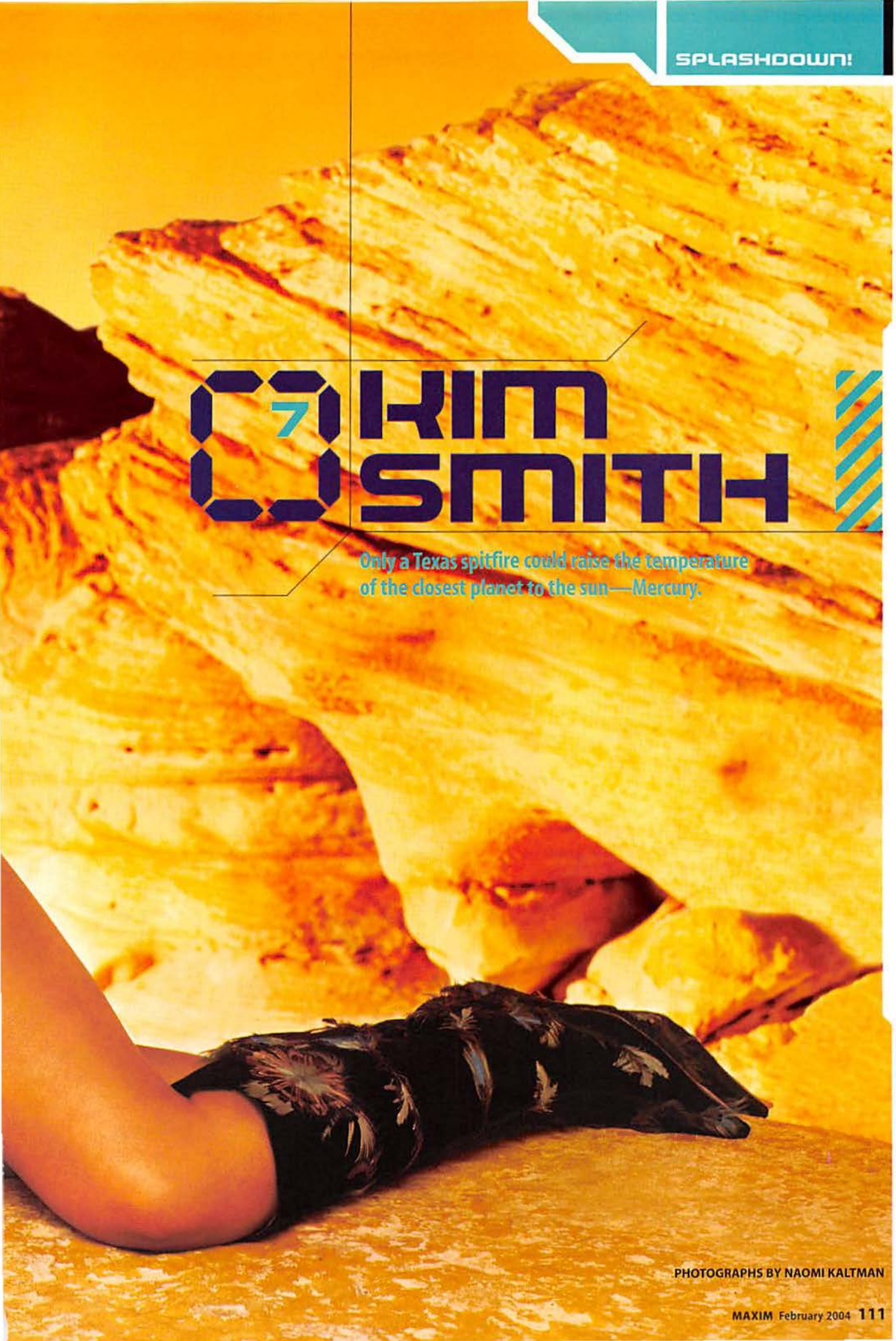

KIM SMITH

Only a Texas spitfire could raise the temperature of the closest planet to the sun—Mercury.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAOMI KALTMAN

MERCURY'S HOT STUFF

Origin: Texas
Moon weight: 19.7 pounds
Earthly accomplishments: She's been the sexy face of Victoria's Secret, Guess? Jeans, and Christian Dior, and one of the "Girls of Summer" in the Aerosmith video.
Climate change: "It was so cold in this location that after every camera click, people were wrapping me up. The best part of the whole shoot was the hot soup!"
Grounded: "The sexiest thing about me is my ability to be normal."
Retasking: "I want to do more acting. I just finished shooting *Catwoman* and had a great time. Sharon Stone was sweet, and so was Halle Berry. But I'm sure eventually I'll want to settle down some."
Fuzzy logic: "The most far-out place on Earth is the North Pole. I was thinking of the pyramids in Egypt, but since Santa lives there, I'm going to say the North Pole."
Mixed signals: "I'm totally afraid of heights. I won't even get on a ladder, much less go to space. I do want to try skydiving, though, if I can ever get over that fear. I might consider blasting off into space."
Keith Moon vs. Rev. Sun Yung Moon: "The reverend is nuts, but Keith is cool nuts, so I pick Keith."
Cruising tunes: "I love the song 'Moondance' by Van Morrison."

"People like my eyes, but what I think is sexy about me is my ability to be normal."

"*Maxim* is one of the sexiest magazines out there. Being in it makes me feel sexy."

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CREW POOP

We polled our girls for their vital stats and said we'd keep them a secret. We lied.

AGE RANGE FOR LOSING VIRGINITY: Three said at 16 or 17, two said between 18 and 20, one waited until 21 or older, and one wouldn't tell us (the nerve!).

FAVORITE SWIM STROKE: Four said the front crawl, two said the doggy paddle, and one does the breast stroke. Why did we ask this question? Who the hell knows?

DREAM JOB: Two said actress, two said homemaker, two were undecided, and one said supermodel. Guess being a topless car washer has fallen out of vogue. Sad.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF TIMES A WEEK THEY'D LIKE TO HAVE SEX: Those who gave a number said 10.5 times. Two wouldn't say, and one said, "Every second of every minute."

WHERE THEY'D WANT TO LIVE: Three said in the middle of nowhere, three said a nice suburb, and one said a big city. Perhaps they could all live together...naked mustard fight!

WHICH CHARLIE'S ANGEL THEY FEEL THEY'RE MOST LIKE: Five claimed Cameron, one said Lucy, one thinks herself Drewish, and none went for Demi—with or without Ashley.

ON A SCALE OF 1–10, HOW DO THEY RATE JASON ALEXANDER? Average: 5. (Three didn't know who the quirky but lovable bald tyke is.)

AVERAGE AGE THEY WANT TO GET MARRIED: Thirty. (And they were all clear about one thing: He must be a *Maxim* subscriber.)

DO THEY CARE ABOUT WORLD PEACE? Six said yes, and one said no. Hey, the Bronx is untamable!

NUMBER WHO HAVE HISSED A GIRL: 3

EYE COLOR: 3 blue, 2 green, 1 brown, 1 hazel

AVERAGE HEIGHT: 5'9"

TOTAL TATTOOS: 1

TOTAL NUMBER OF PIERCINGS: 15

AVERAGE DIGITS: 34-23-34

NUMBER WHO HAVE BEEN TO STRIP CLUBS: 5

HOW THEY KEEP IN SHAPE Five said cardiovascular exercise, one said she eats well, and one said she's just lucky. Hmm, no thigh master...curious.

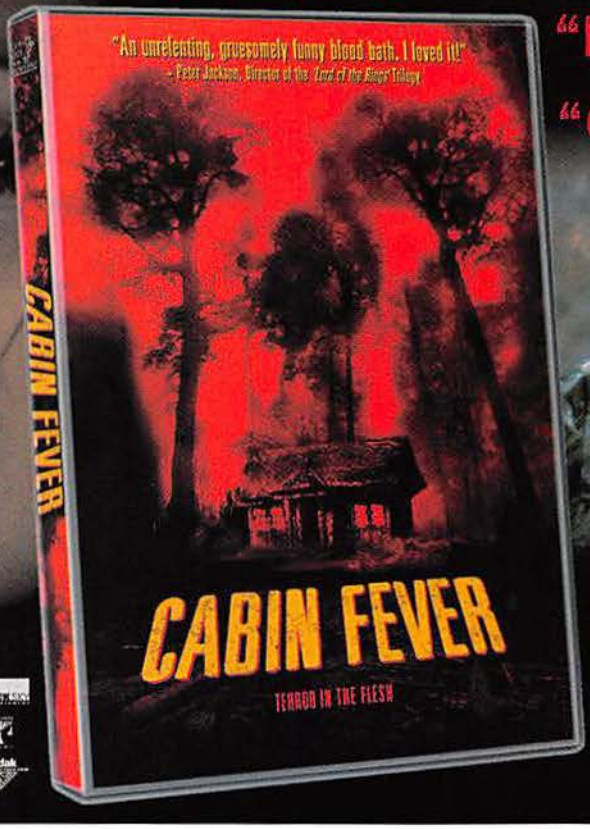
NUMBER WHO WOULD LIKE TO BE SPACE CADETS: 6

HULA HOOPERS: 6

WHEELS: Four said SUV, one said sports car, one said convertible, and one doesn't drive—she's classy!

ILLUSTRATION BY RIAN HUGHES

THE FEVER IS SPREADING!


"An unrelenting, gruesomely funny blood bath. I loved it!"
- Peter Jackson, Director of the Lord of the Rings Trilogy
CABIN FEVER
TERROR IN THE FLESH

"Bloodbath!" - Stephen Holden, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Gory!" - Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

"Gruesome!" - Elvis Mitchell, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Brilliant!" - AINT IT COOL NEWS

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MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

AND THE WINNER IS...

The votes are in, the people have spoken, and the last of the bribes have been smoked, snorted, and swallowed. If we've learned anything from our Hometown Hotties competition, it's that the old song is right: America really is beautiful. Choosing a winner out of this bumper crop of pulchritude was harder than giving Steve Tyler mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Thousands of entrants ...10 finalists...and now, in our March issue, meet your #1 Hometown Hottie. Don't miss it!

Photographs, Charlie Langella

05:45
> JAMES'S CLASS BEGINS
05:47
> JAMES PARACHUTES INTO ALLIGATOR-INFESTED SWAMP
> GET THE BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER
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MAXIM'S 5TH ANNUAL SWIMSUIT SPECIAL!

STYLING: KAREN SHAPIRO HAIR: STEVEN LAKE AT LUXE MAKEUP: HIROMI INOKO AT LUXE

Paula
p.79: Bikini by Vanda Cartucci; body necklace available at Laura Urbanatti, L.A.; belt by Pelle; Boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C., petitpeton.com, 212-677-3730. pp.80–81: Bikini by John Sakalis, 323-572-0850. p.82: Bikini by Joan Vass; cuff available at Satya, N.Y.C. p.83: Bikini by Victoria's Secret.

Annemieke
pp.84–85: Orange bikini by Vanda Cartucci, boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C. pp.86–87: Orange brief by Inca. p.88: Bikini by Malo; ring by Alexis Bittar. p.89: Orange bikini by Rosa Cha; boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C., petitpeton.com, 212-677-3730; necklace by Kitn Enamel.

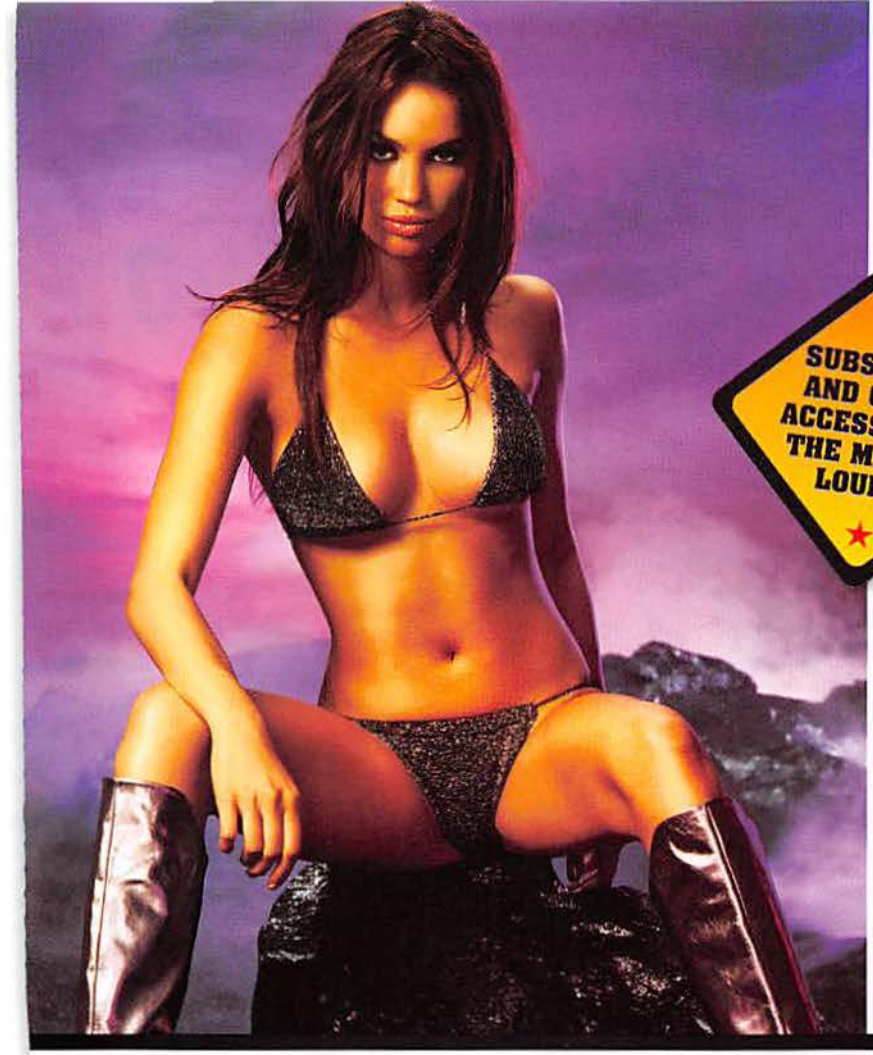
Shawna
pp.84–85: Red bikini by Rosa Cha, boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C. pp.86–87: Red brief by Rosa Cha; boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C. p.89: Red bikini by Rosa Cha; boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C.; necklace by Kitn Enamel. p.90: Bikini by Susan Elizabeth.

Paige
pp.92–93: Bikini by Malia Mills; bracelets by Dinosaur Designs, N.Y.C.; boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C. p.94: Suede bikini by Lost Art; necklaces available at Satya, N.Y.C.; bracelet available at Craft Caravan. p.95: Bikini by Orazio; shoes by Plein Sud. p.96: Bikini by Bella Brazil; cuff by Dinosaur Designs, N.Y.C. p.97: Suede bikini by Lost Art.

Lauren
pp.98–99: One-piece by La Perla; shoes by Petit Peton, N.Y.C., petitpeton.com. p.100: Bikini by La Perla; bracelets by Dinosaur Designs, N.Y.C.; shoes by Petit Peton, N.Y.C. p.101: Black briefs by Pompeii; shoes by Petit Peton, N.Y.C. p.102: Leather briefs by DDC Lab; boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C.; silver cuff by Colette Malouf.

Amber
pp.104–105: Bikini by Vanda Cartucci; bangles by R.J. Graziano. p.106: Bikini by Barely Mary. p.107: Brief by Pompeii; shoes by Petit Peton, N.Y.C., petitpeton.com, 212-677-3730. p.108: Bikini by Rosa Cha.

Kim
pp.110–111: Purple bikini by Laura Urbanatti; purple thong by Cosabella; boots by Petit Peton, N.Y.C.; earring by Kipepeo. p.112: Bikini by Malia Mills; sequin wrap by Orazio. p.113: Bikini by Sauvage. p.114: T-shirt by C + C; bikini by Sauvage.



SPLASHDOWN!

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ARMY OF ONE

MARS HO!

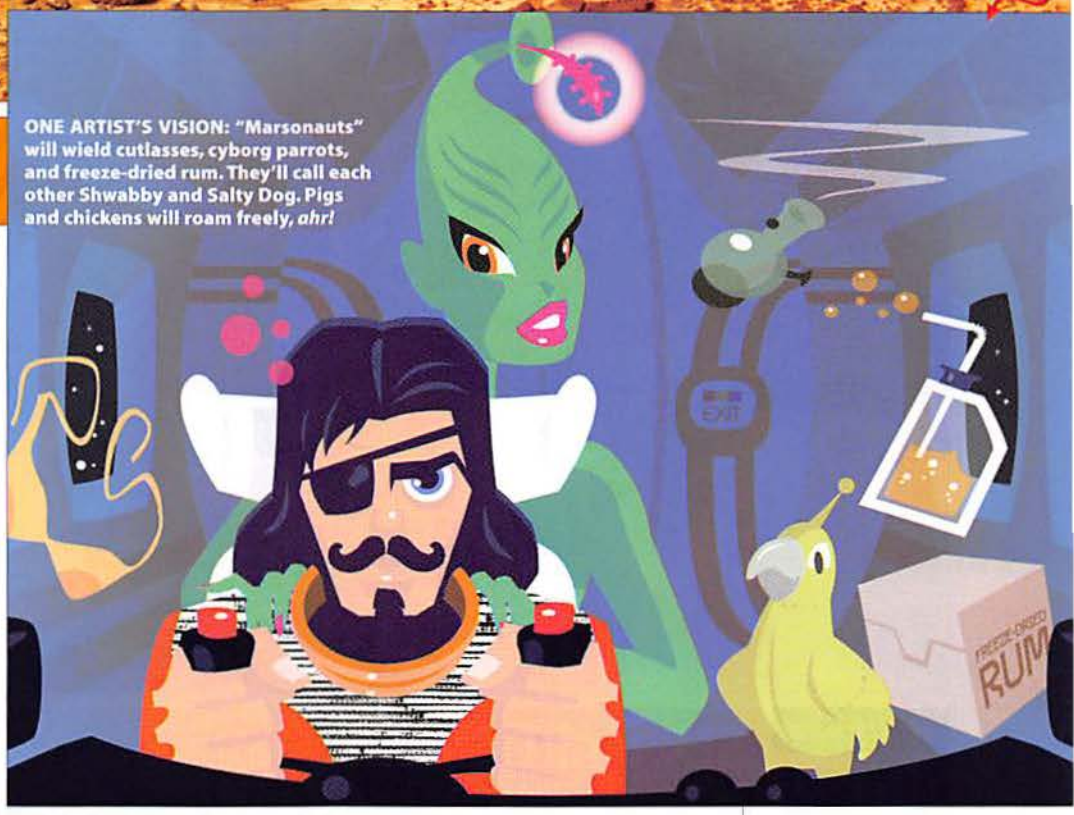
We're finally making the red planet our bitch. But why let NASA booger eaters botch it up? Here's how the future of the planet should take shape.

If NASA's slide rulers haven't slipped up, another two American robotic probes, and one from Europe, are chilling on Mars as you read this. But why are we still sending glorified vacuum cleaners when we already have the technology to enable a man to unzip his space-fly and soil another world? It ain't the money—a mission would cost less than rebuilding Iraq—so it must be lack of will. In the hopes of getting a manned mission finally rolling, we've decided to show what life on Mars could really be like. Call it a road map to a brave new world.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RIAN HUGHES

AWAY WE GO!

Getting there will be half the fun!



ONE ARTIST'S VISION: "Marsonauts" will wield cutlasses, cyborg parrots, and freeze-dried rum. They'll call each other Shwabby and Salty Dog. Pigs and chickens will roam freely, *ahr!*

■ A lottery will be held to determine who gets to take the perilous interplanetary journey to create a paradisiacal, utopian society on Mars, and who gets to stay on war-torn, crowded, crappy old Earth to do the astronauts' laundry.

■ Mars' first group of settlers will represent a cross-section of important Earth skills. Invited: doctors, geologists, Swedish masseuses, teenage hitchhikers, and bartenders who can knot a T-shirt under their breasts. Lawyers, IRS auditors, and AA sponsors will unfortunately have to wait until we colonize Pluto.

■ The seven-month journey would drive conscious passengers insane, so "Marsonauts" will travel in suspended hibernation. Think easy chairs, antigravity bongs, CIA-grade marijuana, and HDTV Cartoon Network.

■ Once out of Earth's atmosphere, the first order of business will be mooning the moon from observation decks. Space beers in pressurized microkegs will make this process easier for some of the female passengers.

■ Living in zero gravity will bring some new phrases into the language. Among them:
road•runner *(v.)* to race in place without getting anywhere.
falling-up drunk *(adj.)* Self-explanatory.
fart•around *(v.)* To power oneself all over the cabin through flatulence alone.
air zamboni *(n.)* To slurp up eerie blobs of floating tequila spills before they interfere with navigational controls.

■ Food will all be freeze-dried. Freeze-dried ice cream, freeze-dried suckling pig, freeze-dried cheese fries, freeze-dried deep-fried Twinkies, and freeze-dried Jell-O shots!

■ Food's dirty cousin: waste elimination. The crew will efficiently and hygienically dispose of all ass-dumplings into the vacuum of space, where they will instantly freeze and dance around entertainingly for viewers on Observation Deck D.

■ All ships will be fitted with multiple high-intensity solid-state lasers (a technology the Pentagon actually possesses and will be rolling out onto the battlefield toot sweet) in case the ship has to defend itself against hostile aliens...or China...or Quebec.

■ Costs for the mission will be partly defrayed by corporate sponsorship, NASCAR-style. After all, it's important to let everyone in the galaxy know that Mello Yello is the preferred drink of the Marsonauts on the spaceship *Word to the Mothership.*

■ The long voyage will be broken up with a side trip to the Hubble telescope, to refocus the giant laser on Las Vegas and vaporize Siegfried, ant-style.

SETTLIN' DOWN

HAL-CATRAZ
Mars' two moons, Deimos and Phobos (Panic and Fear), will be carved into penal colonies. Yes, you can escape...from one to the other.

VALLEY OF CRAP
At five times deeper than the Grand Canyon—and 3 1/2 times as long—Valles Marineris will happily choke down all of Earth's landfill.

CONTINUED ▶

THE FIRST STEPS

The first colony will be Jamestown, Vegas, and Carson City rolled into one.

■ The first man on Mars will be a woman. She'll be followed down the steps by two other women, then some dude. This ratio shall continue indefinitely.

■ After the first ship, all disembarking future ships must walk single file down a ramp lined with paddle-bearing locals.

■ A dust-filled atmosphere and a hostile environment with no drinkable water will inspire Mars' first settlers to call their colony New New Jersey.

■ First words spoken on Mars: "Houston suits, we have successfully landed on fucking Mars. That's a confirm: We are actually standing on fucking Mars."

■ Next words spoken on Mars: "Howton, we are now planting the flag on fucking... Hey! What the...Who the hell are... *aaaah!* We come in peace! We *aaagh*..."

■ "Terraforming," the science of turning a lifeless planet into a living one, will be implemented to make Mars habitable for 600-foot-long genetically engineered man-eating worms, which we'll then release into the wild. Why? Because we can.

■ We'll invite *American Idol* singing sensation Clay Aiken to Mars and play keep-away with his helmet, to test that scene in *Total Recall* where Mars' low-pressure atmosphere makes people's eyes bug out.

IT'S ALIVE!

Life on Mars? Relax. We'll kill it.

■ Researchers believe primitive microorganisms could exist beneath the Martian soil. Under no conditions will the French be allowed to surrender to them.

■ If it turns out there was once life on Mars in the distant past—but now it's gone—we'll scour the planet for evidence of this lost civilization and try to identify where they stashed all the good stuff, like diseases and doomsday weapons.

■ Should Mars turn out to be inhabited by an enlightened civilization superior to our own, we'll present them with a giant ceremonial clock that displays Earth time. Hopefully, they'll ignore the curious ticking sound until it's too late. ▶

As Mars' gravity is just one third of Earth's, sneaking away after sex just means jumping out the nearest window, no matter how high.

MARS 1-2-3

On Mars the numbers are on our side.

■ Since the Martian year is twice as long as Earth's, if a man is put on trial for sleeping with a precocious 16-year-old, the statement, "Your Honor, I thought she was 32," will be considered a valid defense.

■ As many of Earth's months are named for obscure Roman gods (January comes from Janus, March is from Mars), here's how Mars' 22-month calendar will read: Spankyuary, Buckwheatary, Alfalfuary, Elvis, Bacon, Sauron, Frankenberry, Dingleberry, Hasenpfeffer, Tracheotomy, Sanchez, and Pitydafool.

■ The Martian day is 37 minutes longer than an Earth day, which will occasion the following changes:

1. The day will consist of 26 hours instead of 24 by adding a "short hour" of 30 minutes to the end of each 12-hour cycle.

2. This still leaves an extra 14 minutes per Martian day, a discrepancy that will be squared at the end of each month with a special "Fuckaround" day of a length to be determined by someone who can be bothered to do the fucking math.

3. Martian 13-hour watches will have an extra Eternity hand that never moves.

■ As on Earth, there are four seasons on Mars. Unlike on Earth, they will be referred to as Baseball, Football, Basketball, and, uh, Fourthseason. ▶

SETTLIN' DOWN

PASSING GAS

For major parties, Mars' polar dry ice can be heated up with nukes for a cool fog effect.

CONTINUED ▶

SEX, MARTIAN-STYLE!

Can you match the new Martian sex phrases with their meanings?

1. Red rocks	☐	a. A warm, comfortable vagina
2. Glaze the helmet	☐	b. A human who copulates without regard for contraception
3. Vacuum-packed heat muffin	☐	c. An unappetizingly capacious vagina.
4. Repopulation specialist	☐	d. Ejaculate prematurely
5. Defective O-ring	☐	e. Persuade a partner to engage in sex
6. Like tossing Sputnik into Jupiter's Great Red Spot	☐	f. Dangerously full testicles
7. Pry up the ice cap	☐	g. Stimulate testicles with tongue
8. Hose down the launch pad	☐	h. Female backdoor that remains shut
9. Hydrate the Oreos	☐	i. Provide oral satisfaction to a man

REALITY CHECK

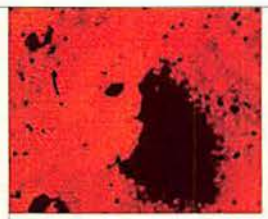
BEHIND MARS

Can you tell the difference between the red planet and Planet Hollywood?

ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS (1964)
In the movie: Marooned astronaut Kit Draper survives by finding water underground.
In reality: Scientists think it is indeed possible that liquid water exists beneath the surface of Mars. Maybe even vodka.

THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES (1980)
In the movie: Ray Bradbury's Martians drive sail cars across the vast plains.
In reality: NASA is researching tumbleweed-style wind-driven vehicles for planet exploration. Can "fart cars" be far behind?

TOTAL RECALL (1990)
In the movie: Arnold brings a breathable atmosphere to Mars by activating an alien device that melts the polar ice cap.
In reality: Governor Ah-nold may be full of hot air, but Mars' icecaps just don't hold enough oxygen to air up the planet.



MISSION TO MARS (2000)
In the movie: The "face on Mars" turns out to be a real monument built by aliens.
In reality: Much to the dismay of New Age freaks, the latest NASA imagery has revealed the face on Mars to be . . . drum roll . . . a huge mound of dirt.

RED PLANET (2000)
In the movie: Val Kilmer's character escapes Mars by hot-wiring a Soviet lander designed to return Martian rock samples.
In reality: The Reds never sent a "sample return" lander to Mars, and bringing Val Kilmer back is beyond human technology.

Quiz answers: 1. f 2. i 3. a 4. b 5. h 6. c 7. e 8. d 9. g

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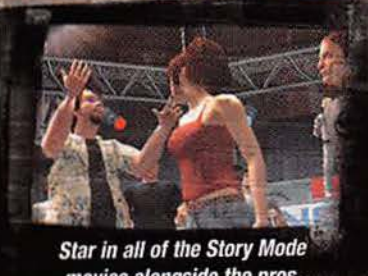

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– Official PlayStation 2 Magazine [U.K.]

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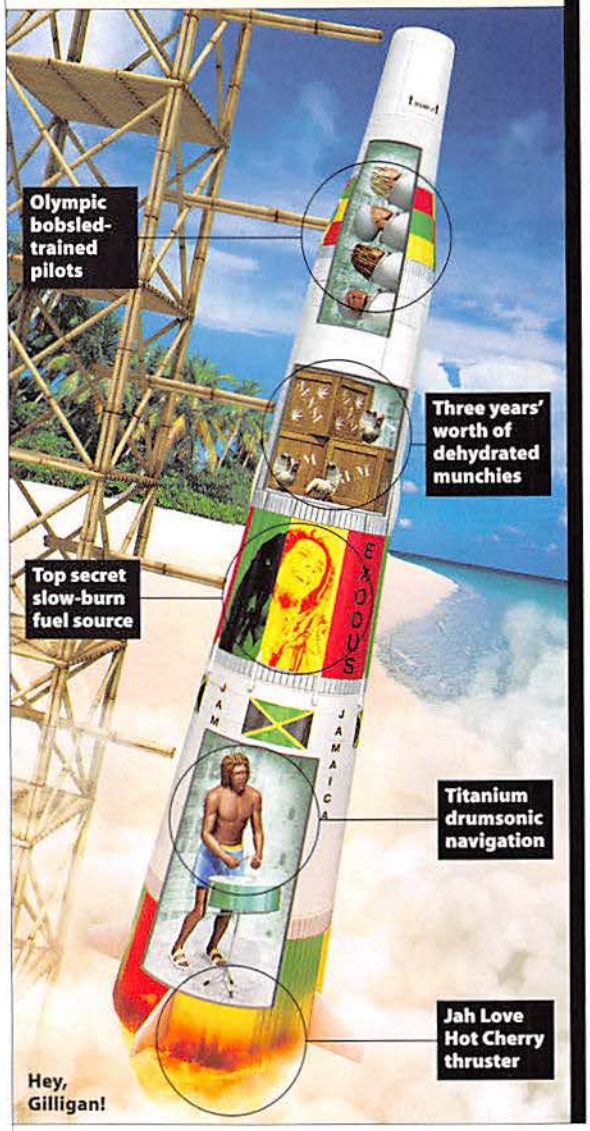
NEVERSOFT
ACTIVISION.

SHIPS OF STATE

JAMAICA ENTERS SPACE RACE!

The island nation's SS *Spliff* lights up for Mars next year.



MARS BARS: Space saloons will be freak shows where all is legal—and the mohawked midget barkeep just might be the mayor.

WORK & LEISURE

Long days in the ore mines, followed by longer nights in alien brothels...

- "I was attacked by Martians!" will not be a valid excuse for missing work. It won't even be funny.
- "Gone fishin'," however, will remain valid despite the absence of water and fish.
- Since Mars is a new territory, any guy will be allowed to claim as large a stake as he wants, provided he can throw Clay Aiken's headless corpse across it.
- Breaking with Hollywood, Martian colonists will choose between one- and two-piece silver jumpsuits. Space Speedos will not be available in the larger sizes.
- Not allowed in the crowded oxygen bars: West Coast New Age idiots.
- Nonsmokers and teetotalers will be cordially invited to fuck off to Saturn.
- Low gravity = stripper pole magic.
- Martian martini: one part gin, one part rocket fuel, pinch of red dust. Shake till hand is blown off; serve with cocktail onion or twist.
- Two words: *blindfolded jetpack knife fights.* OK, four words.
- The top Martian TV programs will be:
  Survivor: Cygnus 1
  Everybody Loves Ray Guns
  Lack of Oxygen Bloopers and Blunders
- Since the radiation on Mars is lethal without a suit, BBQ will be the official cuisine. It will also be the official capital punishment.

GEOGRAPHY

OLYMPUS MONS
At 78,000 feet, Olympus Mons is the biggest titty in the solar system.

GOVERNMENT & LAW

With the federal government 35 million miles away, we'll have no choice but to take matters into our own hands.

- Colonial administrators will be encouraged to use intimidating nicknames like Darren the Merciless, Darth Bruce, and Scourge of the Milky Way O'Reilly.
- All legislation will be voted upon democratically: with rock, paper, scissors.
- Martian money will be denominated in "credits": food credits, water credits, oxygen credits, porn credits, cheesesteak credits...
- The Mars Constitution—and all official documents—shall be in comic strip form.
- Every citizen shall have the right to bear a missile-wielding robotic exoskeleton.
- Mars tourist bureau slogans:
  "Mars—because oxygen is for pussies."
  "We kick Mercury's sun-bleached ass."
  "I heart Dust"
  "Dissuading Bounty Hunters since '04!"
  "Mars—Australia of the galaxy!"
- Illegal aliens (Martians, Venusians, Canadians) will still be granted citizenship, so long as they do the work no one wants to do—like sweep the waste ducts, clean the nuclear life-support generators, and mow the gravel.
- Legal disputes between colonists will be settled the old-fashioned way—in a televised Thunderdome. M

Illustration, Graham Murdoch (Jamaica)

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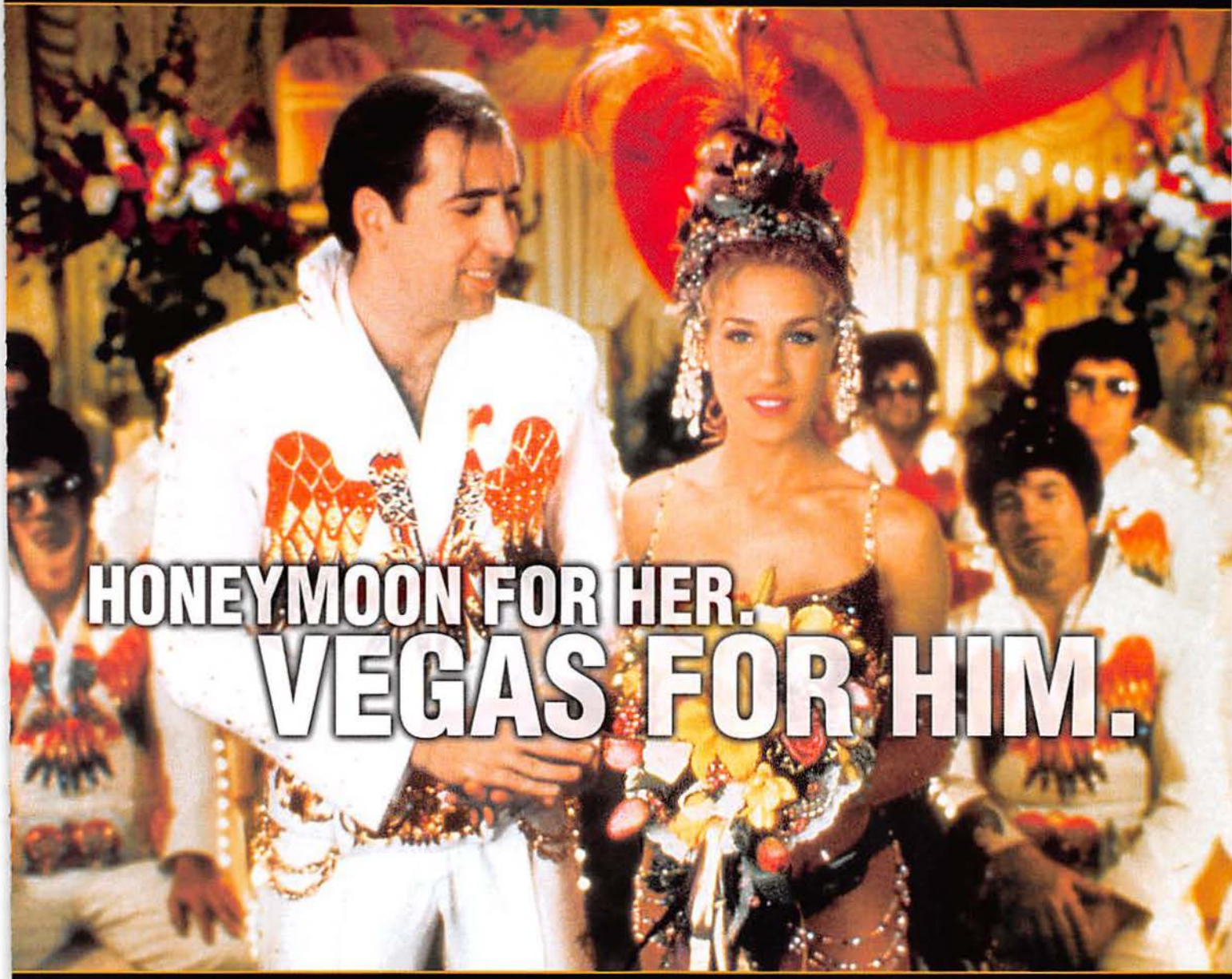

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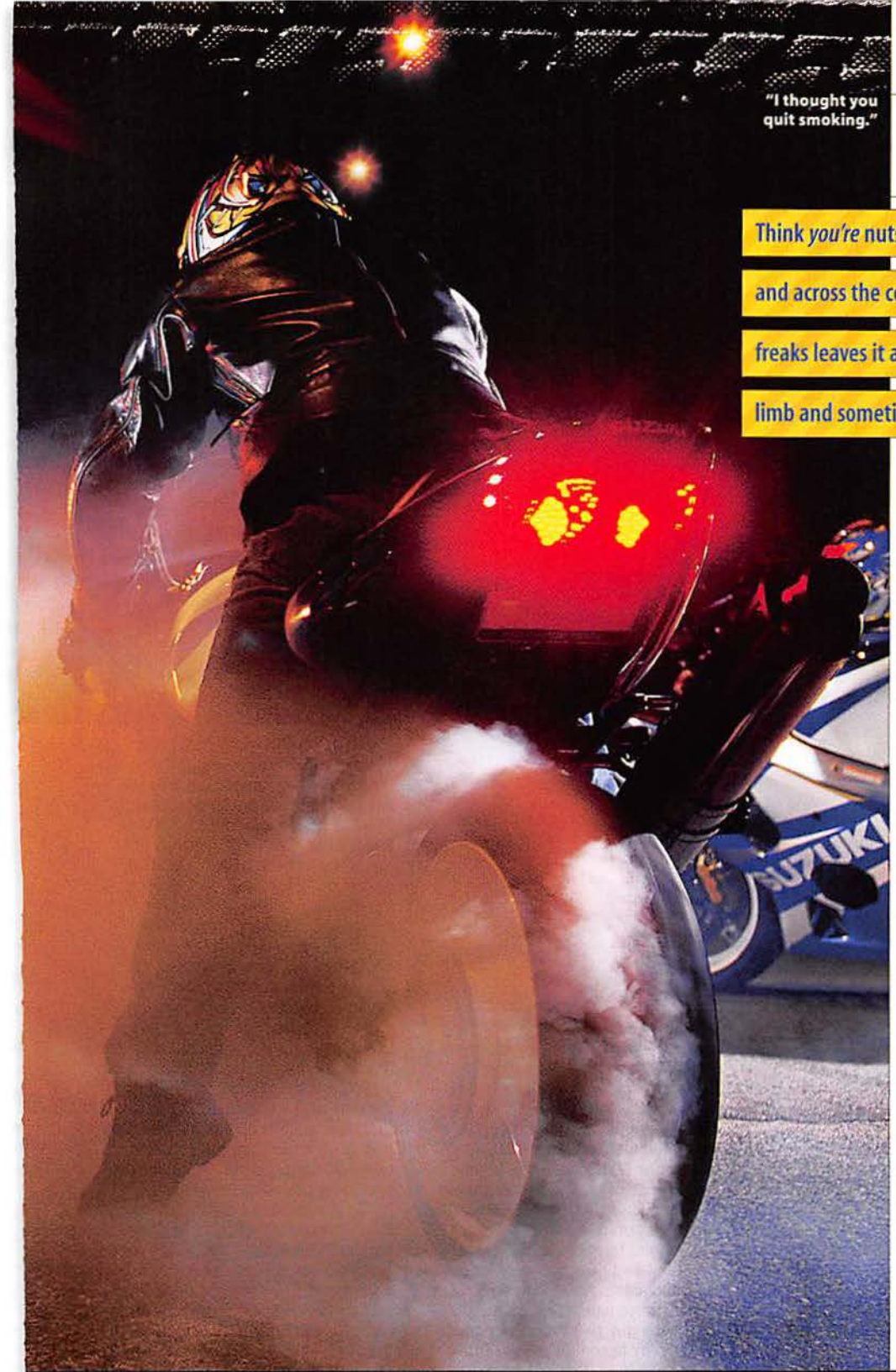

VELOCITY

Think *you're* nuts? On the streets of New York City and across the country, a rare breed of speed freaks leaves it all on the asphalt, risking life and limb and sometimes paying the ultimate price.

Javier wasn't supposed to die at 140 miles per hour.

This is the way Jay Boogie, a 10-year veteran of illegal street bike racing, tells it. It was April 17, 2002, and his friend Javier was part of a group of racers zipping between cars on the Cross Bronx Expressway, taillights of busy traffic approaching them like bullets. Javier had done this countless times before. He was leaning left, cutting right, slipping into empty spaces—a precisely rendered daredevil act. And there he was, as usual, out in front.

But this time it was different—a car had stalled in the right lane. As he rounded a turn, suddenly the taillights were upon him. Javier instinctively swerved left, but instead of finding daylight, he found traffic at a dead stop. He collided with the back of a truck, causing his body to—literally—explode.

Another of the Bronx's best bike racers was gone. Another tragedy. But even as his friends paid their respects at the funeral, they were already thinking about the next race.

On a warm July night, Jay Boogie rolls off the Bruckner Expressway onto Leland Avenue in a working-class neighborhood of the Bronx. Tucked between a gas station and a supermarket, this strip of asphalt is known as the Dog Pound to the street bike racers who gather here.

Everyone knows Jay Boogie and his trademark mirrorless Suzuki Gixxer 1000. Ask any bike-riding bad boy in the neighborhood or from Harlem and they'll tell you Jay Boogie doesn't need mirrors—when you're redlining at 190 mph, you ▶

Under 30 seconds or it's free

already know everyone's behind you.

The sidewalks of Leland Avenue are jammed with locals who've come to see the stars of the streets—the bad boys on their rice burners and crotch rockets, pure racing machines. Jay watches as the other riders pull up. It's an explosion of color: polished Technicolor helmets, brilliant B-ball jerseys, bikes of yellow, red, blue, and white. There are Hondas, Yamahas, even an occasional Kawasaki, but it's mostly Suzukis. Serious racers ride the Suzuki GSX-R 1000, the baddest bike available—all raw, rugged muscle.

Jay Boogie cruises up and parks. He has olive skin, a shiny shaved head, and the ideal racer's build—neither tall nor heavy. The lighter a racer is, the faster he travels. At the Pound or the motorcycle shop he owns, bad-boy speak comes easy for Jay Boogie, but there is no thuggishness to his persona.

Jay Boogie doesn't pull wheelies or smoke tires; he doesn't need to impress anyone. All the burning rubber in the air is just hoopla. Racing is the real action. Jay has raced at the hottest spots—the Dyckman Avenue exit off Manhattan's Henry Hudson Parkway, Zerega Avenue in the Bronx, Fountain Avenue in Brooklyn. It's cash up front, winner takes all. As he searches for some action, he explains that you've got to bait 'em right, work the hustle, the old rope-a-dope. He knows this because he's raced hundreds of times, for thousands of dollars each time. And now he's paying for it; the first race of the year, he blew the plastic off 'em, beat 'em by seven car lengths.

"Stupidest thing I've ever done,"

"Look, Ma! No brains!"

Javier collided with the back of a truck. The impact caused his body to explode.

he says, searching for an opponent. "Watch—no one will race me."

But setting up a drag race means a lot of people on the move. And these days that calls for a degree of caution. Fatalities like Javier's have meant the NYPD uses unmarked cars, roadblocks, and helicopters to put popular strips "on lockdown." So they've started street racing, an impromptu form of cat-and-mouse, head-to-head racing. It's about street cred, not cash. And in the Bronx that can be more valuable than money.

"Some guy had written on his bike, 'Why tiptoe through life to arrive safely at death?'" says Jay Boogie. "If you're gonna be afraid to live, what's the point?"

CASH 'N' CRED

An hour later a race is shaping up. Jay Boogie is one of many who have followed a Dominican racer known as Pantera into a lot down Leland. Trash talk runs like a brush fire. A biker in a red Fox Racing cap challenges Pantera. The pre-race posturing begins, and two large groups swirl around each other, Pantera the center of one, his challenger the other. Beneath the murky yellow streetlights, Jay keeps track as the debate builds. A thousand dollars? Two thousand? Nobody can agree. But it's not just acting; debate over the specs of each bike is a crucial part of the negotiation. Variations like power commanders, high-compression pistons, carbon-fiber pipes, steering dampers, and steel-braided brake lines determine the split-second finish of a race.

An agreement is made, and the crowd mobilizes like a small battalion. Spectators line the highway overpasses, hoping to catch a glimpse of a 190 mph blur. Cars and bikes line the side of the road, waiting for the moment to move across the highway and block oncoming traffic. Then, tense as cowboys in a shootout, the two bikers move to the start.

On the starting line the riders stare straight ahead, ignoring the hundreds of pairs of eyes upon them. A starter stands in front of them, his arm raised. Then it falls. *Bam!* The bikes scream. The riders lean forward, tweaking the rear brake, dragging the clutch. It's like they've been shot out of a howitzer. Both men stay tucked tight, thighs shaking as they clench their chassis. *Bam!* They hit second gear, the G-force making them hold on with all their might. *Bam!* Third gear and they're almost floating, like a beam of light screaming through the night. *Bam!* Fourth gear: All neurons firing, the riders are no longer men on machines; they're supernovas streaking across the tarmac. *Bam!* Fifth gear, 180 mph, the crowd is trying to keep track of who's ahead...and it's over.

Above, from left: Bad boys Polo, Freddie, Adam, Jay Boogie, and Rob show off their rides at the Bronx's infamous Dog Pound. Above right: Pre-race negotiations involve gestures as much as words. Below right: Safety equipment is for pussies, but the price of machismo is high: Here a rider receives some quick medical attention after a taking a spill without gloves.

Sometimes it's so close the judges can't make a call. Not this time. Pantera crosses the line first, continuing up the highway before doubling back. The entire race is over in less than seven seconds.

The spectators drift back to their cars. But the bad boys will keep talking about it, replaying it, reliving it. They know the drill, know the level of concentration needed just to stay vertical. The dangers are all too real: Miss a gear and you're laying out cash. Come off the line crooked and you're a laughing stock. Lose control and you're dead.

THE PRICE OF RACING

Sport bike sales have more than doubled since 1996, mainly because $10,500 will now get you a 988 cc, four-stroke, 145 hp Gixxer 1000 that nails 60 mph in three flat. That means more bad boys on the road and more drag races. And that means more rookies over their heads, more ambulances, more police tape.

"It's all about ego," Jay Boogie says of the young guns out to prove themselves. "That's why people are getting hurt. They're thinking with the wrong head."

A street race is different from a drag race. There's less formality and organization. No cash changes hands. A glance or a nod sets it off. On the Bruckner, the Bronx River Parkway, or the Cross Bronx, a street race means flying between lanes, weaving among cars, tight turns, and long straightaways. It's drafting and passing. It's spontaneous, creative, a five-minute blur carved into a summer night.

'Biker Boyz? Total bullshit,' Jay Boogie says. 'They exaggerate every move.'

It's the improvisation that makes street racing less predictable, more dangerous, and highly addictive. "The feeling is unbelievable," Jay Boogie says. "People compare it to drugs, but I've never done drugs. ▶

SADDLE UP!

Wanna mix it up with the street-racing bad boys? Ditch the dirt bike and snag yourself one of these real rides.

SUZUKI GSX-R

The DL: The GSX-R1000 version is the quickest stock bike on the street.
Extra edge: Trade stock aluminum or steel parts for carbon-fiber or titanium replacements and watch the weight drop off. **(1)**
Who's riding? A true badass who's just gotta go fast. When speed's all that matters, there's no other choice.

YAMAHA YZF-R1

The DL: Sleek design makes it sharper than Freddy Krueger in a tux.
Extra edge: Get more vroom by replacing the stock exhaust with one by Akrapovic. **(2)**
Who's riding? A man who values style above all else. The R1 won't win every race, but it always gives the ladies something nice to look at.

SUZUKI GSX1300R HAYABUSA

The DL: With enhancements it can push 200 mph.
Extra edge: Shorten the front end and stretch out the swing arm. Why? Because lower and longer are essential to keeping the bike from bucking. **(3)**
Who's riding? The guy who demands respect.

Clockwise from above: Crazy Tito rides calmly on the backseat as a friend pulls an "endo"; Jay Boogie enjoying the slow life at home with his 11-year-old daughter, Jessie; a street racer's sticker.

It's like a roller coaster, but faster. And you're in control."

On the streets of the Bronx, there are no lights, no film crews, no Laurence Fishburne. "*Biker Boyz*? Total bullshit," proclaims Boogie. "They exaggerate every move. They even have guys racing on dirt." But the price can be high.

"I know over 20 guys personally," says Boogie, "guys I consider my friends, who have passed away."

Then why keep going? Speed? Money? No, it's something more. It's something for bad boys growing up in the Bronx who don't have a 401k or a summer home. Guys who love what riding does for them. Like Jay's friend Angelo Rodriguez. They called him Captain America because he had stars and stripes on his bike. When Jay Boogie opened his shop, Angelo worked for free because he loved being around the motorbikes.

"We're not nobodies," says Jay Boogie's friend Brandon. "In our community, when you show up, they know who you are."

HOMEBOY

Jay Boogie sits quietly in the kitchen of his two-family house in the Bronx's Country Club neighborhood. Off the streets life is neither fast nor furious. It's watching the Steelers and paying bills, vacationing in the Bahamas and taking the kids to the water park. Jay's live-in girl, Lilly, dishes out some rib tips from the neighboring Chinese place. Their 11-year-old daughter, Jessie, sits nearby, doing her homework. Jay Boogie's mom, Irma, lives in the apartment downstairs.

'It's Russian roulette every time you put the key in the ignition. I want a racing sticker on my casket.'

"I'm my mother's only child," he explains. "I try to give her the best, like she gave me." Examples of the best fill his apartment: a 54-inch television, a leather living room set. Like most of the other racers, he's working long, hard hours—like Billy, a Battery Park doorman; Hector, an EMT; and Adam, who has spent a decade at Cablevision. Jay's shop, Cycle Depot, is a dream come true.

"I've been riding something forever," Jay Boogie admits. "But then the GSX-R dropped in 1985, '86, and that's what blew up the whole street scene. I went half on a Ninja 600 with a friend, but splitting a bike between two guys who want to ride and pick up girls isn't good, so I got my own GSX-R750."

Lilly knows about the escalating scene as well as the danger. She is a New York City cop. It's a conflict, but not irreconcilable. "We don't even talk about it," Lilly says of the legal implications. "Anyway, a lot of cops ride." Jay Boogie's got a few cops' bikes in his shop to prove it. Lilly is a good cop and a good girlfriend. She understands that while the shop may be Jay Boogie's business, motorcycle racing is his life. But sometimes it's tough for her to watch him go.

"I worry more than ever," Lilly says. "But they're still gonna ride anyway. When he leaves at night, I just assume he's coming home."

"I say it all the time," says Boogie. "I've been down, like, 10, 12 times. You play Russian roulette once you put the key in the ignition, but I'll be racing as long as God lets me ride. I want a racing sticker on my casket."

STREET LIFE

The rain has been killing them 12 out of 15 weekends. It's finally a dry Friday, but word has it that the Five-O is all over Leland Avenue, so everyone's down in front of the Wild Aces club underneath the Bruckner Expressway. The crowd is bigger than normal, egging on the six bikes that are whizzing back and forth, ▶

THE REEL DEAL

Moviemakers love to focus on the underground, but how often do they get it right?

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS (2001)

Scene it: On a closed-off L.A. street, four speed freaks race a mile for $6,000 and a pink slip.
Done it: Southern Cali's new laws—one makes it a misdemeanor to even *watch* illegal racing—now have racers pulling sleepless nights over Jon and Ponch's tight pants.

HACKERS (1995)

Scene it: Six high school techno-punks hack into a 3-D corporate mainframe from pay phones at Grand Central Station. Neat!
Done it: Some real-life hackers were so pissed at the movie they broke into its Web site, leaving the word *not* before the title and ranting about its lameness. Now, *that's* scary.

FIGHT CLUB (1999)

Scene it: Dozens of guys meet in the dank basement of a dive bar, get semi-naked, and pummel one another with bare fists for the sheer joy of giving pain.
Done it: After the movie coeds at Brigham Young University were caught on videotape beating one another. Couldn't they have just gotten a hotel room?

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS (2000)

Scene it: A mage, an elf, a dwarf, and two thieves battle a sorcerer in the magical land of Izmer over a staff capable of controlling dragons.
Done it: For the vast majority of Dungeons & Dragons players, any battling over a staff is done with a single fist.

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up on one wheel, then the other. Itching for action, Jay Boogie spies a racer named G on his Hayabusa.

"Run the mile?" taunts Boogie. "Stock for stock," he specifies, meaning racing against an unmodified bike. It's Greek to most, but to bad boys it's the rules of the game—a mile or a quarter mile, a four-length head start—that make a race.

"No mile," says G. "Quarter."

A crowd gathers.

"Give me four on the break and I'll do the quarter," Jay answers, asking for a lead of four bike lengths.

"You're beggin' for too much."

Boogie and G get nose to nose. Electricity crackles through crowd. G holds up a wad of cash.

"I got $500. Let's do it!"

"I got a grand," says one of G's posse. "Who gonna cover it?"

"Zerega to the bridge," says Boogie, outlining the course.

"You're the king of the 1000, but I'm the king of the 1300," taunts G, referring to Jay Boogie's bike, which is a 1000. G's Hayabusa is a 1300.

"Shit. We do the mile, after third gear I'll pass you in reverse."

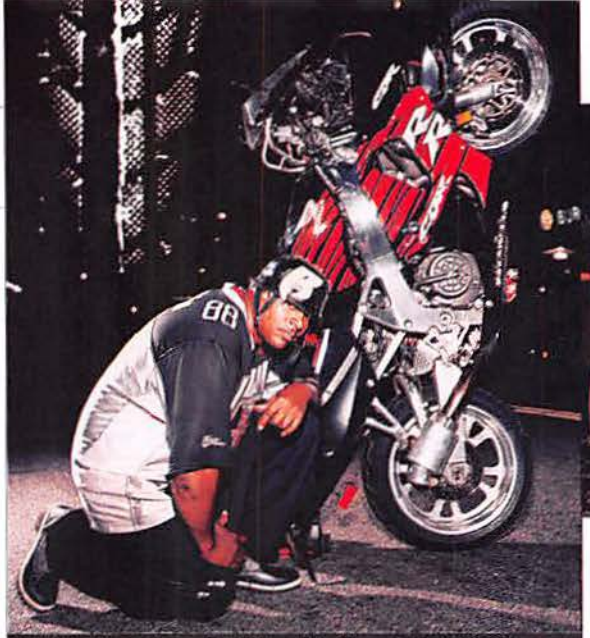
"If you're trying to hustle me, I'll shoot some motherfucker."

They stand a moment awash in an eerie silence. Then the engines fire.

LAST RIDE

On a cloudless afternoon, it's business as usual at Jay Boogie's shop in the shadow of the White Plains Road 2 and 5 trains. Outside, bikers meticulously wipe down chrome wheels and steel chassis. Inside, behind the counter, Jay Boogie handles orders and helps customers. The showroom holds several bikes, wall-mounted gear, and gleaming parts behind a glass enclosure.

But the real action is through another door, where nearly 70 bikes are in various states of disrepair. Today faces are long, conversations short. The shop closes early, at 4 P.M. Within the hour more than two dozen bikes take to the road and pull out slowly, a strip of black ribbon tied to every handlebar.



Above left: Street-racing bikes, like the one shown here, average more than 145 horsepower. Right: Road rash on the hands is one of the daredevil sport's more benign injuries.

For the racers of the Bronx, there is no turning back, no surrender.

Forty minutes later they arrive at the white-brick Rivera Funeral Home in Astoria, Queens. Angelo Rodriguez' maroon Chevy truck pulls up in front, towing a Gixxer 1000 on a trailer, draped in a black sheet. Two by two the bad boys quietly enter the doorway to pay their last respects.

Jay Boogie leaves the funeral home. Angelo Rodriguez was one of us, he says. A good man who worked hard at his mailroom job, helped friends, and never asked for anything in return. Angelo's aunt and uncle approach. They want to know what happened. So Jay Boogie tells them, not only because he was there but because it is his duty. They were riding back on the Belt Parkway from Coney Island. They'd handled much sharper, steeper, and faster rides, he assures them, but somehow Angelo grazed the wall and couldn't get off. Somehow he couldn't avoid the pole.

"He died doing what he loved!" proclaims his aunt, like a woman who has just heard the word of God.

But Jay Boogie doesn't tell them there were too many cars and too many bikes, that they were going too fast. He doesn't mention that some of them were racing each other because they wanted to be in the front, because that's where you show your skill, your *cojones*—because that's what you do with 145 horsepower. His friend Angelo Rodriguez was only 34 years old. He leaves out the part about the puddle of bubbly blood and the lone boot sitting in the middle of the highway.

Despite the thrill of the growling engine, most guys know when enough is enough, when to pull on the brake lever. But for the racers of the Bronx, there is no turning back, no surrender to moderation.

"Racing's made my life better," Jay Boogie explains. "As sad as it is to see someone I know pass away, it makes me appreciate my life that much more. And if I die on a motorcycle and you stop riding because of it, I'm coming back from the dead—and you won't sleep till you get back on a bike." M

SPEED FREAKS

Looking for ways to fritter away even more of your worthless life? Try these!

SMOOTH MOVE

Competitors in the International Belt Sander Drag Race Association enter either the stock or the modified series and race down a 30-foot track at speeds way beyond the reach of your company Yugo. *(beltsander-races.com)*

FREEWHEELIN'

If you wish to be mocked relentlessly by friends and family, then unicycle racing's for you. Straight shooters can do anything from sprints to 10K marathons, off-road, backward, or while juggling. *(unicycling.org/usa/)*

CUT THE CORNERS

Enjoy riding lawn mowers but wish you could really feel the wind in your hair? Here's your chance. Mower jockeys get up to speeds of 60 mph on a track. Call us old-fashioned, but we prefer bush. *(letsmow.com)*

CART ATTACK

Every year since 1998, nutjobs in Ann Arbor, Michigan wait for traffic to clear in order to bomb through town in customized go-carts. The winner's prize? A chat with the neighborhood cops, who don't sanction the run. *(jim.rees.org)*

HOT SEATS

Members of the National Organization of Bar Stool Racing in America get their stools flying on street courses and drag strips at 45 mph or more using electric- or gas-powered motors. We'll drink to that. *(barstoolracing.net)*

"I call my ride 'Please Kill Me Now.'"

MAXIM SHACKS UP WITH marie claire (AND SKIPS OUT BEFORE BREAKFAST)

LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX BABY!

Take the Maxim/Marie Claire survey at maximonline.com and win free sex for life!* (Or a vacation.)

Women. For thousands of years, we've been trying to decipher their secrets. Why do they want to reform the douchebags they swoon over? What's with all the pillows? And just what the hell is it they carry around in those bags of theirs?

The answers are on the way!

Here's your chance to improve life for your entire gender. (And, more importantly, for you.) Head to maximonline.com and answer 30 questions about sex, relationships, and, well, sex. We'll share the answers with *Marie Claire*'s readers, and soon your girl will be able to pleasure you in the sack without your having to do all that "talking" nonsense.

But here's the best part: At this very moment, thousands of *Marie Claire* girls are answering our dirty questions. We'll publish *their* secrets in an upcoming issue so you can learn how to drive any woman wild—or at least get one to give you a real phone number for once in your damn life.

And to sweeten the pot: One lucky survey filler-outer will win a weekend travel package for two anywhere in the continental U.S. from Hotwire.com, worth about $800. So go online and take the survey already! The sex life you save may be your own.

Hotwire.com
Fly. Sleep. Drive. Cheap.

Go to maximonline.com to take part in this groundbreaking survey—and send your lady friends to marieclaire.com, too.

up. Andie Markoe-Byrne. Wendy Brown: hair. Lauren Nakamoto for artistsbytimothypriano.com. Shot on location at NV N.Y.C. for Moschini Productions.

*Free sex not included and is at the sole discretion of reader's significant other/local hookers.

RAISING THE BAR

Girlfriend skipped town for the weekend, leaving you in charge? Do some home improvement... by turning her apartment into a sleazy pub!

1. DOORZ 2 BARZ

You need a long, flat surface for the bar, and nothing's quicker than hijacking the front door. Use a hammer and screwdriver to pop the hinge pins, remove the hinge plates, lay the door across her end tables, and tada! Extra credit: Pry tiles from the kitchen floor and seal them to the countertop for a glossy, wipable bar that's great for sliding patrons across.

2. BEER TAPS

Next, you'll need to install a keg or two. The ideal tap is a molded urethane knob cast in the shape of a busty beer wench or one-eyed sea dog, but that's not always available. Solution: Use ordinary taps, but replace the boring metal levers with your girlfriend's cherished sterling silver candlesticks. Relax—it's nothing your propane blowtorch can't handle. Weld done!

3. TIKI BAR ROOF

Give your watering hole a festive Third World tropical vibe! Fasten three identical broomstick handles to the drywall behind your bar via toggle bolts. Next, tear the lush green fronds from your girlfriend's prized miniature palms and gently lay them across your rough-and-ready roof. To secure the flora in place, use her fingernail glue; the stuff's stronger than tire sealer.

4. SALOON DOORS

Nothing screams dive bar like a pair of rickety, wind-blasted spaghetti western saloon gates. Get yourself an ugly pair by unscrewing two doors from your gal's kitchen cabinets or TV stand. Then install 'em in the entranceway via cheap double-latching spring-loaded hinges. Just make sure that they, like your creepy uncle Walter, swing both ways.

5. DISCO FEVER

You know what four dollars buys today? It doesn't even buy three dollars! So use a little ingenuity in building your disco ball, Guido. See that faux antique mirror hanging on the wall? One well-placed smack with the butt end of a whiskey bottle will produce a do-it-yourself mosaic of little reflective shards. Glue 'em to a basketball and soon you'll be stayin' alive.

6. POINTED LOOK

Monet. Van Gogh. Degas. Your girlfriend probably has a framed museum print by one of these cats hanging where there already happens to be a nail hole. Do her a favor: Cut out the face and create a one-of-a-kind work with her glide-on lipstick. Composed of concentric circles and a series of numeric values, your new piece of interactive art will be called "dartboard."

7. IDIOT BOX

If you want to attract a crowd of high-fiving, beer-guzzling frat monkeys on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, make sure the big game is on. Commandeer the missus' plant shelf and bolt it near the ceiling in a corner of the room. Hoist the tube onto your ledge, loosen the cable input to ensure properly shitty reception, then splash with beer and serve.

8. ACOUSTICS

The neighbors are filing noise complaints again? Lucky for you, your old lady just made a shitload of hollandaise sauce for her Daughters of the American Revolution potluck brunch, and there are hundreds of soundproofing tiles—egg cartons to the untrained eye—sitting in the trash. Staple them to the ceiling and . . . there's a kind of hush all over the world tonight.

9. DÉCOR

No dive bar is complete without oddball decorations. For a cool *Brady Bunch* look, string together your girlfriend's otherwise useless Sting, Dixie Chicks, and Sarah Brightman CDs with wire, and hang the shimmering tapestry from the front of the bar. Then raid her dresser and tart up the joint by pinning panties to everything in sight, including your forehead.

10. VELVET ROPE

If your girlfriend has a uterus, then, statistically speaking, she also has thick, velvety curtains. Take down the hangings, twist one of 'em into a rope, and hook either end to the front door. If she also has a huge Samoan friend, station him near the rope with a clipboard and a cell phone earpiece. In case your lady comes home early, make sure she's *not* on the list.

Homemade Revving: Annie Wilkerson for FHM; Bennett Hair and makeup, Bryan Lynde for FHM; BJ Bennett

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE. ILLUSTRATION BY STUDIO LIDDELL

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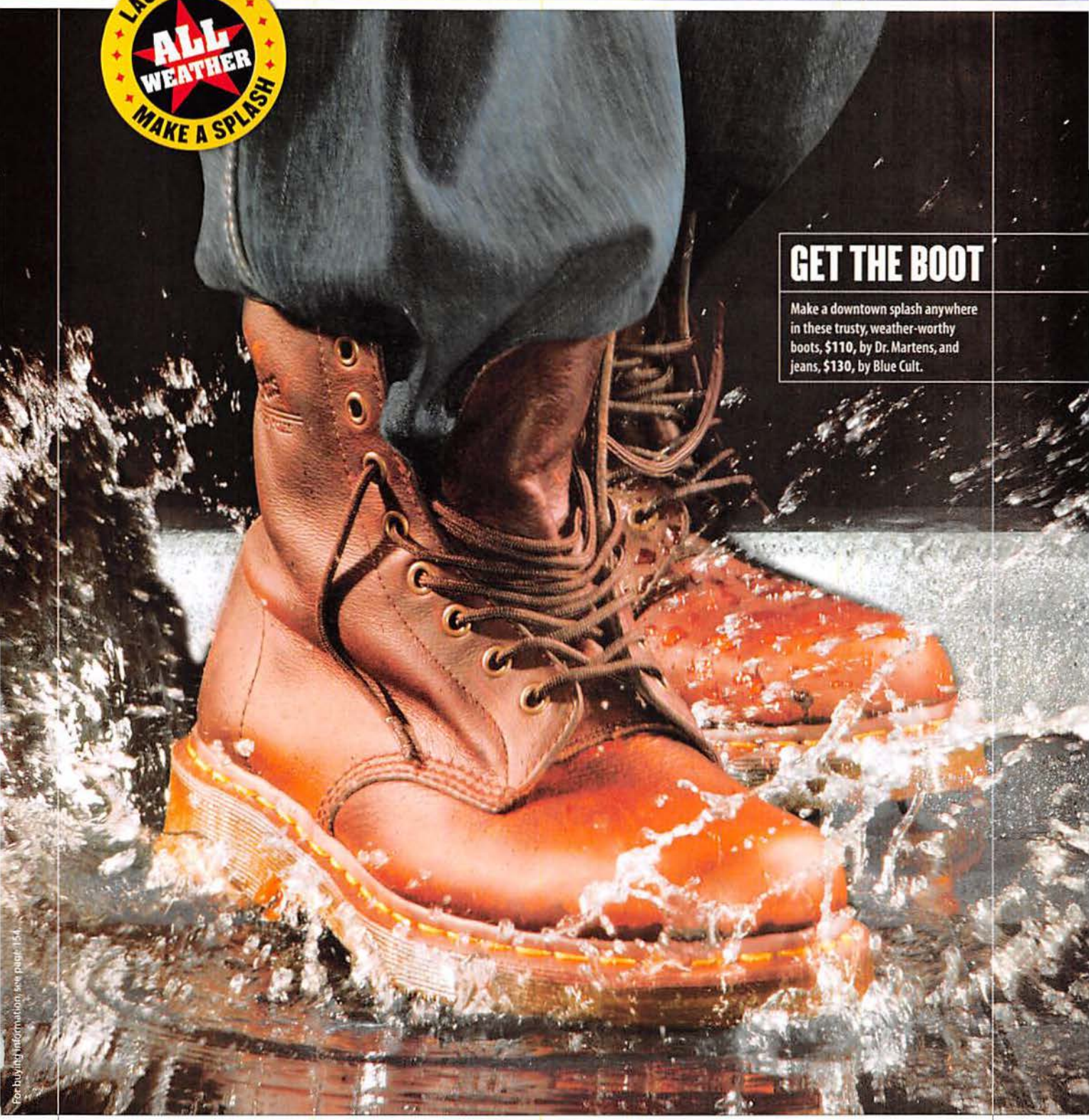


GET THE BOOT

Make a downtown splash anywhere in these trusty, weather-worthy boots, **$110,** by Dr. Martens, and jeans, **$130,** by Blue Cult.

For buying information, see page 154.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS GALANTE STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO

Switzerland's Martin Rutz says it's all about free riding less-traveled resort slopes. His other hobbies include painting watercolors and collecting leaves. Hey, we're not here to judge.

SEASON PASS

Even if you ride goofy, you'll look slick in this season's coolest outerwear.

STILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO AND SUSAN MURAKOSHI

COOL

Neo-Vacuum gloves, **$50,** by Drop

Mission bag, **$60,** by Dakine

Synth helmet, **$110,** by Burton R.E.D.

Goggles, **$120,** by Oakley

Flame watch, **$65,** by Fossil

Ion HD boots, **$300,** Baron board, **$490,** Custom bindings, **$170,** all by Burton

Skullcap, **$18,** by Puma

Hooded sweater, **$37,** by Op; Velocity Iridium Glow jacket, **$190,** by Convert; Double Agent pants, **$100,** by Quiksilver

British board babe Melanie Leando has been on the World Cup Tour since 1996 and does commentary for the BBC's *Ski Sunday* program. Wait a minute... England has mountains?

BLAZIN'

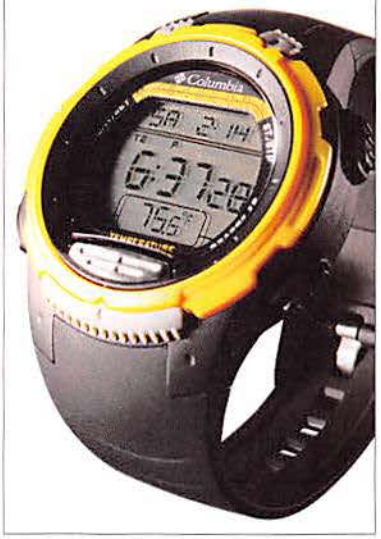
Team-Two boots, **$249,** by ThirtyTwo

Pro II bag, **$90,** by Dakine

Fuse Regulator goggles, **$85,** by Smith Optics

Kameleon helmet, **$110,** by Boeri

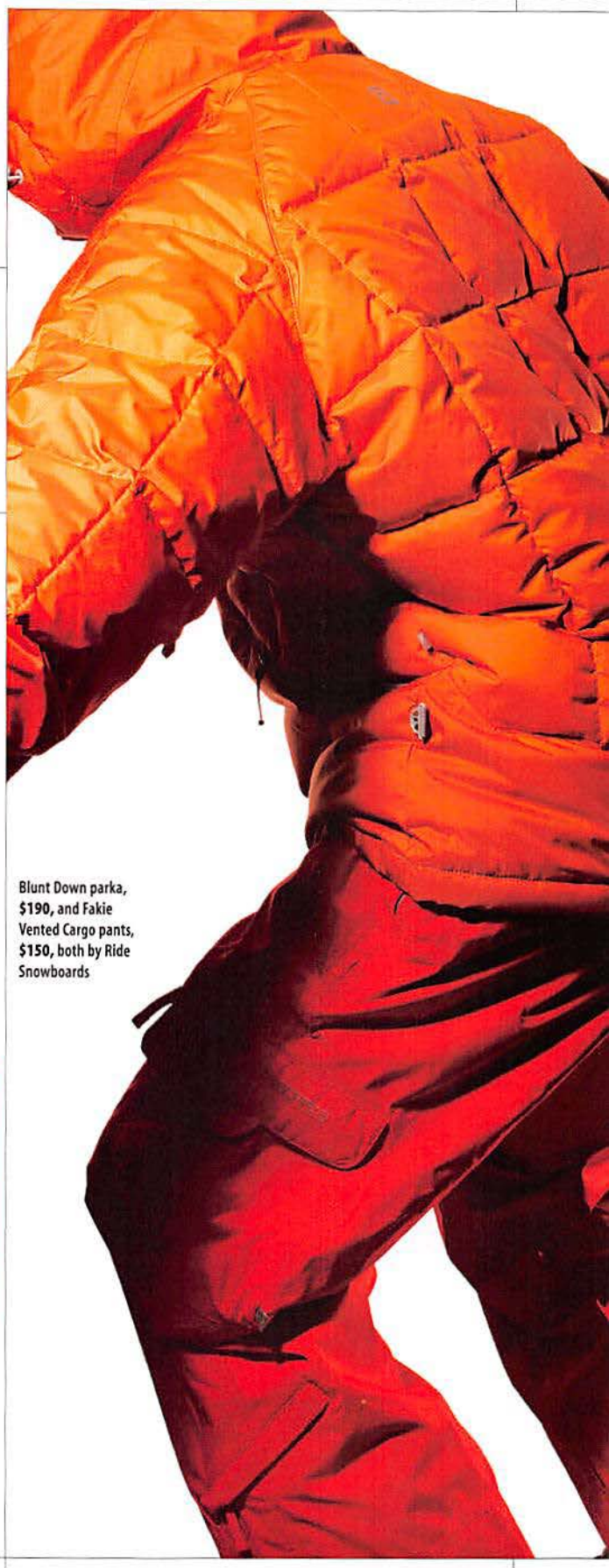
Temp Gear watch, **$45,** by Columbia



Sun Run skullcap, **$18,** by ThirtyTwo

Neo-Vacuum gloves, **$50,** by Drop

Super Sport bindings, **$199,** by Drake; ERA board, **$600,** by Solomon



Blunt Down parka, **$190,** and Fakie Vented Cargo pants, **$150,** both by Ride Snowboards

Othello Clark is a pioneer, and not just in his Boardercross style. The Coloradan worked with the Aspen ski community to improve relations with boarders. Dudes, can't we all just get along?

EARTH FIRST

TEAM binding, $250, by Ride Snowboards; Element 58 board, $459, by Arbor

Hi-Fi helmet, $95, by Burton R.E.D.

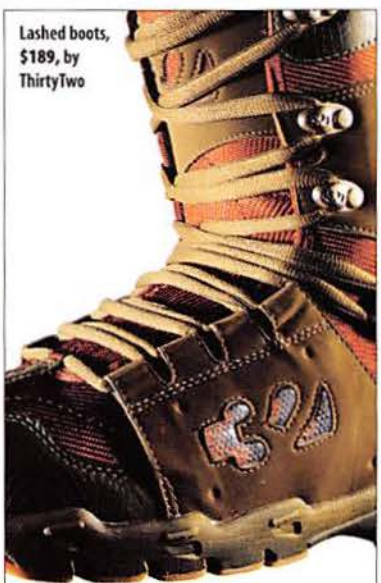
Scout watch, $65, by Nixon

Tracer Goggles, $60, by Arnette at the House

Etree gloves, $50, by Dakine

First Descent bag, $75, by Drop

Striped pull-on, $23, by Kangol



Lashed boots, $189, by ThirtyTwo

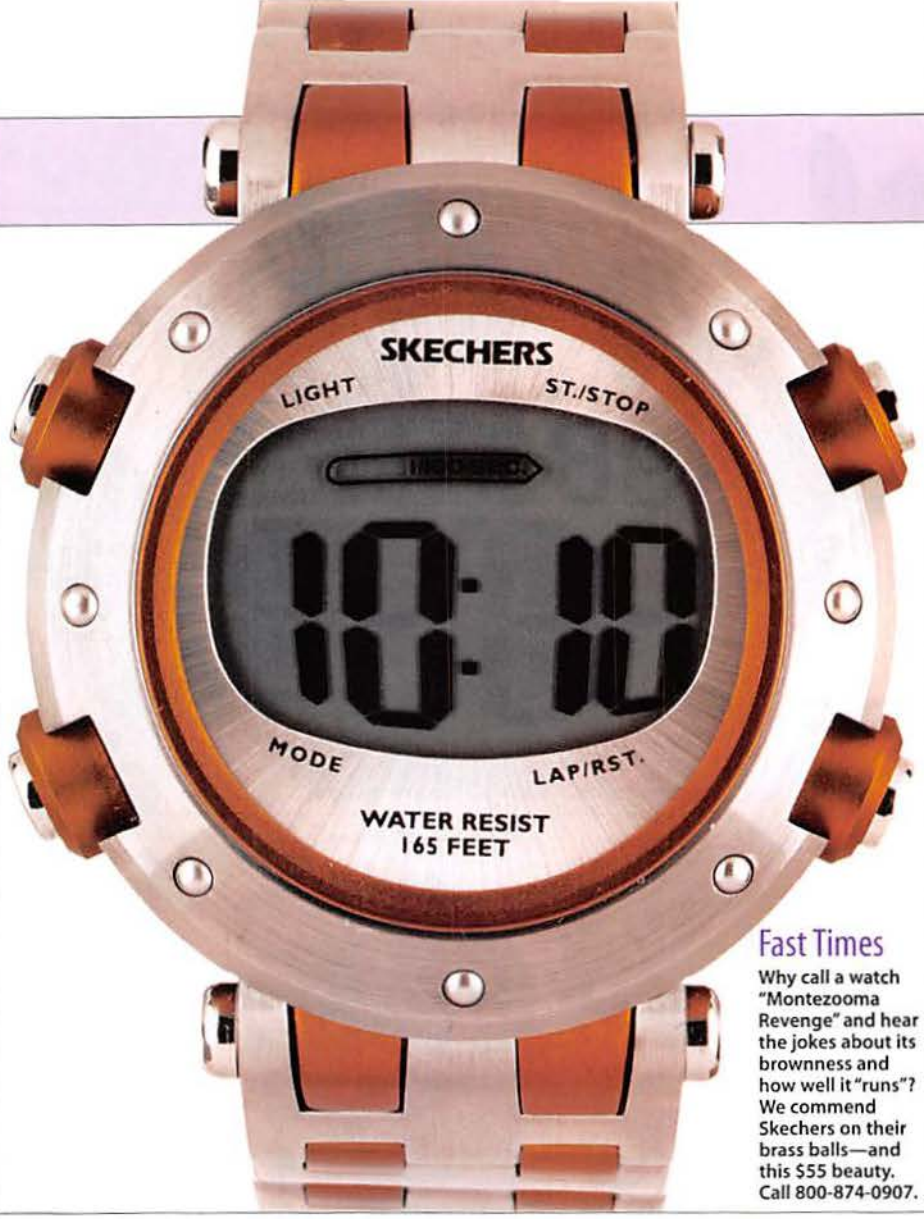
Fleece pullover, $80, by Tommy Hilfiger; Wolf Creek parka, $199, by EMS; Camo pants, $110, by Quiksilver

Have a Heart

Not romantic? No need to ruin her Valentine's Day by letting her in on that secret. Just put on some Ralph Lauren Romance Silver scent, $62.50, and pick up a sheaf of dead flowers on February 14, and you're done. Visit polo.com.

Press Agent

This power-packed DX 9800 from Rowenta (the company that sounds like a newly liberated African nation) has the shiny features of a sports car and contains an internal device that keeps it from overheating. What else? It's an iron. At $175, take one for a spin at rowentausa.com.



Fast Times

Why call a watch "Montezooma Revenge" and hear the jokes about its brownness and how well it "runs"? We commend Skechers on their brass balls—and this $55 beauty. Call 800-874-0907.

STYLE GUIDE

Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.

Three Stripes

Bust a move without smelling like you did with these reformulated antiperspirants and deodorants from Adidas Active. The smart technology kills bacteria, so you no longer reek. Now in new scents for $4 or less at drugstores and mass merchants near you.

Easy Riders

Need an excuse to lie around doing zilch? We've got one, in the form of this fine footwear from Rider. Just don't call them mandals. From left: Dunk, $35, and Explorer, $30, at rider sandals.com.

Kick Out the Jams

These shorts from Rip Curl can take on any wave with their new indestructible electro-welded seams, laser-cut technology, and comfy fit. They sell for $55. Visit ripcurl.com. Shark repellent not included.

This Month's **Label**

This funky brand, Colur by Rolland Berry, is sort of like recycling, except cool! For example, these pants are made from an old parachute and cost about $500. The sweater runs $395. At stores like Barneys New York, Maxfield, and Ron Herman.

Easily Suede

Tired of replacing your suede jacket every month because cleaning the damned thing costs more than buying a new one? *No mas!* Toss this $199 Seattle Suede baby from Eddie Bauer in the washer and dryer, then take it out for round two. Call 800-552-8943, or collar one at eddiebauer.com.

Put a Sock in It

Got tons of cash? Why not buy one of Frank Lloyd Wright's historical homes? Not really? Then slip into these kicks by Frank Wright (no relation), which feature images of historical buildings. Under $100 at Tom Austin, N.Y.C., or call 212-687-1635.

Name Your **Price**

Enjoy the diamond life at cubic zirconium prices in one of these cool sweaters, from Original Penguin, Gant, or Best of Class by Robert Talbott.

Photographs, Davies + Starr; shirts (right), by Van Heusen

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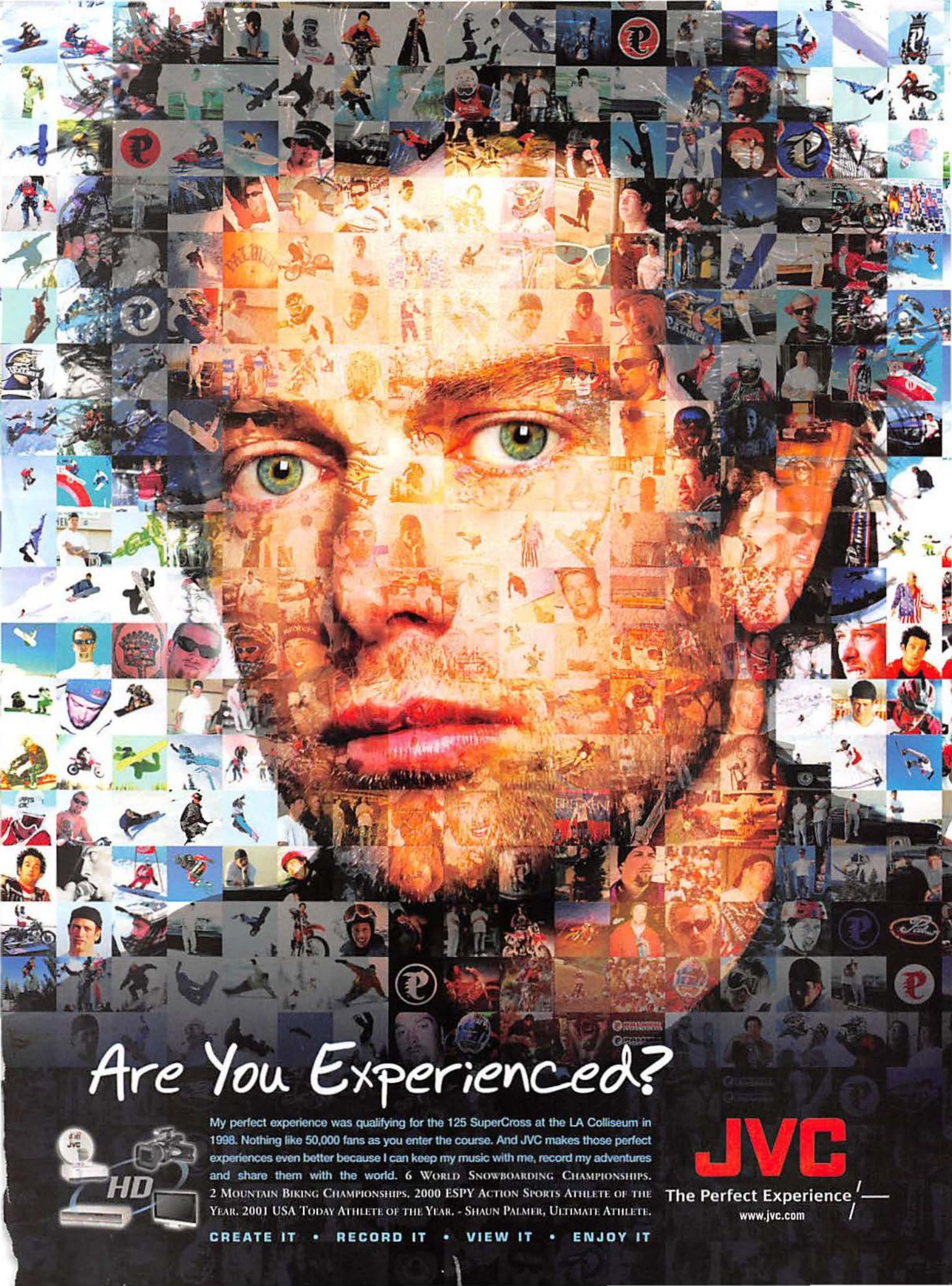

Are You Experienced?

My perfect experience was qualifying for the 125 SuperCross at the LA Colliseum in 1998. Nothing like 50,000 fans as you enter the course. And JVC makes those perfect experiences even better because I can keep my music with me, record my adventures and share them with the world. 6 World Snowboarding Championships. 2 Mountain Biking Championships. 2000 ESPY Action Sports Athlete of the Year. 2001 USA Today Athlete of the Year. - Shaun Palmer, Ultimate Athlete.

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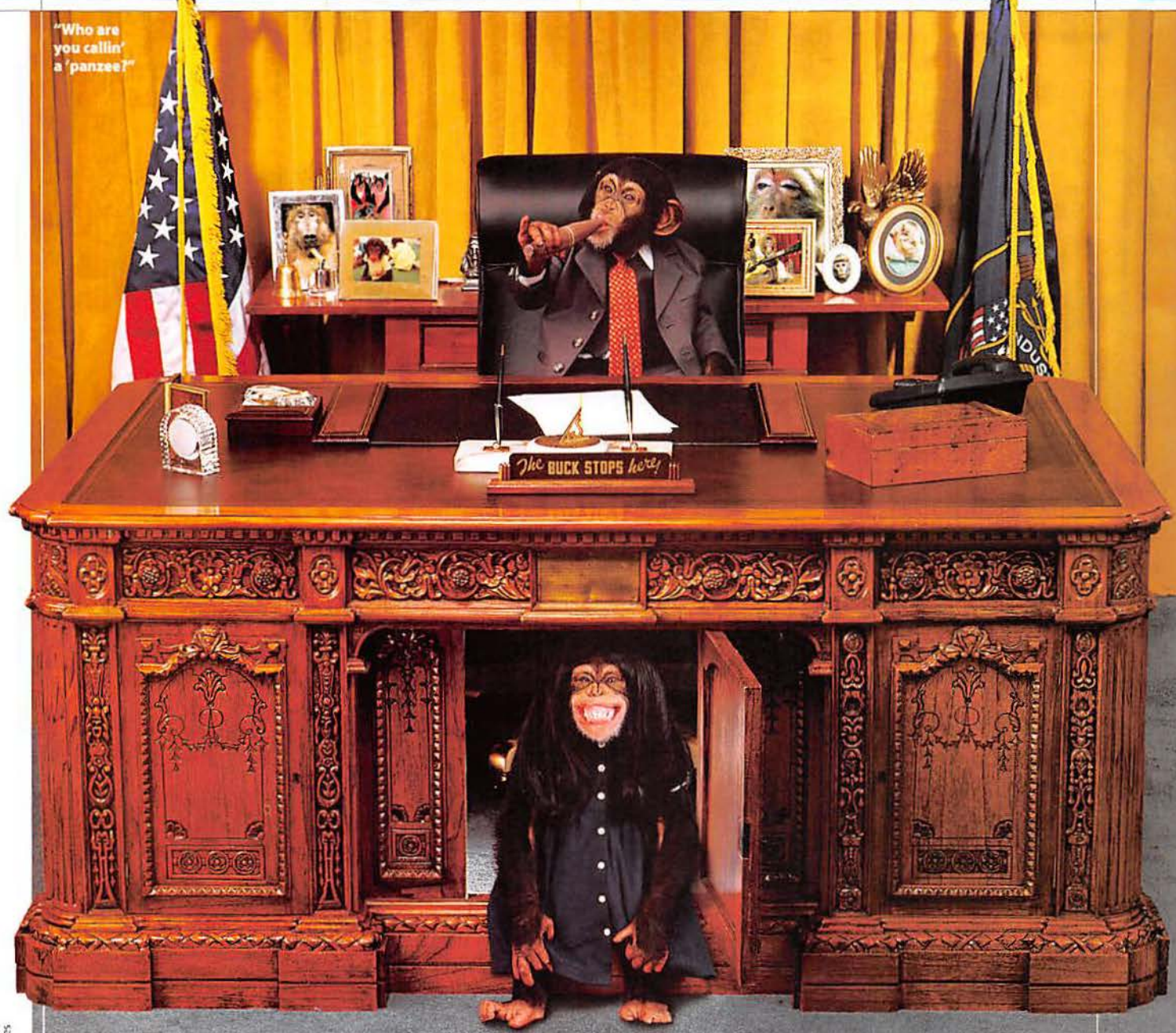
TOP GEAR



TOP DRAWER

'Cause every corporate flunky needs a quality footrest and a place to conduct a little afternoon monkey business.

Whether you occupy a mad corner office on the 85th floor or degrade humanity as an Amway rep, the key to greater success is sporting major wood. Handcrafted from solid mahogany by British master carpenters, this six-foot-long and four-foot-wide detailed replica of the Oval Office Resolute desk is the perfect place from which to assume absolute power. Heads of state have been conducting business from behind—or under—the Resolute since 1879, when Britain's Queen Victoria presented it as a token of goodwill to President Rutherford B. Hayes, whoever the hell he was. Each of these 500-pounders is built to order and costs a small slush fund, but, hey, it'll last at least four years. *($10,000, newyorkfirst.com)*

Photograph, satoshi; wardrobe styling, Denise Grieco for Halley Resources; prop styling, Greg Meyer for Halley Resources

VTECH 5831 PHONE $140

Laugh at those fools on the low end of the radio spectrum, plagued by static on their cordless squawk boxes. This multi-handset system with speakerphone runs at the newly legal 5.8 GHz, where interference from lesser machines is a thing of the past. *(vtechphones.com)*

GRAB BAG

Only 340,988 paper routes to go and you can afford all this incredible stuff!

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES + STARR

iRIVER IFP 390T $200

Flash-memory MP3 players have a punk-ass rep in this age of digital jukeboxes, but iRiver's IFP 390T is nobody's bitch. In addition to 256 MB of memory (enough room for about 60 songs), you get a built-in FM tuner and a digital voice and FM recorder to pluck songs right off the air. And all in a player the size of your extended middle finger. *(iriveramerica.com)*

ALTEC LANSING INMOTION $150

Hooray, you think. *I can chuck all my CDs.* Then you bring a boombox outside and connect your iPod with a messy tangle of RCA plugs to play your faves. Ghetto. Tuck the Pod into the gleaming white dock of this portable speaker package and dig your tunes in room-filling splendor. Put those plugs back where they ought to be. *(alteclansing.com)*

JB1 DIGITAL CAMERA $100

Don't want to let everyone in on the fact that, privately, you're a dick? Carry this ingenious three-megapixel James Bond digital surveillance camera. Flip the lighter top, tap the button, and close the case. Save up to 150 shots or 30 seconds of video... for your eyes only, Double-Oh Zero. *(jbcamera.com)*

VECTOR TRAVEL COOLER AND WARMER $65

Every little chubby boy's dream is to have a fridge of his very own, a portable thermoelectric cooler to keep Cokes and Moon Pies frosty and delicious. That this unit also serves as a food warmer and plugs into a car's cigarette lighter is obscenely phat. *(pepboys.com)*

C12P BASS MODULE $4,700

Think you've heard bass? That prissy little subwoofer of yours will pick up its skirts and run when this badass booster barks out its low-frequency payload. The superlight but fiercely resilient aluminum cone is suspended by a spidery armature of spiked feet to ensure throaty, pure bass response down to 24 dB. *(vincechristian.com)*

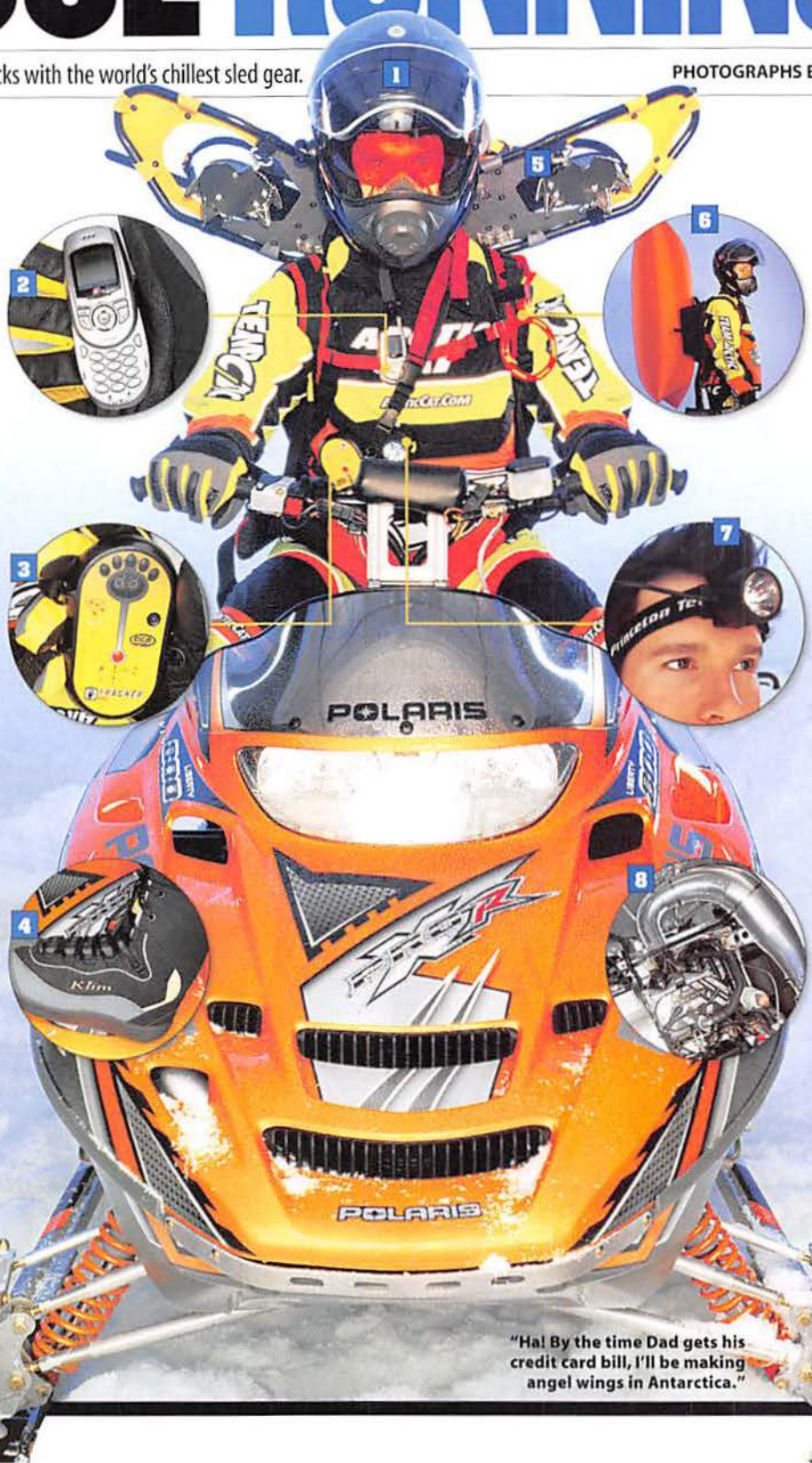
RADIO SHARK $70

It's like a TiVo for your radio. But RaVo is a stupid name, so they called it Radio Shark instead. This great white USB-powered fin lets you capture, play, and pause AM/FM or streaming Net broadcasts, then transfer the tunes to your MP3 player. The airwaves will never be safe again. *(griffintechnology.com)*

COOL RUNNINGS

Suit up and make tracks with the world's chillest sled gear.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK VERONSKY



1 HEAD CASE
The space-age BV2S has not one but two intake valves to keep you breathing at insane altitudes. And thanks to its rugged thermoplastic shell, you could swan-dive into a rock face and walk away with all your marbles. **($450, ski-doo.com)**

2 FROZEN ASSETS
Never wander into *das hinterland* without a mobile or an emergency GPS device to guide you. This compact new Slider happens to be both! And would you believe it works in nut-numbing -22 degree weather? **($140, sliderstyle.com)**

3 ARCTIC LOJACK
If you're gonna venture into an unfamiliar crevasse, carry protection, like this locator beacon with digital transceiver. It'll help rescuers pinpoint you deep inside an avalanche or, say, Fat Sally. **($300, backcountrystore.com)**

4 HOT FEET
Taking a cue from snowboarders' shoes, these hard-wearing Velocity boots are formfitting for more sensitivity and control on the trail. Best of all: The liners are microwavable and retain toastiness for hours. **($145, klim.com)**

5 STAR TREKKER
Man has come a long way since he first slit open two arctic hares and stepped into their cozy carcasses. Dig these Mountain snowshoes' light aluminum frames with toe pivots and fanged crampons for the iciest ascents. **($290, tubbssnowshoes.com)**

6 STAYING ON TOP
No two snowflakes are alike. Except in an avalanche, when both mean death for the unprepared. Pull the trigger handle on this self-inflating backpack and you'll bob gaily above the white tide of destruction. **($440, abssystem.com)**

7 LIGHT FANTASTIC
Strap the Yukon headlamp to your noggin and thrill to the beatific light of a focusable superbright xenon bulb. The whole works is housed in a waterproof case, so feel free to go soak your head in total darkness. **($39, princetontec.com)**

8 STORM RIDER
A Liberty twin engine makes this the baddest 'bile on the slopes. The 800 Pro XR can top 100 mph and features high-performance racing shocks. Frosty won't know what hit him. **($10,000, polarisindustries.com)**

"Ha! By the time Dad gets his credit card bill, I'll be making angel wings in Antarctica."

Text, John Walsh; prop styling, Niki Baynes for Halley Resources; suit, by Arctic Cat

Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

the inside story on Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

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b. ■ False (It's "herpes," and I should know.)

2 **Which pickup line would get you shot down fastest by *The Scorpion King*'s Sonia Vera?**
a. ☐ "You're hot. Wanna do it?"
b. ☐ "Looky here, my pants are down!"
c. ☐ "I'd go gay for the Rock."

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3 **Match each unexpectedly foreign metalhead to his home country.**

a. Tommy Lee

b. Eddie Van Halen

c. Rob Halford

d. Sebastian Bach

☐ England

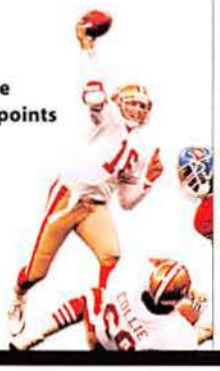
☐ Bahamas

☐ Greece

☐ Holland

4. **Which word was *not* added to the 11th edition of the Merriam-Webster dictionary?**
a. ☐ Hizzle
b. ☐ Phat
c. ☐ Cheesed off

5. **The 49ers toasted the Broncos by how many points in Super Bowl XXIV?**
a. ☐ 21
b. ☐ 45
c. ☐ 52

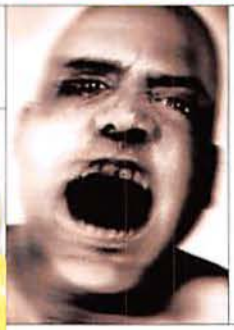


6. **Which of these nicknames suits you best?**
a. ☐ Penis connoisseur

7. **The average Los Angeleno spends 90 hours a year doing what?**
a. ☐ Waiting pissed-off-edly in rush-hour traffic
b. ☐ Applying suntan lotion
c. ☐ On hold
d. ☐ Trying to decide if they're fake or real and/or doing blow

8. **Pancuronium bromide, sodium thiopental, and potassium chloride are all what?**
a. ☐ Animal-based hallucinogens
b. ☐ Controlled substances commonly found in high school chemistry labs
c. ☐ Very, very flammable (trust us)
d. ☐ Drugs typically administered in a state lethal injection

9. **Ideally, the sushi rice that comes wrapped around your Viagra roll is supposed to be served at the same temperature as what?**
a. ☐ Ocean water
b. ☐ Human skin
c. ☐ Chilled sake
d. ☐ A high school girl's panties



10 **Drooling, a fear of water, and paralysis are all symptoms of what ailment?**
a. ☐ Rabies
b. ☐ Schizophrenia
c. ☐ Autism
d. ☐ Dingleberry-sniffing compulsive disorder

11. **How much was the island of Manhattan bought for in 1624?**
a. $24
b. $7,000
c. $1.2 million
d. Three Indians and a TB-drenched blanket

12. **About what percentage of match.com users admit they have dumped someone or been dumped via e-mail?**
a. 25 percent
b. 50 percent
c. Only the losers (roughly, all)

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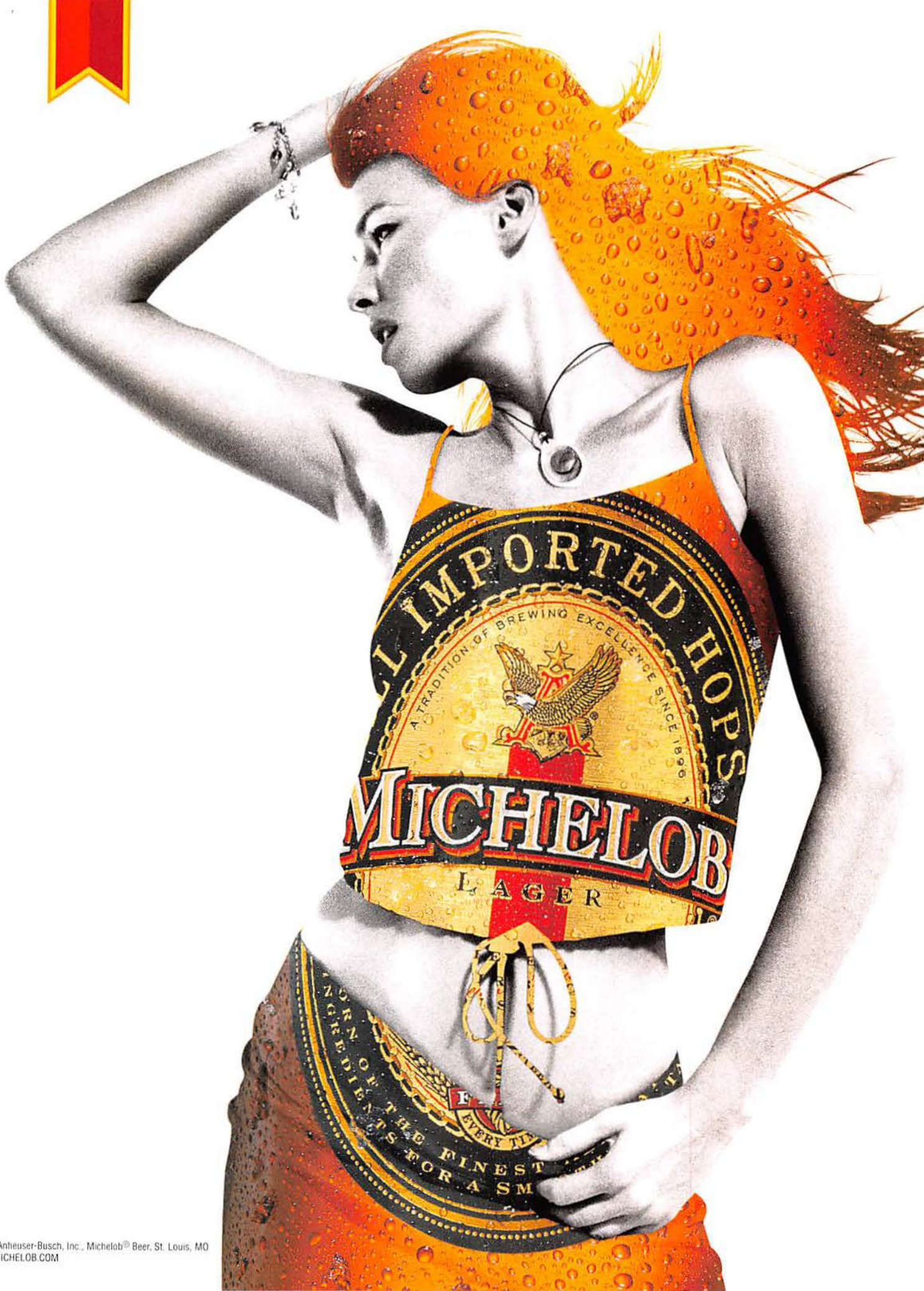
Last month's answers: 1. b 2. c 3. a-1, b-4, c-2, d-3 4. c 5. c 6. d 7. b 8. b 9 1-b, 2-a, 3-d, 4-c 10. c 11. d



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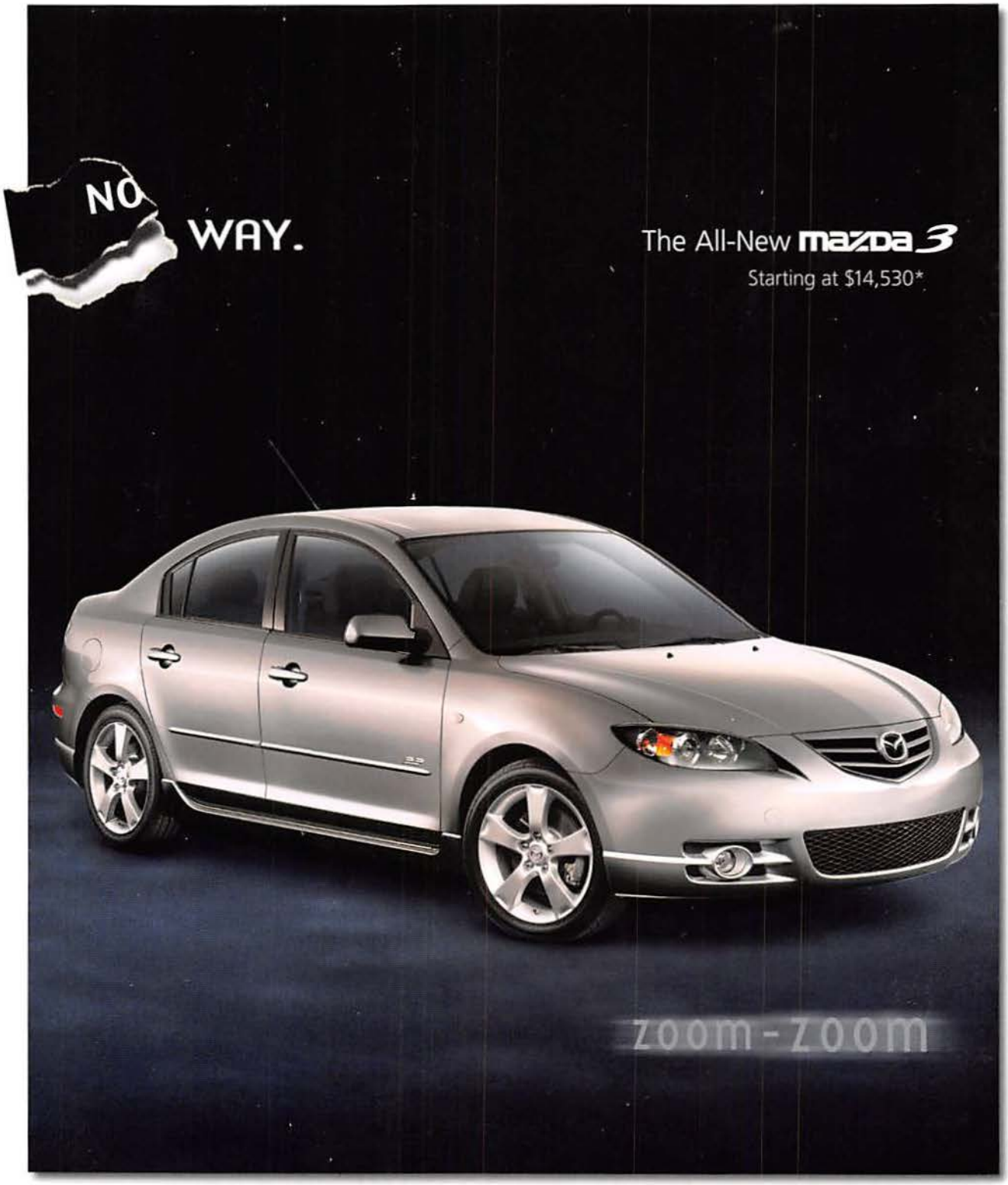

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